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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

THE CRITIC AND AMERICAN LIFE

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A FREQUENT remark of the French about Americans is: "They're children"; which, interpreted, means that from the French point of view Americans are childishly uncritical. The remark is relevant only in so far as it refers to general critical intelligence. In dealing with the special problems of a commercial and industrial society Americans have shown that they can be abundantly critical. Certain Americans, for example, have developed a critical keenness in estimating the value of stocks and bonds that is nothing short of uncanny. The very persons, however, who are thus keen in some particular field are, when confronted with questions that call for general critical intelligence, often puerile. Yet in an age like the present, which is being subjected to a constant stream of propaganda in everything from the choice of its religion to its cigarettes, general critical intelligence would seem desirable.

As a matter of fact, most persons nowadays aspire to be not critical but creative. We have not merely creative poets and novelists, but creative readers and listeners and dancers. Lately a form of creativeness has appeared that may in time swallow up all the others — creative salesmanship. The critic himself has caught the contagion and also aspires to be creative. He is sup-

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posed to become so when he receives from the creation of another, conceived as pure temperamental overflow, so vivid an impression that, when passed through his temperament, it issues forth as a fresh creation. What is eliminated in both critic and creator is any standard that is set above temperament and that therefore might interfere with their eagerness to get themselves expressed.

This notion of criticism as self-expression is important for our present subject, for it has been adopted by the writer who is, according to the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "the greatest critical force in America" — Mr. H. L. Mencken. "The critic is first and last," says Mr. Mencken, "simply trying to express himself; he is trying to achieve thereby for his own inner ego the grateful feeling of a function performed, a tension relieved, a katharsis attained which Wagner achieved when he wrote *Die Walküre*, and a hen achieves every time she lays an egg." This creative self-expression, as practiced by himself and others, has, according to Mr. Mencken, led to a salutary stirring up of the stagnant pool of American letters: "To-day for the first time in years there is strife in American criticism. . . . Heretics lay on boldly and the professors are forced to make some defence. Often going further they attempt counter-attacks. Ears are bitten off, noses are bloodied. There are wallops both above and below the belt."

But it may be that criticism is something more than Mr. Mencken would have us believe, more in short than a squabble between Bohemians, each eager to capture the attention of the public for his brand of self-expression. To reduce criticism indeed to the satisfaction of a temperamental urge, to the uttering of one's gustos and disgustos (in Mr. Mencken's case chiefly the latter) is to run counter to the very etymology of the word which implies discrimination and judgment. The best one would anticipate from a writer like Mr. Mencken, possessing an unusual verbal virtuosity and at the same time temperamentally irresponsible, is superior intellectual vaudeville. One must grant him, however, certain genuine critical virtues — for example, a power of shrewd observation within rather narrow limits. Yet the total effect of his writing is nearer to intellectual vaudeville than to serious criticism.

The serious critic is more concerned with achieving a correct scale of values and so seeing things proportionately than with self-expression. His essential virtue is poise. The specific benefit he

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confers is to act as a moderating influence on the opposite insanities between which mankind in the lump is constantly tending to oscillate — oscillations that Luther compares to the reelings of a drunken peasant on horseback. The critic's survey of any particular situation may very well seem satirical. The complaint that Mr. Mencken is too uniformly disgruntled in his survey of the American situation rather misses the point. Behind the pleas for more constructiveness it is usually easy to detect the voice of the booster. A critic who did not get beyond a correct diagnosis of existing evils might be very helpful. If Mr. Mencken has fallen short of being such a diagnostician, the failure is due not to his excess of severity but to his lack of discrimination.

The standards with reference to which men have discriminated in the past have been largely traditional. The outstanding fact of the present period, on the other hand, has been the weakening of traditional standards. An emergency has arisen not unlike that with which Socrates sought to cope in ancient Athens. Anyone who is untraditional and seeks at the same time to be discriminating must almost necessarily own Socrates as his master. As is well known, Socrates sought above all to be discriminating in his use of general terms. The importance of the art of inductive defining that he devised may perhaps best be made clear by bringing together two sayings, one of Napoleon — "Imagination governs mankind" — and one of John Selden — "Syllables govern mankind." Before allowing one's imagination and finally one's conduct to be controlled by a general term, it would seem wise to submit it to a Socratic scrutiny.

It is, therefore, unfortunate that at a time like the present, which plainly calls for a Socrates, we should instead have got a Mencken. One may take as an example of Mr. Mencken's failure to discriminate adequately, his attitude toward the term that for several generations past has been governing the imagination of multitudes — democracy. His view of democracy is simply that of Rousseau turned upside down, and nothing, as has been remarked, resembles a hollow so much as a swelling. A distinction of which he has failed to recognize the importance is that between a direct or unlimited and a constitutional democracy. In the latter we probably have the best thing in the world. The former, on the other hand, as all thinkers of any penetration from Plato and Aristotle down have perceived, leads to the loss of liberty and finally to the rise of some form of despotism. The two conceptions

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of democracy involve not merely incompatible views of government but ultimately of human nature. The desire of the constitutional democrat for institutions that act as checks on the immediate will of the people implies a similar dualism in the individual — a higher self that acts restrictively on his ordinary and impulsive self. The partisan of unlimited democracy on the other hand is an idealist in the sense of that the term assumed in connection with the so-called romantic movement. His faith in the people is closely related to the doctrine of natural goodness proclaimed by the sentimentalists of the eighteenth century and itself marking an extreme recoil from the dogma of total depravity. The doctrine of natural goodness favors the free temperamental expansion that I have already noticed in speaking of the creative critic.

It is of the utmost importance, however, if one is to understand Mr. Mencken, to discriminate between two types of temperamentalist — the soft and sentimental type, who cherishes various "ideals," and the hard, or Nietzschean type, who piques himself on being realistic. As a matter of fact, if one sees in the escape from traditional controls merely an opportunity to live temperamentally, it would seem advantageous to pass promptly from the idealistic to the Nietzschean phase, sparing oneself as many as possible of the intermediary disillusions. It is at all events undeniable that the rise of Menckenism has been marked by a certain collapse of romantic idealism in the political field and elsewhere. The numerous disillusions that have supervened upon the War have provided a favoring atmosphere.

The symptoms of Menckenism are familiar: a certain hardness and smartness and disposition to rail at everything that, rightly or wrongly, is established and respected; a tendency to identify the real with what Mr. Mencken terms "the cold and clammy facts" and to assume that the only alternative to facing these facts is to fade away into sheer romantic unreality. These and similar traits are becoming so widely diffused that, whatever one's opinion of Mr. Mencken as a writer and thinker, one must grant him representativeness. He is a chief prophet at present of those who deem themselves emancipated but who are, according to Mr. Brownell, merely unbuttoned.

The crucial point in any case is one's attitude toward the principle of control. Those who stand for this principle in any form or degree are dismissed by the emancipated as reactionaries

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or, still graver reproach, as Puritans. Mr. Mencken would have us believe that the historical Puritan was not even sincere in his moral rigorism, but was given to "lamentable transactions with loose women and fiery jugs." This may serve as a sample of the assertions, picturesquely indiscriminate, by which a writer wins immediate notoriety at the expense of his permanent reputation. The facts about the Puritan happen to be complex and need to be dealt with very Socratically. It has been affirmed that the point of view of the Puritan was Stoical rather than truly Christian, and the affirmation is not wholly false. The present discussion of the relationship between Puritanism and the rise of capitalism with its glorification of the acquisitive life also has its justification. It is likewise a fact that the Puritan was from the outset unduly concerned with reforming others as well as himself, and this trait relates him to the humanitarian meddler or "wowser" of the present day, who is Mr. Mencken's pet aversion.

Yet it remains true that awe and reverence and humility are Christian virtues and that there was some survival of these virtues in the Puritan. For a representative Puritan like Jonathan Edwards they were inseparable from the illumination of grace, from what he terms "a divine and supernatural light." In the passage from the love and fear of God of an Edwards to the love and service of man professed by the humanitarian, something has plainly dropped out, something that is very near the centre. What has tended to disappear is the inner life with the special type of control it imposes. With the decline of this inner control there has been an increasing resort to outer control. Instead of the genuine Puritan we then have the humanitarian legalist who passes innumerable laws for the control of people who refuse to control themselves. The activity of our uplifters is scarcely suggestive of any "divine and supernatural light." Here is a discrimination of the first importance that has been obscured by the muddy thinking of our half-baked intelligentsia. One is thus kept from perceiving the real problem, which is to retain the inner life, even though one refuse to accept the theological nightmare with which the Puritan associated it. More is involved in the failure to solve this problem than the Puritan tradition. It is the failure of our contemporary life in general. Yet, unless some solution is reached by a full and free exercise of the critical spirit, one remains a mere modernist and not a thoroughgoing and complete

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modern; for the modern spirit and the critical spirit are in their essence one.

What happens, when one sets out to deal with questions of this order without sufficient depth of reflection and critical maturity, may be seen in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's last novel. He has been lured from art into the writing of a wild diatribe which, considered even as such, is largely beside the mark. If the Protestant Church is at present threatened with bankruptcy, it is not because it has produced an occasional Elmer Gantry. The true reproach it has incurred is that, in its drift toward modernism, it has lost its grip not merely on certain dogmas but, simultaneously, on the facts of human nature. It has failed above all to carry over in some modern and critical form the truth of a dogma that unfortunately receives much support from these facts — the dogma of original sin. At first sight Mr. Mencken would appear to have a conviction of evil — when, for example, he reduces democracy in its essential aspect to a "combat between jackals and jackasses" — that establishes at least one bond between him and the austere Christian.

The appearance, however, is deceptive. The Christian is conscious above all of the "old Adam" in himself: hence his humility. The effect of Mr. Mencken's writing, on the other hand, is to produce pride rather than humility, a pride ultimately based on flattery. The reader, especially the young and callow reader, identifies himself imaginatively with Mr. Mencken and conceives of himself as a sort of morose and sardonic divinity surveying from some superior altitude an immeasurable expanse of "boobs." This attitude will not seem especially novel to anyone who has traced the modern movement. One is reminded in particular of Flaubert, who showed a diligence in collecting bourgeois imbecilities comparable to that displayed by Mr. Mencken in his *Americana*. Flaubert's discovery that one does not add to one's happiness in this way would no doubt be dismissed by Mr. Mencken as irrelevant, for he has told us that he does not believe in happiness. Another discovery of Flaubert's may seem to him more worthy of consideration. "By dint of railing at idiots," Flaubert reports, "one runs the risk of becoming idiotic oneself."

It may be that the only way to escape from the unduly complacent cynicism of Mr. Mencken and his school is to reaffirm once more the truths of the inner life. In that case it would seem desirable to disengage, so far as possible, the principle of control

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on which the inner life finally depends from mere creeds and traditions and assert it as a psychological fact; a fact, moreover, that is neither "cold" nor "clammy." The coldness and clamminess of much so called realism arises from its failure to give this fact due recognition. A chief task, indeed, of the Socratic critic would be to rescue the noble term "realist" from its present degradation. A view of reality that overlooks the element in man that moves in an opposite direction from mere temperament, the specifically human factor in short, may prove to be singularly one-sided. Is the Puritan, John Milton, when he declares that "he who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires, and fears is more than a king," less real than Mr. Theodore Dreiser when he discourses in his peculiar dialect of "those rearranging chemisms upon which all the morality or immorality of the world is based"?

As a matter of fact, according to the degree and nature of the exercise of the principle of control, one may distinguish two main types of realism which may be denominated respectively religious and humanistic: as the principle of control falls into abeyance, a third type tends to emerge, which may be termed naturalistic realism. That the decline of the traditional controls has been followed by a lapse to the naturalistic level is indubitable. The characteristic evils of the present age arise from unrestraint and violation of the law of measure and not, as our modernists would have us believe, from the tyranny of taboos and traditional inhibitions. The facts cry to heaven. The delicate adjustment that is required between the craving for emancipation and the need of control has been pointed out once for all by Goethe, speaking not as a Puritan but as a clear-eyed man of the world. Everything, he says, that liberates the spirit without a corresponding growth in self-mastery is pernicious. This one sentence would seem to cover the case of our "flaming youth" rather completely.

The movement in the midst of which we are still living was from its inception unsound in its dealing with the principle of control. It is vain to expect from the dregs of this movement what its "first sprightly running failed to give." Mr. Carl Sandburg speaks of the "marvelous rebellion of man at all signs reading 'Keep off.'" An objection to this purely insurrectional attitude is that, as a result of its endless iteration during the past century and more, it has come to savor too strongly of what has been called "the humdrum of revolt." A more serious objection to the

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attitude is that it encourages an unrestricted and merely temperamental liberty which, paradoxically enough at first sight, affords the modern man no avenue of escape from the web that is being woven about him by the scientific determinist.

Realists of the current type are in point of fact intimately allied with the psychologists, — glandular, behavioristic, and psychoanalytical, — who, whatever their divergences among themselves, unite in their deterministic trend and therefore clash fundamentally with both religious and humanistic realists. The proper method of procedure in defending the freedom of the will would seem to be to insist upon it as a fact of experience, a fact so primary that the position of the determinist involves an evasion of one of the immediate data of consciousness in favor of a metaphysical dream. What is genuinely experimental in naturalistic psychology should of course be received with respect; but the facts of which it takes account in its experiments are unimportant compared with the facts it either neglects or denies. Practically it is running into grotesque extremes of pseudo-science that make of it a shining mark for the Socratic critic.

Here at all events is the issue on which all other issues finally hinge; for until the question of moral freedom — the question whether man is a responsible agent or only the plaything of his impulses and impressions — is decided, nothing is decided; and to decide the question under existing circumstances calls for the keenest critical discrimination. Creation that is not sufficiently supported by such discrimination is likely to prove premature.

One may illustrate from Mr. Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, hailed in certain quarters as the "Mt. Everest" of recent fiction. He has succeeded in producing in this work something genuinely harrowing; but one is harrowed to no purpose. One has in more than full measure the tragic qualm but without the final relief and enlargement of spirit that true tragedy succeeds somehow in giving, and that without resort to explicit moralizing. It is hardly worth while to struggle through eight hundred and more very pedestrian pages to be left at the end with a feeling of sheer oppression. The explanation of this oppression is that Mr. Dreiser does not rise sufficiently above the level of "rearranging chemisms," in other words, of animal behavior. Tragedy may admit fate — Greek tragedy admits it — but not of the naturalistic variety. Confusion on this point may compromise in the long run the reputation of writers more eminent than Mr. Dreiser —

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for example, of Thomas Hardy. Fatalism of the naturalistic type is responsible in large measure for the atmosphere of futility and frustration that hangs heavily over so much contemporary writing. One finally comes to feel with a recent poet that "dust" is the common source from which

stream
The cricket's cry and Dante's dream.

Anyone who admits reality only in what derives from the dust, whether in a cricket or a Dante, must, from the point of view of the religious or the humanistic realist, be prepared to make substantial sacrifices. In the first place, he must sacrifice the depth and subtlety that arise from the recognition in some form of the duality of man's nature. For the interest that may arise from the portrayal of the conflict between a law of the spirit and a law of the members, the inordinate interest in sex for its own sake promoted by most of the so-called realists is a rather shabby substitute. A merely naturalistic realism also involves the sacrifice of beauty in almost any sense of that elusive term. Closely related to this sacrifice is the sacrifice of delicacy, elevation, and distinction. The very word realism has come to connote the opposite of these qualities. When we learn, for example, that someone has written a realistic study of a great man, we are sure in advance that he has devoted his main effort to proving that "Plutarch lied." The more the great man is reduced to the level of commonplace or worse, the more we feel he has been "humanized."

Mr. Sherwood Anderson has argued ingeniously that, in as much as we ourselves are crude, our literature, if it is not to be unreal and factitious, should be crude likewise. But the writer who hopes to achieve work of importance cannot afford to be too deeply immersed in the atmosphere of the special place and passing moment. Still less can he afford to make us feel, as writers like Mr. Anderson and Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Sinclair Lewis do, that, if there were any lack of vulgarity in what they are depicting they would be capable of supplying the defect from their own abundance. More is involved here than mere loss of distinction. We have come, indeed, to the supreme sacrifice that every writer must make who does not transcend a naturalistic realism. He must forego the hope of the enduring appeal — the hope that every writer worthy of his salt cherishes in some degree. In the absence of humanistic or religious standards, he is prone

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to confound the real with the welter of the actual, and so to miss what Dr. Johnson terms the "grandeur of generality."

Certain books in the current mode are so taken up with the evanescent surfaces of life that they will survive, if at all, not as literature but as sociological documents. The very language in which they are written will, in a generation or two, require a glossary. So far from imposing an orderly pattern on the raw material of experience, they rather emphasize the lack of pattern. The resulting effect, to borrow a phrase from the late Stephen Crane, who has had a marked influence on the recent movement, is that of a "cluttered incoherency." As an extreme example of the tendency one may cite *Manhattan Transfer* by John Dos Passos. In the name of reality, Mr. Dos Passos has perpetrated a literary nightmare. Such a work would seem to have slight value even as a sociological document; unless, indeed, one is prepared to admit that contemporary Manhattan is inhabited chiefly by epileptic Bohemians.

"It is as much a trade," says La Bruyère, "to make a book as it is to make a clock"; in short, literature is largely a matter of technique. The technique of *Manhattan Transfer* is as dubious as its underlying philosophy. Neither can be justified save on the assumption that the aim of art is to exaggerate the clutter and incoherency of the mundane spectacle instead of eliciting its deeper meaning. Technique counts for even more in poetry than in prose. It would be possible to base on technical grounds alone a valid protest against the present preposterous overestimate of Walt Whitman. Fundamental questions need, in these very untraditional days, to be critically elucidated with a view to right definition if the poet is not to lack technique or still worse, if he is not, like certain recent practitioners of free verse, to be hagridden by a false technique. It evidently concerns both the form and substance of poetry, whether one define it with Aristotle as the portrayal of representative human action, or whether one define it with Mr. Carl Sandburg as a "mystic, sensuous mathematics of fire, smokestacks, waffles, pansies, people, and purple sunsets."

There is no doubt much in the America of to-day that suggests a jazzy impressionism. Still our naturalistic deliquescence has probably not gone so far as one might infer from poetry like that of Mr. Sandburg or fiction like that of Mr. Dos Passos. The public response to some of the realistic novels has been considerable:

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allowance must be made however for the *succès de scandale*, also for the skill attained by the modern publisher in the art of merchandising. The reputation of certain books one might mention may be regarded as a triumph of "creative" advertising. What has been created is a mirage of masterpieces where no masterpieces are. It is well also to remember in regard to some of the works that have been most discussed that, so far from being an authentic reflection of the American scene, they are rather a belated echo of certain European movements. For it is as certain that in our literary and artistic modes we follow Europe — usually at an interval of from five to forty years — as it is that we lead Europe in our bathtubs and sanitary plumbing. Any one who resided in Paris in the nineties and later in America, will, as I can testify from personal experience, have the sense of having lived through the same literary fads twice. Mr. Dreiser reminds one of Zola and his school. The technique of Mr. Dos Passos recalls that of the Goncourts. Our experimenters in free verse have followed in the wake not merely of Walt Whitman but of the French symbolists, and so on.

We shall presently begin to hear of certain new developments in French literature and critical thought that point, though indecisively as yet, to a radical departure from what has been the main current since the eighteenth century and in some respects since the Renaissance. It is well that we should become familiar with the writers who reveal in different ways this latest trend, — notably with Maritain, Maurras, Lasserre, Seillière, and Benda; for they give evidence of a quality of cerebration that is rare in our own literati. At the same time we should not adopt with our usual docility the total outlook of any of these writers: for no one of them has worked out a point of view exactly adapted to our requirements. In general, it is not fitting that a great nation at the very height of its power should go on indefinitely trailing after Europe. It is time for us to initiate something of our own. This does not mean that we should proceed forthwith to inbreed our own "originality." It means almost the exact opposite. The most original thing one could do nowadays would be to question the whole theory of originality as mere temperamental overflow and self-expression that has prevailed from the "geniuses" of the eighteenth century down to one of our youthful and very minor bards who aspires to "spill his bright illimitable soul."

A genuinely critical survey would make manifest that the un-

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satisfactoriness of our creative effort is due to a lack of the standards that culture alone can supply. Our cultural crudity and insignificance can be traced in turn to the inadequacy of our education, especially our higher education. Mr. Mencken's attack on the "professors" is therefore largely justified; for if the professors were performing their function properly Mr. Mencken himself would not be possible. One must add in common justice that the professors themselves, or at least some of them, are becoming aware that all is not well with existing conditions. One could not ask anything more perspicacious than the following paragraph from a recent report of Committee G to the American Association of University Professors:

> American education has suffered from the domination, conscious or unconscious, direct or indirect, of political and sentimental, as well as educational, theories that are demonstrably false. If the views of some men are to prevail the intellectual life of the country is doomed; everybody except the sheer idiot is to go to college and pursue chiefly sociology, nature study, child study, and community service — and we shall have a society unique only in its mediocrity, ignorance and vulgarity. It will not do to dismiss lightly even so extreme a view as this; it is too indicative. Such influences are very strong, their pressure is constant; and if education has largely failed in America it has been due primarily to them.

In short, as a result of the encroachments of an equalitarian democracy, the standards of our higher education have suffered in two distinct particulars: first, as regards the quality of students; second, as regards the quality of the studies these students pursue. The first of these evils is generally recognized. There is even some prospect of remedial measures. Certain institutions, Harvard, for example, without being as yet severely selective, are becoming more critical of the incompetent student. On the other hand, there seems to be less hope than ever of any righting of the second and more serious evil — the failure to distinguish qualitatively between studies. The main drift is still toward what one may term the blanket degree. (Dartmouth, for example, has just merged its bachelor of arts and bachelor of science.) Yet rather than blur certain distinctions it would have been better, one might suppose, to use up all the letters of the alphabet devising new degrees to meet the real or supposed educational needs of the modern man. To bestow the A.B. degree indiscriminately on a student for whom education has meant primarily a specialization in chemistry and on one for whom it has meant primarily an

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assimilation of the masterpieces of Greek literature is to empty it of any effective meaning. At the present rate, indeed, the time may come when the A.B. will not throw much more light on the cultural quality of its recipient than it would, if, as has been suggested, it were bestowed on every American child at birth.

It goes without saying that those who have been lowering and confusing educational standards have been profuse in their professions of "service." A critical examination, not merely of American education but of American life at the present time will almost necessarily hinge on this term. The attitude of the Socratic critic toward it is not to be confounded with that of Mr. Mencken and the "hard-boiled" contingent. "When a gang of real estate agents," says Mr. Mencken, "bond salesmen, and automobile dealers gets together to sob for Service, it takes no Freudian to surmise that someone is about to be swindled." But if one entertain doubts about this current American gospel, why waste one's ammunition on any such small fry? Other and more exalted personages than the members of the Rotary Club at Zenith have, in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's elegant phrase, been "yipping for Service." If one is to deal with this idea of service Socratically, one needs to consider it in its relation to the two figures who have rightly been taken to be the most representative in our cultural background — Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards. Franklin's idea of service is already humanitarian. Edward's idea is still traditionally Christian — service not of man but of God. What Franklin stood for is flourishing prodigiously at the present moment, so much so that he may perhaps be defined in his chief line of influence as the great superrotarian. What Edwards stood for is, on the other hand, largely obsolete or survives only in the form of habits, which, lacking doctrinal support, are steadily declining along with the whole Puritan culture.

Intermediary types are possible. One may in one's character reflect the Puritan background and at the same time in one's idea of service derive rather from Franklin. Precisely that combination is found in the most influential of our recent educational leaders — the late President Eliot. A legitimate admiration for his personal qualities should not interfere with the keenest critical scrutiny of his views about education, for the two things stand in no necessary connection. Practically this means to scrutinize the humanitarian idealism that he probably did more than any other

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man of his generation to promote. In this respect most of the heads of our institutions of learning have been and still are understudies of President Eliot.

In an address on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday President Eliot warned his hearers against introspection, lest it divert them from a whole-hearted devotion to service. Between this attitude and a religious or humanistic attitude there is a clash of first principles. Both humanism and religion require introspection as a prerequisite of the inner life and its appropriate activity. With the disappearance of this activity what is left is the outer activity of the utilitarian, and this leads straight to the one-sided cult of material efficiency and finally to the standardization that is, according to nearly all foreign critics and many of our own, a chief American danger. We cannot return to the introspection of the Puritan. We shudder at the theology an Edwards would impose as the condition of his "divine and supernatural light." Yet it does not follow, as I have already suggested, that we should reject the inner life itself along with this theology. One may recognize innumerable incidental advantages in the gospel of service and yet harbor an uneasy suspicion withal that in the passage from the older religion to the modern humanitarian dispensation something vital has disappeared, something of which neither the outer working of the utilitarian nor again the expansive sympathy of the sentimentalist can offer an equivalent.

The problem of the inner life is very much bound up with two other problems that are now pressing for solution in our higher education and have as yet found none: the problem of the specialist and the problem of leisure. The man of leisure is engaged in an inner and specifically human form of activity, a form that is, according to Aristotle, needful if he is to compass the end of ends — his own happiness. The question is whether one should consent like the specialist to forego this activity and to live partially and as a mere instrument for the attainment of some outer end — even though this end be the progress of humanity. We are beginning to hear a great deal nowadays about the "menace" of leisure. It has been estimated that with the perfecting of mechanical devices the man of the future will be able to satisfy his material wants by working not more than four hours a day. It is vain to anticipate that the rank and file will use this release from outer activity intelligently unless the leaders, notably those in high academic station, show the way. The notion of true

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leisure is the ultimate source of the standards of any education that deserves to be called liberal. When even a few of our college and university presidents show that they are thinking to some purpose on the nature of leisure it will be time enough to talk of "America's coming of age."

As it is, our institutions of learning seem to be becoming more and more hotbeds of "idealism." Their failure, on the whole, to achieve standards as something quite distinct from ideals on the one hand, and standardization on the other, may prove a fact of sinister import for the future of American civilization. The warfare that is being waged at the present time by Mr. Sinclair Lewis and others against a standardized Philistinism continues in the main the protest that has been made for several generations past by the temperamentalists, hard or soft, against the mechanizing of life by the utilitarian. This protest has been, and is likely to continue to be, ineffectual. The fruitful opposite of the standardized Philistine is not the Bohemian, nor again the hard temperamentalist or superman, as Mr. Mencken conceives him, but the man of leisure. Leisure involves an inner effort with reference to standards that is opposed to the sheer expansion of temperament, as it is to every other form of sheer expansion.

Perhaps a reason why the standards of the humanist are less popular in this country than the ideals of the humanitarian is that these standards set bounds to the acquisitive life; whereas it seems possible to combine a perfect idealism with an orgy of unrestricted commercialism. It is well for us to try to realize how we appear to others in this matter. Our growing unpopularity abroad is due no doubt in part to envy of our material success, but it also arises from the proneness of the rest of the world to judge us, not by the way we feel about ourselves, but by our actual performance. If we are in our own eyes a nation of idealists, we are, according to our most recent French critic, M. André Siegfried,* a "nation of Pharisees." The European, M. Siegfried would have us believe, still has a concern for the higher values of civilization, whereas the American is prepared to sacrifice these values ruthlessly to mass production and material efficiency.

It is easy to detect under this assumption the latest form of a "certain condescension in foreigners." The breakdown of cultural

* See his volume *Les États-Unis d'aujourd'hui* (1927) translated under the title *America Comes of Age*.

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standards is European as well as American. It is not clear that M. Siegfried himself has an adequate notion of the form of effort that can alone serve as a counterpoise to the one-sided activity of the utilitarian. His assertion that Europe, appalled at the American excess of standardization, is inclined to turn from Henry Ford to Gandhi is more picturesque than convincing. At the same time his anatomy of our favorite ideal of service is not without interest. This ideal opposes no effective barrier to our expansiveness. An unchecked expansiveness on the national scale is always imperialistic. Among the ingredients of a possible American imperialism M. Siegfried enumerates the American's "great self-satisfaction, his rather brutal sense of his own interests, and *the consciousness, still more dangerous, of his 'duties' towards humanity*." M. Siegfried admits however that our imperialism is likely to be of a new and subtle essence, not concerned primarily with territorial aggrandizement.

A proper discussion of Mr. Siegfried's position as well as of other issues I have been raising would transcend the limits of an article. My end has been accomplished if I have justified in some measure the statement with which I started as to the importance of cultivating a general critical intelligence. James Russell Lowell's dictum that before having an American literature we must have an American criticism was never truer than it is to-day. The obvious reply to those who call for more creation and less criticism is that one needs to be critical above all in examining what now passes for creation. A scrutiny of this kind would, I have tried to show, extend beyond the bounds of literature to various aspects of our national life and would converge finally on our higher education.

We cannot afford to accept as a substitute for this true criticism the self-expression of Mr. Mencken and his school, unless indeed we are to merit the comment that is, I am told, made on us by South Americans: "They are not a very serious people!" To be sure, the reader may reflect that I am myself a critic, or would-be critic. I can only express the hope that, in my magnifying of the critical function, I do not offer too close a parallel to the dancing-master in Molière who averred, it will be remembered, that "all the mistakes of men, the fatal reverses that fill the world's annals, the shortcomings of statesmen, and the blunders of great captains arise from not knowing how to dance."

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THE SOUTH

CORRA HARRIS

Forum Table Talk

THIS title suggests a schoolgirl's essay in the early eighties, when we were still smarting from the reconstruction policies inflicted upon us after the Civil War, and suffering from the meddlesome altruism of the North. In those days one of the accomplishments of every girl was to clasp her hands, lift her tearful gaze, and recite, "Furl that Banner." I have done this myself and felt all the exaltation of the noble defeat my fathers suffered under that banner.

Now I have no such sensations. I have grown up and grown old in this outrageous South, and I have come to love its outrageousness as the very foundation of my personal virtues and perversities. We are all hardened Southerners by this time without feeling bad or proud about it.

Still, comparisons are odious, and I should not choose this subject if the editor of THE FORUM had not urged me to do so. As a victor in this long struggle of sixty years, I entertain the kindest sentiments toward the North, and I have a disposition to be generous toward the people of that section and the mistakes they have made in interpreting and judging us. Their fault is the natural consequence of a sort of artificial egotism, acquired through the advantages of wealth, and a curiously excessive value they place upon their machine-turned faculties, so far as education and culture go. By nature they are awkward, plain people, mentally without much native power of personality — while your Southerner is a Simon-pure egotist by nature. He is born that way, a victor in consciousness, regardless of any defeat, who has endured the presumptuous criticism of the North for more than half a century without batting an eye or turning a hair.

The mythical "Dixie" of romance has passed away along with a certain class of fiction, based on tears, pride, and poverty. The fact is, it never existed. Southern writers perceived that their readers were in the North and that the people there entertained some kind of drooling, high-minded notion of how we felt in the South. So our writers up to 1900 wrote to please them — absurd

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stuff, even when it was well done, but admirable evidence of the keen perception of the author, who fashioned all his copy to sweeten and gratify the palate of readers otherwise intelligent and hard-fisted, not easily deceived in a trade or mere ethics. Personally, I have always regarded the novels Southerners wrote during this period as the very "jokers" in the deck of American literature. But I doubt if the North will ever be able to erase the image we cast of ourselves then upon their popeyed imagination.

I do not say we did it with malice aforethought. As a people we are endowed with amazing histrionic ability; just so, and quite naturally, Southern authors cast their heroes and heroines in what was the popular rôle of Southerners according to the Northern interpretation of us.

The funny thing is that we kept up that purely romantic barrage of our pride and sorrow long enough to accomplish in a practical way what we were determined to accomplish — a South owned and controlled for Southern Whites. As soon as we had settled that matter the character of our literature changed. We frequently write very fine, stern stuff now, because it is no longer necessary for us to keep the North emotionally hypnotized while we attend to our private affairs and make this section the safest and most profitable place to live on this continent.

The main difference between Southern people and those of the North and East is that we are more normal in our vices, and more polite. We are not so likely to insult society with a frank proclamation of our sins. That is to say, we have a talent for decency in such matters. Also, we give ourselves less airs about the virtues we have inherited and achieved — and which we are still inclined to keep as a solemn trust. What I mean is that we can be very good behaviorists according to our own standards, without trying to impose them upon other people. We are singularly innocent of the impudence of altruism which has made so many meddlesome people stick like thorns in our side. One never hears of a Southern man or woman going North like a frantic missionary to try to wean the people there from some of their favorite sins. We have a well-bred delicacy in such matters.

We are less intellectual than Northern people because we have more natural sense and do not feel, as they do, an artificial craving for culture to make up for a native deficiency. And we are by some kind of delightful misunderstanding more lovable than other people. I have frequently observed this in our relation to the men

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and women of the North: while they deplore our deficiencies and are strangely horrified at our faults, in view of their own, still they like us; we seem to have a fascination for them. Years ago, while spending the summer in New Hampshire, I was about to take some friends for a drive one afternoon. As we passed out, a fine New England lady hissed into the ears of one of the party, "She's from Georgia. Look out! She may be going to lynch you!" The delicacy of her humor did not escape me, but what did astonish me was the fact that she sought my company upon every possible occasion. I cannot think she hoped to be lynched. My feeling was that the poor thing liked the warmth of my presence. She had been humanly cold for probably two hundred years.

My shrewd suspicion is that Northern men and women like us because they can neither win nor subjugate us. That gives them something perpetually to strive for, to make us like themselves. But we only imitate them here and there as we take up a fad. At bottom we are invincibly different. In their proudest moods of egotism, they can never attain to our temperamental sense of superiority. No such thing exists in fact, of course, but the meanest and poorest, most ignorant one of us is born conscious of having been made of different stuff. We have more life and spirit in us without striving to develop either. We are lateral and warm. The men and women of the North and East are lateral and cold, but they think they are perpendicular. This is where we have the witty advantage — we know they are not. We know they are made up like a pretty lady's face, rational at the expense of better instincts, rich, perhaps, and rouged with culture, but not one of them exists literally as we do. We know that altruism is one of their fallacies, and that their rationalism is more of an illusion than our faith in the "evidence of things not seen."

We never can do as well in the South as we can abroad in the world because there are too many others like us here to outwit and overcome, and because no man can do himself so much credit lying down sunning himself as he can standing up in a cold place, obliged to keep busy in order to survive. But if anyone is doubtful about the genius and ability of Southern men, let him study the records of their achievements in, say, a city like New York. Any one of them can orient himself there and frequently beat the native at his own game. But I have rarely seen a Northern man or woman who could do the same in the South. He can adjust himself to us, earn an enormous royalty on our shiftlessness; he

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can paw the ground and frequently does as a new born Southerner. But he is not the real thing. We are kind to him and we borrow from him if we can, but we know he is a stranger we have taken in who learns our gestures, how to speak our language, and how to imitate a few of our picturesque limitations without ever acquiring our saving grace, the witty, warm art of living!

I do not want to hurt anybody's feelings, but after being urged to write this thing, and after being obliged to sneeze for more than fifty years at the dust Northern people kick up trying to make us nobler men and women, I may be pardoned for blowing a little in return. It is not good manners, much less good copy. Still, the truth frequently makes rough copy. So, while I am about it I may as well remind the North of how many times the South was represented as an unsafe place to live. The prospectus handed immigrants had the Southern part of this country printed black, as in the old geographies they printed wildernesses with the warning, "Here dwell lions!" So the immigrants remained in the North and East, or they went west. We remained safe from them, their mental and moral degeneracy, their dangerous propensities, the problems that came in with them. Also, quite involuntarily, we began to pay the bonus we owed the North after the Civil War by shipping millions of colored people up there for them to have a better chance at loving and cherishing them.

It has all turned out for the best so far as we are concerned. The South is now the open door of prosperity. New England is being emptied of her capital and industries into the South. Lately Colonel G. Edward Buxton, the newly elected President of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, delivered an address at a banquet in Boston. Among other things, he said he did not believe "that the New England people will permit the cotton industry to depart." It is no longer a matter of belief, one way or the other, but a fact that most of them have already "departed" for the South and the rest are pulling up stakes to come. Within a radius of forty miles from where this writer sits, and within the last six months, three cotton mills with an average outlay of two million each have moved, or are in the process of moving, to Georgia. Multiply that by all the forty-mile squares in Georgia and other Southern States and you get an idea of what it has cost other sections to practice altruism at the expense of the South, and what it has paid the South to attend to her own business and profit by the mistakes of her critics.

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IS PROTESTANTISM DECLINING?

YES, says Mr. Asbury, and the signs of decay are evident on every hand. The schism between Fundamentalists and Modernists has not only hopelessly disorganized Protestantism, but has challenged into revolt millions of nominal believers — the Fundamentalists by their solemn reassertion of ancient superstitions, and the Modernists by their shallow hedging between superstition and science.

NO, replies the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. It is easy to discredit Protestantism if you have recourse to the ancient device of neglecting achievements and concentrating upon shortcomings. The Fundamentalist-Modernist feud is to-day an old story. The ministry has plenty of able and intelligent men — at least as many as any other profession. The Protestant churches are more than holding their own.

I—THE HOUSE DIVIDED

HERBERT ASBURY

NOT since the great revivals of the early part of the nineteenth century, which left a trail of neuroticism that still afflicts the Middle West and is in large part to blame for the extreme jumpiness and sensitivity of that vast area, has Protestantism in America been so vociferous and so greedy for power. The land resounds to the vengeful clamor of the Fundamentalist Torquemadas as they put legislatures on the rack and seek to substitute superstition for truth, and the placating cries of Modernist compromisers who strive hopelessly to reconcile the irreconcilable and bridge the gap between the hoary myths of Scripture and the findings of modern science. But noise does not necessarily imply progress, and we have it on the sublime authority of Jesus Christ that a house divided against itself cannot stand. The condition of the Protestant Church in the United States today is analogous to that of the charging soldier who, though mortally wounded, staggers onward in the direction of the enemy, carried forward by the momentum of his rush: he redoubles his screams, and for one fleeting moment, oblivious to his pain, labors under the delusion that he is mightier than ever. But his end is inevitable. So with Protestantism. It has received a mortal hurt, and the uproar is its death agony; it is sustained solely by the momentum of two hundred years of domination.

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The signs and portents of decay are visible on every hand: they may be discerned in the fretful clownishness of the clergy and the frantic political meddlings of the denominations, in the poverty-stricken state of even the most important churches, and, above all, they glow with an unwholesome lustre amid the murk of the fierce and indecent hatreds that bubble upward from the seething caldron of Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy. The great masses of the people can no longer find a solution of their multitudinous social and economic problems in absurd and discredited dogma expounded by a priesthood which has sunk to an unbelievably low level of mediocrity. Intelligent men everywhere grow weary of the platitudinous droolings of an uneducated and uncultured ministry; they are not satisfied with the pious exhortation to "love your Lord and Redeemer" as a blanket answer to all questions. Moreover, the fearful dreariness and drabness of the Protestant services are offensive to the eye and ear, and the eternal bickerings of the sects are a stench in the nostril of civilization. No one, of course, can foretell even the approximate date upon which Protestantism will finally crumble and collapse, but if the present rate of decline continues, the end of the twentieth century will probably find it abandoned and shriveling in the flames engendered by its own rancors.

There is no middle ground upon which the Fundamentalist and Modernist can foregather and compose their differences in mutual love and wisdom — fabled attributes of the Christian — and it is quite likely that the fratricidal strife will continue until they have simply shot each other to pieces. The Modernists will doubtless become increasingly rationalistic, and their churches may even be transformed from gloomy mausoleums of decayed creeds into useful agencies for the advancement of civilization. I have no doubt that the Fundamentalists will gradually be absorbed by the Roman Catholics, despite the abject horror with which the devout Protestant now regards the Pope, for the Church of Rome will offer the last refuge for those who would preserve the superstitions which are the fundamentals of Christianity. Because of its superior and impregnable organization, the Catholic Church will once more become dominant throughout the world, and in consequence intolerant and persecutory; for, as is amply proved by the history of his religion, whenever a Christian acquires supreme authority, his mind naturally turns to torture and oppression. So in time history will repeat itself, and future genera-

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tions will see another Reformation with all its bloody conflicts in the name of Jesus, though perhaps without the spectacular feature of a Luther flinging ink pots at devils.

The statistical facts of the decline of Protestantism may be set forth briefly, with figures compiled by various church organizations which have authorized inquiries into the deplorable state of religion in this country. The report of the Continuation Church Committee of the Interchurch Conference, made public in May, 1927, showed an "alarming falling off" in church membership at the rate of 500,000 a year; in thirteen communions, with a total enrollment of 15,160,170, the losses aggregated 268,965. The loss of the Congregationalists is estimated at about 30,000 a year, while approximately 22,000 annually desert the Episcopalians, among whom a disastrous schism is being generated by the rapid growth of a vigorous and increasingly powerful pro-Catholic faction. Even the Methodist Episcopal Church, the best organized and the most vigorously evangelical and proselyting of the Protestant denominations, gained but 13,719 new members in 1926, while only a few years ago the average increase was twelve times that number. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, reported a net gain of 4,199, although it labors in an almost ideal field of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, wherein the weeds of a militant Fundamentalism attain their rankest growth.

Clergymen customarily, if somewhat naïvely, dismiss these depressing figures with the bland assurance that "nearly everybody believes in God"; but a belief in God is quite different from a belief in the theological imbecilities of organized religion. It is possible to believe in God and still dissent from the view that a particular communion controls the pathway to salvation.

Moreover, it should be borne in mind that these figures are ecclesiastical statistics, and are the most favorable that the churches could produce. They represent the number carried on the rolls; not even the most optimistic clergyman would pretend that every one of the 29,000,000 Protestants in America is an active and eager worker in the vineyard, or that he takes any especial interest in the church. It has long been common knowledge that church membership lists are padded and deftly manipulated, and that when once a name has been added, only death or other act of God can remove it. I myself, I am told, am still considered a member of a little Methodist congregation in Missouri, although I abandoned the faith fifteen years ago and

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within the past few years have practically been read out of the human race by indignant Methodist preachers and by their conferences.

I have neither churchly nor secular authority for the statement, but I believe that 15,000,000 would be an extremely liberal estimate of the number who belong to the Protestant communions for other than social, business, or political reasons, and who are willing to make any sort of sacrifice for their faith. This is a very small proportion of the total population, but it is a well organized proportion, and very noisy; by its constant and belligerent clamor it frightens our statesmen out of their wits, and so keeps them in subjugation. But for that matter, half a dozen crickets on a limb can sound like the crack of doom; they alarm the city boy simply because he is not familiar with crickets and is not aware that the volume of noise they can produce is greatly out of proportion to their real power. As soon as he learns that a cricket is only an insect he goes to sleep.

Fear for the future of Protestantism, and of all organized religion, has frequently been expressed by some of our most eminent divines, even by such a noted authority as the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who is President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. So long ago as May, 1917, Dr. Cadman said that "preaching has killed the Christian church," and that "the people have become sermon tasters instead of Christians." In May, 1926, he told a meeting of Presbyterian and Congregationalist ministers in New York that Protestantism was "losing its grip upon adolescent youth as never before in five hundred years"; and less than a year later he predicted that the outcome of the present religious turmoil and uncertainty would doubtless be a single faith for Protestant, Jew, and Catholic — a vision which he has cherished for many years.

The fulfillment of such prophecy would necessarily involve the destruction of Protestantism, or at least such a modification of it that it would no longer be recognizable, for nothing in the history of the Roman Catholic Church induces a belief that it might suddenly become concessory. And the Jews could scarcely be expected to abandon a worship which was dictated by the Almighty when He proclaimed them His chosen people. So recently as October, 1927, Dr. Cadman spoke of the "ceaseless drift away from organized religion," and said that the zeal of many for religion had grown cold, and "that the decline of church attendance had dem-

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onstrated a lessening of interest in the presentation of religion, though not in religion itself."

The Rev. Dr. Charles Stelzle, President of the Church Advertising Department of the International Advertising Association, and a religious statistician of great renown, said in August, 1927, that since 1900 the Protestant churches have done no better than keep abreast of their proportionate ratio to the population. A month or so later he estimated that only eighteen per cent of the inhabitants of the rural areas were church members, thus pointing clearly to a condition which would of itself eventually result in the downfall of Protestantism, for its whole history shows that the rural districts have always been the source of its greatest strength. But there are innumerable indications that its hold upon the farming populations is lessening. In Ohio alone, in the last fifteen years, one thousand Protestant churches have been abandoned, and in Illinois, during the past year, forty-seven congregations have been compelled to reduce by from $1,000 to $500 the sums paid annually for pastor's salaries. Similar conditions prevail in other states, and it is quite likely that half the country churches would vanish if they did not receive home mission aid, which is the clerical way of saying that they are being subsidized by the more prosperous city organizations.

The Institute of Social and Religious Research recently made a survey of 140 villages selected at random throughout the United States, and found that in more than half of them the Protestant churches received such assistance. The Institute further estimated that the congregations in sixty-eight per cent of the Far Western hamlets, and in fifty per cent of the Southern villages, are thus subsidized. Moreover, the prestige of the rural clergyman, and of the clergyman of the small town, has waned dreadfully. Twenty years ago the Protestant pastor was, by divine appointment, the oracle of his village and the most influential personage within its confines; his advice was eagerly sought and humbly followed on all manner of spiritual and worldly matters, and the citizen who did not belong to the church and contribute handsomely of his financial substance was ostracized and persecuted. But now the minister is merely tolerated; he preaches to empty pews and subsists on meagre funds begged from his Home Mission Board, while his erstwhile disciples immerse themselves in the radio and the moving pictures, or gallivant about the country in automobiles.

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This factor in the decay of Protestantism, second in importance and dire results only to the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy, was also discussed recently by Benson Y. Landis, Ph.D., associate secretary of the Research Department, Federal Council of Churches, in an interview with the Associated Press. Dr. Landis pointed out that the farm population is now only about one-fourth of the total, and quoted a famous agricultural editor as saying that within five or six decades, because of the increasing employment of machinery and science in farm production, it will probably have dwindled to one-tenth of a total population of approximately 150,000,000. When no more than 15,000,000 people remain on the farms the fate of rural Protestantism, and consequently of Protestantism everywhere, must be obvious. It is fair to assume that the present proportion of church members will remain unchanged (certainly there is no evidence to indicate that it will increase), so that there will be fewer than 3,000,000 members of Protestant churches in the rural areas, divided among innumerable sects, each with scant interest in the welfare of the others. And of this number not more than two-thirds may be expected to be active, paying supporters of their communions.

So, if rural Protestantism does not disappear entirely, it will within fifty years have become so debilitated that it will cease to be a factor in the cultural life of the nation, and — which is more important — in the political life as well. And the effect of this stabilization of the rural population will be felt to an extraordinary extent by the churches of the towns and cities. Indeed, it is already being felt, for the drift from country to city even now tends to slacken, and urban Protestantism can no longer depend upon the steady stream of recruits for the revivification of ailing membership lists. The only hope of future gains lies in the conversion almost *en masse* of the large centres of population, and the churches have already shown that they cannot compete successfully with the multitudinous amusements offered by modern city life. Further, the cost of obtaining new church members in the cities is well-nigh prohibitive. At the April, 1927, meeting of the New York Methodist Annual Conference it was shown that the cost of the 2,000 new members claimed for the Methodist churches in New York City during the previous year was $4,000 each, while in the rural districts upstate the expense was about $87 a head.

The report of the Continuation Church Committee ascribed the loss in Protestant membership to the War, which the clergy sup-

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ported with frantic appeals to God for the blood of the Germans; to the pruning of membership rolls, a practice which was unheard of until it became necessary to find an excuse for unparalleled withdrawals of communicants; to the migrations of families; and to the negligence of ministers in restoring lapsed members, who should, of course, be handed over to the secular arm and disposed of forthwith. But these are all minor factors in the crumbling of the Protestant structure. The most significant, as I have attempted to indicate, are the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy; the gradual abatement of rural Protestantism, and the consequent loss in power and prestige of the country parson; the intolerant interference of the denominations in the orderly processes of government, as exemplified in the activities of such religious bodies as the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals; the buffoonery of the Protestant priesthood; and the bleakness and depressiveness of the Protestant services. This absolute lack of beauty and æsthetic appeal has become a matter of such concern to Protestant leaders that many of the prosperous city churches are attempting to lure their wandering sheep back into the fold by openly imitating the Catholics, with vested choirs, elaborate observances of Good Friday and Easter, the chanting of the Lord's Prayer, and by other liturgical ceremonies against which the Protestant Fathers revolted and for the non-observance of which they were burned at the stake in the days when the Church of Rome was supreme.

Throughout the United States the Protestant clergyman has abandoned all pretense at dignity, and has embarked upon an appalling orgy of mountebankery; the clerical clowning increasingly disgusts and repels intelligent people. Our spiritual leader writes for the newspaper syndicates, sells verses from the Bible, and answers all manner of questions for a fat percentage of the gross receipts. He reports murder trials for the sensational journals. He persistently denounces and opposes any form of amusement in which the average man may hope to find pleasure. He employs a press agent, and is more concerned with the glory of the front page than with the glory of the Lord. He quarrels with his trustees, and the newspapers frequently record fist fights and indecent bickerings in the temples of God. Sex has become an obsession with him, and he can see nothing but vileness and obscenity in any mention of the process chosen by God for the reproduction

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of mankind. He frets and fumes in pious indignation over the use of a lipstick and the length of a woman's skirt. He engages incessantly in the traditionally clerical task of searching for smut in the printed word, and loudly and gloatingly calls attention to it. He transforms his church into an emotional shamble or inflicts go-getting, jazzy services upon his suffering parishioners, so that it is impossible, upon entering a Protestant church, for one to tell whether he is going to witness a vaudeville performance, an orgiastic revival meeting, or rites of unspeakable gloominess. But one may be certain that he will seldom see a beautiful, dignified service in worship of the Almighty.

Moreover, the Protestant minister as a rule is grossly uninformed and frequently untruthful. He is not satisfied to attack anyone who ventures to oppose his views, which is of course his right and privilege since the commands of Jesus to turn the other cheek and love thine enemy are temporarily in abeyance, but he makes deliberate misstatements of fact, and accuses his opponents of holding opinions which they do not hold and of making assertions which they did not make. On the sermon pages of any newspaper may usually be found half a dozen statements which are palpably false, and which everyone, even the preacher who made them, knows are false.

Of course, there are exceptions, as to all rules. Not all Protestant preachers are clowns. There are many who are intelligent, dignified, sound in scholarship, and devoted to the ideal of religious liberty. They attempt to teach a liberal creed which will conform to the increasing enlightenment of the world. If they were heeded, the ills that so sorely afflict Protestantism might be cured, and a dying faith resuscitated. But they constitute an impotent and hopeless minority, and their voices are overwhelmed by the bigoted vociferations of the ignorant, intolerant men who form the bulk of the ministry.

By far the most important factor in the decline of Protestantism is the warfare between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists. In the church assemblies the battle rages over the infallibility of the Bible, the Virgin Birth of Jesus, the miracles, and the other basic dogmas of Christianity; but in the political arena the Fundamentalists have concentrated on evolution. They hold that it is not only a denial of Genesis, but a false religion and an assault upon the souls of the people, which the Lord has committed to their care. Mississippi and Tennessee have passed laws

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prohibiting the teaching of evolution even as a scientific theory, and in Texas, Florida, and California it is barred by a strict interpretation of existing statutes, or by arbitrary rulings of the state school authorities. In twenty-two other states the Fundamentalists have attempted to push prohibitory laws through the legislatures, but have been beaten by scant majorities. Renewed efforts may soon be expected in these commonwealths, for swollen with success, the World Christian Fundamentals Association has announced that the campaign to drive evolution from the thoughts of men will be carried into every country in the world, backed by a fund of $24,000,000 and supported by a hundred so-called colleges and such Fundamentalist organizations as the Christian Crusaders of Florida, the Defenders of Kansas, and the Fundamentalist League of Pennsylvania.

In general the intelligent minority of Protestant clergymen take a very lugubrious view of the situation; they have slight hope that the onrush of bigotry and intolerance will be checked. "To-day we stand in the midst of one of the greatest religious issues in the history of Christendom," says Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, Unitarian minister and editor of *The Christian Register*, in his recent book *Religious Liberty: the Great American Illusion*. "Vital religion and the souls of the people are involved and, indeed, the future of Christianity in America and the world. . . . Protestantism is in eclipse. The Modernists in all the denominations have retired. Not a notable figure remains on the field. Their enemies have won the fight on every sector in Christendom. The movement to give us a liberated church has halted and collapsed. . . . The dogmas which have been the bane of Protestantism these four hundred years are again triumphant, and the organized religion of Jesus, whose charter is liberty and whose service is perfect freedom, passes into a period of intolerance not equaled since the chaos. Protestantism enters a new dark age."

This ferocious battling, which Dr. Dieffenbach and other liberals find so deplorable but which has been very amusing to the innocent bystander, has had one result which is seldom touched upon, but which the future will prove to have been of the greatest significance. It has attracted attention to the very things which Christianity has suppressed for ages, and which it must continue to suppress if its dogmas are to live, and if it is to fulfill its divine mission to subjugate humanity to priestcraft. Thousands of men and women who had hitherto accepted as authentic the interpre-

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tations placed by the Church upon the divine revelations, have learned for themselves just what constitutes the great heresy, and are withdrawing in great numbers from a faith which compels them to a blind belief in the ridiculous cosmogony, however poetical, of an ancient savage tribe, and to an unquestioning adherence to dogmas which insult their intelligence.

The Fundamentalists and the Modernists have thus done greater harm to Protestantism than all the writings and speeches of all the atheists, agnostics, and free-thinkers who ever lived. All men can see and understand the spectacle of a divided church snarling and scrambling for political mastery and the power to employ the secular arm to enforce its doctrinal promulgations, whereas the devout church member will not listen to an atheist or read his arguments, for he has been taught for centuries that anyone who opposes organized religion is a lewd wretch living only in the hope that circumstances will afford him opportunities for loot, rape, and murder. This is a common religious argument and is generally effective, but it would be much stronger were it not for the fact that the worst lootings and murders in the history of the world have been committed by devout Christians in the name of the Prince of Peace. And the outlook is very good for more.

II — PROTESTANTISM STANDS FIRM

S. PARKES CADMAN, *President of the Federal Council of Churches*

MR. ASBURY tells us he was once a Methodist but that he abandoned his ancestral faith fifteen years ago. After reading his article on "The Decline of Protestantism," one can readily believe that its author never had an intimate knowledge of the church John Wesley founded, still less of its sister communions of Reformation origin. His attainments as a journalist suffice to raise his censures from the insignificance of sheer stupidity to the level of boredom. Taken at their proper valuation, they reveal an acquaintance with a few well-known phrases and familiar formulas, the frequent reiteration of which

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characterizes a certain species of smart writing prevalent since the World War. Those who are susceptible to rhetoric and immune to the restraints of reason and accuracy may fall under the spell of his rhapsodic indictment. But it is safe to say that none who are even measurably aware of the historic relations of Protestantism to the making of great states, their lawful freedom, and their civilization can be misled by the crudities, exaggerations, and excrescences of this essay. Its title is as misleading as its treatment. Protestantism as a whole is neither defined nor discussed, nor are its diversified branches dispassionately estimated. The gravamen of my complaint is not that Mr. Asbury's strictures are unduly severe, but that they are essentially superficial, lacking in insight, and indicative of a woeful ignorance on his part of the genius of the religious revolt of the sixteenth century, and of its outworkings, whether in Europe, America, or the world at large. These outworkings range from its lower emotional types, to which this author formerly belonged, to the severely intellectual caste of its advanced liberal groups. Yet these are not differentiated as they should be, nor are their reciprocal influences set forth. It is the voice of repressed vindictiveness rather than of scientific criticism which assails the reader's ears. What could have been in more helpful hands an illuminating examination of a complex and difficult situation here degenerates to a diatribe.

Its general tone suggests that Mr. Asbury is unaware of the frequent recurrence of predictions of religious collapse in past eras. According to writers of his kidney, and not a few of acknowledged reputation, the Christian religion has hovered on the verge of irretrievable ruin for at least a thousand years. During the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries prophecies of its speedy extinction dismayed the saints and delighted the sinners. Then the beatific figure of St. Francis appeared, and the golden age of which he was the bright particular star confounded the foes of the Faith. But they could not be permanently silenced. In the seventeenth century, when all England became a Church and the one book adored and studied was the Bible, John Howe, the foremost Puritan doctor of the time, declared that religion was on its deathbed. Nevertheless, in its weakness and decay it had life enough left to turn to the New World that it might redress the balance of the Old. In the early eighteenth century, Joseph Butler, the famous Bishop of Durham, lamented the infidelity of his dissolute period and said that few if any educated men referred to super-

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natural things except in terms of patronizing contempt. I may say that the bishop lived to witness an almost unparalleled revival of this despised religion, in which "the ragged regiment" of Deists was utterly routed and the English-speaking nations recovered their God-consciousness. During the late eighteenth century the Revolutionists of Paris insisted that in less than fifty years not a priest would be found in France. According to latest reports, scores of thousands of priests are still serving that Republic. So runs the tale of fancied woes awaiting believing men and women and their institutional religions; tales often told by renegades who insist on interring Christianity wholesale, despite its tenacious hold on life.

Meanwhile it survives, assumes fresh enterprises, and displays astonishing vigor. Neither the attacks of open foes nor the more perilous defenses of mistaken friends have yet canceled the strength of Protestantism, nor, it may be added, of Catholicism. The former organization has recently summoned two world conferences, one at Stockholm, another at Lausanne. These assemblies approximately represented thirty churches, eighty States, and four hundred million Christians. The first mapped out programmes of Christian life and work for an indefinite time to come. The second laid bare the agreements and the differences — which Mr. Asbury decrees impervious to reconciliation — in a spirit of candor, amity, and sympathetic comprehension unexcelled in the annals of their common religion. Both conferences were mainly originated in America by the very Protestantism which, as he thinks, should behave decently by dying and not being too tardy about it.

Let us turn, however, to certain specific accusations with which this lurid arraignment abounds. For a leading example, Protestantism is said to be "so vociferous and greedy for power." If this vocal emphasis is laid on the Evangel of the New Testament, its legitimacy is assured and its use honorable. We crave a trumpet voice to call on all mankind and bid its heart exult in the inwardness and power of Christ's regenerating message. If the phrase, "greed for power," were but an elementary way of expressing our craving for spiritual predominance, the past vindicates this holy ambition. But unless I misunderstand him, Mr. Asbury means that group consciousness of Protestantism is fixed on a social control which would make it the dictator of the nation's policies. The exact opposite is the true version. As President

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of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, I am reminded daily of the incurable individualism of my fellow Protestants concerning questions relating to politics alone. They have little or no collective interest in these, and they would quickly resent any attempt to commandeer them for such an interest. I continually hear lamentation that the constituent Churches of the Federal Council fail "in looking after their own people," and that their Hebrew and Catholic brethren set a pace in this respect which Protestants should follow. As it is, they divide on major and minor partisan lines and vote as Republicans or Democrats in nearly equal numbers. Even with reference to the vexed question of Prohibition, on which, in contrast with other issues, Protestants recently achieved a high degree of practical coöperation, they manifest considerable difference of opinion. Ardent supporters of the Eighteenth Amendment inveigh daily against the lethargy and inefficiency of the opposition of Protestantism to the illicit liquor traffic. This attitude is not due, in my judgment, to any marked change in the convictions of the great majority of Protestant churchmen, but to a reassertion of their traditional reluctance to participate directly in political conflicts. The church agencies that aggressively participate in such conflicts are the exceptions, not the rule, and any behavior of this sort is deprecated by the general body of Protestants.

Not that they believe conflicts of this nature to be intrinsically reprehensible. Quite contrary to Mr. Asbury's reactionary intimations, and turning his allegation end for end, I affirm the sacred duty of the Christian Church, Catholic or Protestant, to intervene in any political controversies which deeply involve public morality and welfare. The constant charge that churchmen meddle mischievously in politics emanates from well-known groups which for various reasons fear religious intervention in the realms of social justice, national integrity, lawfulness, and international goodwill. By allying himself with these groups, Mr. Asbury allows his professed liberalism to suffer an eclipse which I trust is but temporary. By implicitly denying the right of visioned Protestants to challenge the foul fiction that what is ethically evil is sometimes politically expedient, he calls the Protestant churches to the "other-worldliness" he elsewhere derides. Prolific invective does not conceal his wobbly logic nor his inconsistency. He cannot have his cake and eat it, and the decision as to which horn of the dilemma he will seize must be left to him.

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Again, Mr. Asbury dwells at some length upon the lack of education and culture among the clergy. Here he detects a real infirmity, which is by none more sincerely deplored than by Protestants of intelligence and foresight. To be sure, he does not mention the pulpit giants and clerical guides of light and leading abroad in the land, except for a sparse reference to a Unitarian editor and his kindred spirits. Nor does he even hint at the monumental works of Christian philosophy and learning which dignify and enlighten our supposed intellectual destitution. But taken by and large, it must be conceded that the preacher is not the outstanding figure he was fifty years ago. Moreover, the churches which repudiate a perfectly articulated system of doctrinal belief and practice are indefeasibly obligated to maintain high standards of pulpit scholarship and compelling expression. This they have not done. Notwithstanding that rural pastorates are the sources of desirable pastoral supply, they have been beaten down and starved out by sectarian competition and the little souls it breeds. Likely candidates for the ministry will not heed its summons to a noble service until certain palpable hindrances are removed and parochial overlapping and mismanagement are readjusted. While the grass grows the steed starves, warning us that there is no more urgent religious need than the development of a competent spiritual leadership. Wealthy laymen who lavish their means on cathedral-like structures in which to worship at their ease and yet begrudge the modest endowments requisite for ministerial education resemble a nation which builds a navy and trains no officers to command it. If the clergy are to rank with other men of enlightenment in their parishes and coöperate with other agencies for general culture, they will have to be placed from first to last on a new basis of preparation, maintenance, and churchly consideration.

But something more remains to be said. I am less impressed with current animadversions against ministerial incompetence than I should be if in my travels to and fro I did not encounter moronic minds in nearly every walk of life. Placemen whose passports to emoluments and honors are insolence and demagogism; competitive business men whose failures at important points are patent; the bunglings of notable industrialists in dealing with labor problems; the meretricious smartness of not a few pressmen; the painful ignorance of countless habitués of Main Street, to say nothing of the stench of present legal procedure in criminal cases,

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or the dearth of real statesmanship in the nation — these do not excuse the shortcomings of my calling, but they render me less apologetic for them. After all, the stupidities of the pulpit spring from those of the pew. "Like priest like people" can be read both ways. As for Mr. Asbury's complaint about "the clownishness" of the Protestant clergy — who, knowing the temper of our towns and cities, can doubt that if this were a faithful picture of them church attendance would at once increase? Here and there a clerical mountebank exhibits qualities which befit the low comedy stage rather than the pulpit, and he is usually able to secure congenial crowds which applaud his gasconades. But not even the author of this article would maintain that Protestant churches in general are flooded by the curious or the frivolous. They minister in the main to groups of earnest people who offer to God the homage which the world so often forgets to offer for itself, and endeavor to make amends for the want of home discipline by instructing children committed to their care in the ethics of Christ.

The contrast is apparent between these reverent and thoughtful worshipers and the hectic throngs who gather to hail the latest outpourings of sensational notoriety seekers and vulgarians, whose motto would seem to be "keep the hell fires burning." It may console Mr. Asbury to know that commercialized evangelism is rapidly diminishing and that the mediæval ideas of future penalties and rewards on which it flourished have been supplanted in nearly all Protestant churches by an interpretation of the Christian Gospel which more closely harmonizes with the spirit and teaching of its Giver.

Some may inquire how this assertion squares with Mr. Asbury's description of the quarrel between Fundamentalists and Modernists. The answer is that this, his bête noire, is hopelessly out of date. There has seldom been a clearer instance of fishing behind the net. The scientific point of view is accepted to-day by a substantial majority in nearly every great Protestant communion. I hold no brief for "isms" within or without Christianity. But when the question turns on the acceptance or rejection of the verified results of modern learning, Protestantism leads the van. The enacting of anti-evolution legislation in belated States chiefly indicates their anæmic educational condition. Churches local to these States can hardly be expected to reach a higher degree of intelligence than the public schools have created. Until the educators are equal to the emergency, why heckle the clergy, save for

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the propensity to heckle them about pretty much everything — with the proviso carefully respected that only the Protestant clergy shall be heckled! The reactionary eruptions at Dayton, Tennessee, were meticulously reported in two continents. But the magnificent work of Vanderbilt University in the same commonwealth was not mentioned, so far as I can learn, during the Scopes trial. Why not? Because abnormalities of any kind have a news value which the steady attempt of Protestant education to upraise universal social conditions does not have.

Inevitably our censor's attention has been drawn to the statistical phase of the subject, but speaking personally, this leaves me cold. Quality rather than quantity is the thing in religion: the rest is often leather and prunella. Nevertheless, if we must number Israel, it is germane to say on the authority of Doctor H. K. Carroll that America's Evangelical Protestantism has grown 191 per cent in forty-six years, or from ten millions in 1880 to nearly thirty millions in 1927. The "alarming falling off" in Protestant membership on which Mr. Asbury dilates was publicly explained a few weeks ago by the Reverend Doctor Charles S. Macfarland as not a net loss at all. The figures then reported did not pretend to include the more than compensating gains after accounting for uncertificated removals, deaths, and other causes by which churches lose many members each year. This loss, however, is more than offset by gains in membership. The very recording of the losses as well as gains is due to a healthful concern on the part of the churches to free their membership rolls from "dead wood" — a concern which Mr. Asbury would have us think non-existent.

But there is a real membership problem and I would be among the last to conceal it. The relative changes in Protestant church membership from 1800 to 1925 were set forth by Dr. Charles Stelzle in the *World's Work* for September, 1927. The ratios of church membership to population he has computed tells the story.

Protestant Church Membership

1800–1925

1800— 7	in each 100 of population	1900— 24	in each 100 of population
1850— 15	" " " " "	1910— 24	" " " " "
1870— 17	" " " " "	1915— 24	" " " " "
1880— 20	" " " " "	1920— 25	" " " " "
1890— 22	" " " " "	1925— 26	" " " " "

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The net gains in the last quarter century appear to have come entirely in the last decade, but they have been substantial gains. There is, however, a challenge in these figures, and an attack built upon them, however crudely and unfairly, is worth reading if it provokes serious thought.

Not that the future of the Church depends on its membership rolls. It may well be argued that the Church was more virile when she was seemingly insignificant and without material resources. If the small net gain in the past twenty-five years means that she is summoning men and women to an heroic allegiance which is too hard because it is too high for nominal Christians who cannot be distinguished from actual worldlings, what is this statistic but an evidence of her fidelity to divine realities? I am convinced that many souls hold aloof from the Church on account of her drafts on their moral courage and loyalty to spiritual ideals, and also that this group exceeds in size those who shun her because they deem her claims to power exorbitant. But Mr. Asbury makes these facts and figures dance to his own piping.

Finally, I yield to none in my regret over "bickerings of sects." They are a part of the price we have to pay for the freedom which we esteem essential to the good of everything. If Mr. Asbury's rather morbid speculations spur on the movement toward a federalized unity, many will forgive him for them. Yet he should know that sectarianism is on the wane, and having served as well as disserved its day and generation, it is now giving way to the reintegration of institutional religion. Symptoms which he deems the heralds of approaching death are in reality the birth pangs of a rejuvenated Protestantism careless of its very name, and willing to lose its life for mankind in order that it may save it unto the Life Eternal. Nearly every great conflict that has trampled down the human race has been followed by an era of materialism in which the things of the spirit were either defied or caricatured. Our period obeys this process, and Mr. Asbury's unfair and jaundiced presentation of Protestantism is one of its products. He transgresses one of the first canons of criticism by quoting remarks attributed to me by the press which are torn from their context, incorrectly reported, and contrary to the general tenor and purpose of my addresses. His criticism of these it is therefore needless to discuss. But if what he and I have written here calls us back to the principles of true religion and the eternal truths they contain, the results may prove beneficial to all concerned.

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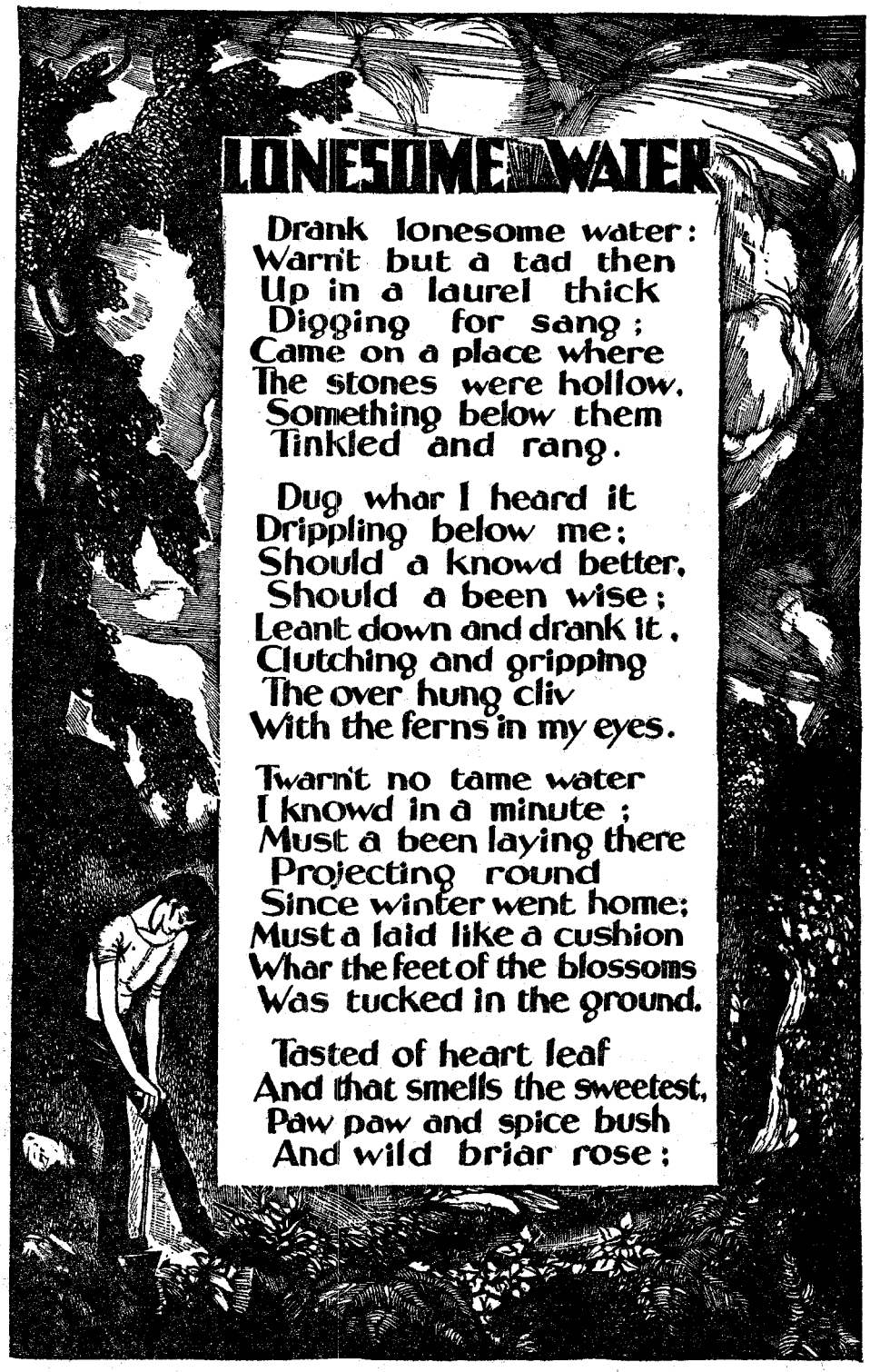
LONESOME WATER
Drank lonesome water:
Warn't but a tad then
Up in a laurel thick
Digging for sang;
Came on a place where
The stones were hollow.
Something below them
Tinkled and rang.
Dug whar I heard it
Drippling below me:
Should a knowd better,
Should a been wise;
Leant down and drank it.
Clutching and gripping
The over hung cliv
With the ferns in my eyes.
Twarn't no tame water
I knowd in a minute;
Must a been laying there
Projecting round
Since winter went home;
Must a laid like a cushion
Whar the feet of the blossoms
Was tucked in the ground.
Tasted of heart leaf
And that smells the sweetest,
Paw paw and spice bush
And wild briar rose;

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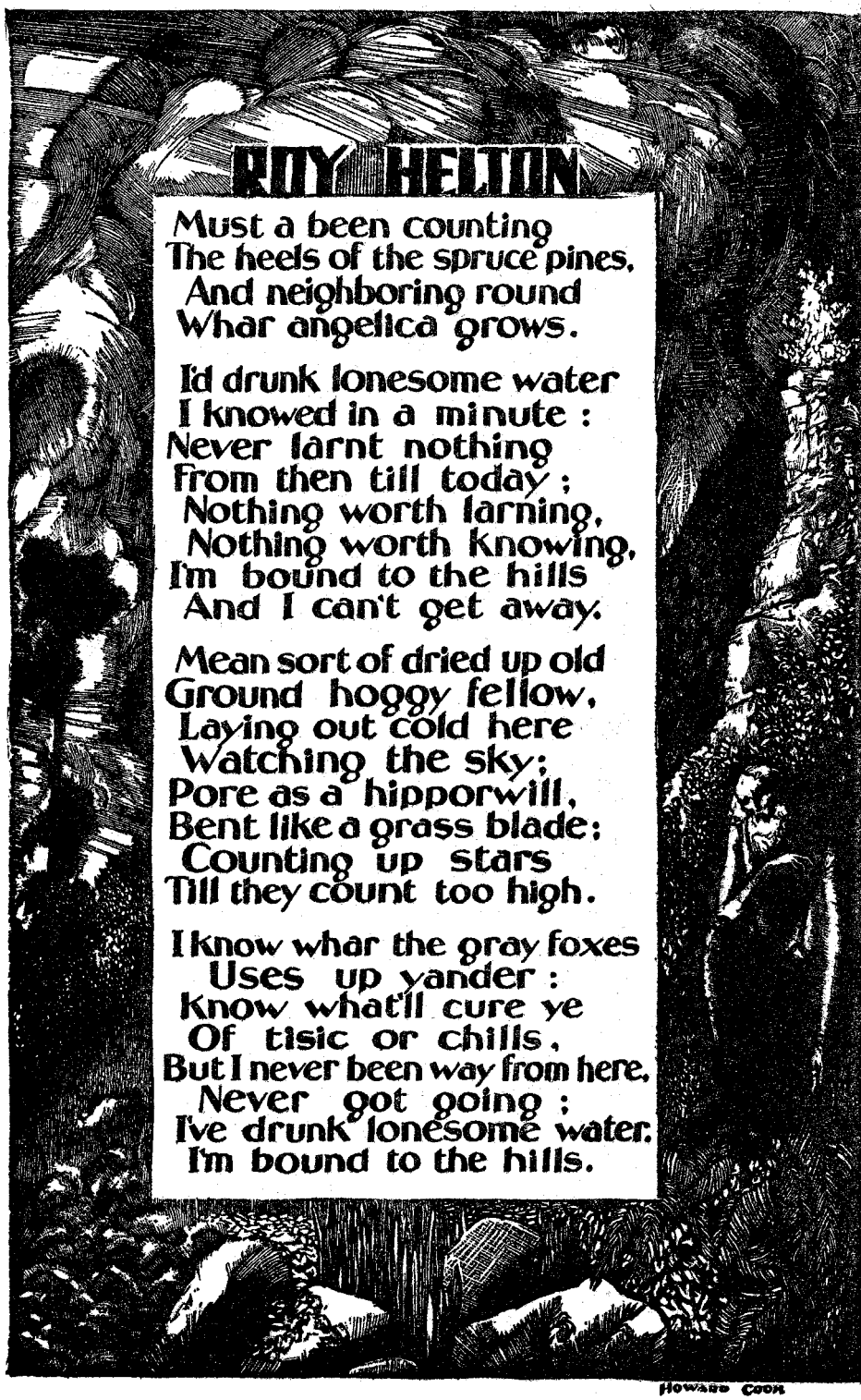
ROY HELTON
Must a been counting
The heels of the spruce pines,
And neighboring round
Whar angelica grows.
I'd drunk lonesome water
I knowed in a minute:
Never larnt nothing
From then till today;
Nothing worth larning,
Nothing worth knowing,
I'm bound to the hills
And I can't get away.
Mean sort of dried up old
Ground hoggy fellow,
Laying out cold here
Watching the sky;
Pore as a hipporwill,
Bent like a grass blade:
Counting up stars
Till they count too high.
I know whar the gray foxes
Uses up yander:
Know what'll cure ye
Of tisic or chills,
But I never been way from here,
Never got going;
I've drunk lonesome water.
I'm bound to the hills.
HOWARD COOK

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THE SCHOOL OF WISDOM

Forum Education Series — II

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

IT is often said in criticism of American education that our colleges, while pretending to be schools of wisdom, are mere factories of facts. Our elaborate systems and curricula have become so many hurdles to be jumped on the way to a degree. This formalization of education was imported from Germany in the last century, and it is significant that the revolt against it is now led by the same Germany that brought it forth. Count Keyserling is concerned, not with facts, but with the meaning behind them.

THE specific quality of any form of life, as of any form of art, depends on this, that the same elements figure as the parts and organs of a different whole. Just so, it is not the contents which differentiate one culture from another, but it is the different adjustment or orientation given in each case to the self-same psychical and spiritual material. For the difference in quality which this material acquires in each case is never due to elementary material differences. As all chemical elements are ultimately composed of electrons, similarly the elementary forms of life hardly ever change, because human nature as such never changes. The difference in quality is due to the different significance the material gets from the preëxisting whole, just as the same words get a different meaning from the general meaning of the sentence they serve to express. In this sense, the Christianization of the Western World meant, at bottom, less the victory of a new, definite faith, than the supersession of the psychological orientation of antiquity by a new one. Antique man had his centre within him. The Christian located it in a higher sphere outside his person and toward this sphere he assumed an attitude of devotion and submission. The determining centre of antique man was mind; that of the Christian was his soul. Accordingly, different values ruled life in each case. But the elementary facts of life remained unchanged.

From the Renaissance and Reformation onward, the psychic organism of Western man began to undergo a new metamorphosis. The centre of gravity within him began to shift back from the soul to the mind; a new masculine phase in history set in. But since the transition was a gradual one, very few were aware of the occurring change. But eventually, at the threshold of the twentieth century, something similar happened, as happens when the

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slowly rising temperature of water passes from 99 to 100 centigrade; that means a qualitative change took place. Of a sudden the traditional state appeared obsolete. Accordingly, the destructive powers within the soul got the upper hand. The World War and the World Revolution — both events of fated and cosmic quality, never to be explained by the doings or undoings of incapable statesmen — were the final results.

Ever since, people have tried to mend the state of the world by tackling the problem from the outside. But they do so without success, because the external chaos is only the outward expression of a constitutional crisis within the soul. The key to the problem, as I have shown in *The World in the Making*, lies in the fact that the centre of gravity within man has passed from the untransferable to the transferable, and that, for that reason, all traditional solutions of the problem of life have physiologically lost their validity. New positions and new solutions are now necessary, if out of the chaos a new cosmos is to emerge, in almost as radical a sense as it was when the pagan world had to die for the benefit of the Christian world.

At this crisis the decisive point is that humanity must reach a higher and more creative understanding, that is must make the intellect the servant of what the early Christians called *Logos spermatikos*, that a step further must be dared on the lines of independence and responsibility; that a wider kind of sympathy than traditional Christian love must be reached. What that solution is I can only hint at here, but I have explained it at full length in my two chief works, *Schöpferische Erkenntnis* and *Wiedergeburt*.

The Darmstadt Experiment

I had to make these general preliminary remarks, for only on their background can the meaning of the School of Wisdom be understood. The sole purpose of its foundation was to create a centre in which the change of inner attitude, which I think necessary in this crisis, could find its symbolic expression and act as an example radiating afar. The change in question being a dynamic process, and in each case an original and strictly personal process, there could be no question of having a programme determined once and for all. The newest teaching may be received in the spirit of old prejudices and the best programme but serve to perpetuate antiquated errors. Everything one is wont to call "education"

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to-day misses the capital point: it imparts knowledge, but it does not inspire personal understanding; it evolves efficiency, but it does not create a higher plane of being.

In this respect education is not progressive; it does not differ in principle from the mediæval school where youth was simply taught to explain what it already believed. That this is really so seems finally proved to me by the not only low but ever lowering level of the so-called educated masses all over the world: the more they know, the less they understand; the more efficient they become as specialists, the less superior and complete they appear as personalities. The inward change which is necessary in order to evolve a higher state of being — the one thing that really matters — can only be brought about by a stimulation of the creative essence within the individual soul. This, of course, can never be achieved by an "institution" as such, but only by qualified personal influence; nor can it be achieved in all men, but only in those who seem ready for it.

On the other hand, in this modern world of ours far-reaching influences cannot be brought to act on the world by the methods employed by the sages of ancient Greece or China or India. Therefore I decided on a compromise. I founded an institution, open on principle to all, with a board of trustees, supporting members, a secretary, an office, lecture rooms, a library, and so on. Yet the whole purpose of this institution is to keep alive a spirit which is the very opposite of that of any other modern institution. It is inimical to any sort of routine. Its aim is just to preserve the originality of the origin, to keep alive the life, to prevent the living, personal impulse even externally from becoming a "thing." The method of the School of Wisdom can, therefore, only be *living improvisation at the right moment*. It aims solely at giving life the needed new Meaning — this word understood (as it always is with me) as the creative, spiritual source of Life. And as Meaning is in itself intangible, only to be realized in materialization; as the same Meaning can be embodied in many forms — therefore all that occurs in the School of Wisdom depends entirely on the possibilities of the moment in working out the Meaning of the subject dealt with and the demands of life connected therewith.

The School of Wisdom does not give out an abstract teaching which may be learned by heart by everybody, *but it creates symbolic images, it sets examples*. That this is the most effective way to act on life is proved by the fact that the whole of Chinese cul-

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ture derives from the few recorded talks of Confucius, the whole Buddhist culture from the legends concerning the Buddha, and our own Christian culture from the parables contained in the four Gospels. Accordingly, what is practically occurring in the School of Wisdom is this: it gives to qualified personalities the opportunity for influencing life, both symbolically and actually; it brings about a fruitful polarization of differentiated spirits; it gives those who already have a glimpse of what is most needed, the opportunity of arriving at a realization of the meaning of their own lives and of their special task or purpose in the world. Finally, the School of Wisdom posits objective problems in such a way that by the new adjustment they receive a new significance and find a new solution. It cannot possibly have a definite programme like a university or a college; its plane of existence is an entirely different one. It deals exclusively with the inspirational spring of life.

But this apparent lack of determination really means a higher form of determination. One cannot really change life by educating what is already grown up; one can do it only by creating young generations of a new kind. And the creative seed as such must carry its life in the form of implication, not explication. The latter follows later as the result of growth. Buddha did not teach a theology of his own, he simply emphasized again and again a few simple truths — and the whole intricate tradition of Buddhist culture was the result. Just so Plato never elaborated what he meant; he was afraid lest his new truth might be misunderstood on the lines of antiquated thought. His one preoccupation was to keep the mind of his disciples always on the alert. And the result was not only the body of later Greek philosophy, but to a great extent that of the Christian church.

Just so, the School of Wisdom teaches nothing definite in particular; for if it did, that would leave it only on the level of traditional thought. What is new about it, appears best from its motto: "Take from none, give something to each." It does not try to destroy any form of life — and even positive religion is, first of all, a life-form — but it imparts to all of them a new meaning and thus regenerates them from within. As far as this teaching can be expressed in the abstract, it has been laid down in *Schöpferische Erkenntnis* and *Wiedergeburt*. But the imparting of this abstract doctrine is not the aim of the School of Wisdom — if I had thought so, the writing of books would suffice — its aim is to

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embody the doctrine in life, to create individuals, who represent it. The School deals with live, individual personalities. And it must do so, precisely because it means universal truth. For the correlative of the universal, on the plane of actual life is not the "general," but the "unique," not "society" or "mankind," but every single "each." This was also, by the way, the very essence of Jesus's teaching.

Methods of the School

From all this it appears that the School of Wisdom has little resemblance to any other school in the modern world. I may even say that its name was chosen just because of the paradox it contains, because there can be no question of a school in the ordinary sense of the word and because wisdom is essentially not to be taught. It has little resemblance to other schools also in that it is not primarily intended for the young. I have found that very few below the age of thirty really care for the reality of life. The life of the young is a game or a process of growth or of partial education. Man becomes conscious of his essence only after he has grown up, and philosophy and wisdom deal only with the ultimate issues of life.

But now that I have done all that seems possible to prevent misunderstandings, I may say in what sense this School *is* a school in spite of all. Its very nature has evolved typical ways of activity, of which up to the present five may be counted. The first is the personal interview — one talk with the right person in the right relationship at the right moment has often done more to accelerate and quicken a man's development than years of diligent study. The second is a course of exercises (spiritual training) based on ancient, tested methods of self-improvement toward the goal of perfection, which are being made use of at Darmstadt as a means for embodying the newly needed significance — see *Mysterium der Wandlung* (*Mystery of Transformation*) by Erwin Rousselle, the late leader of the courses.

The third way of influencing life is embodied in the meetings held by the Society for Free Philosophy at Darmstadt. Of these the chief annual meeting or *Tagung* is held some time in spring. These meetings are conducted according to the rules of the art of spiritual orchestration. Here various speakers work harmoniously together on the keynote of one underlying theme, like the different instruments in an orchestra. No speaker is forced in any

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special direction that does not coincide entirely with his own particular individual way; in the framework of the leading theme he represents only himself. But by the fact that each speaker is drawn into his place like the note in a chord of music, something speaks through him which is more than something personal or individual: through each individual speaks the Meaning of the Whole. Then again, from the complete chord each note singly derives a new meaning. In this way, at least a dawning sense of that deeper consciousness is arrived at by the greater part of the hearers, from which alone life can be reconstructed anew.

These meetings yield as a natural result and, as it were, inevitably, the solutions of the problems dealt with, and in a manner that radiates afar; for the spiritual chord inevitably produces a development of Subconsciousness toward the aimed-at goal. Thus the meeting of 1921 solved the problem of the relationship of eternal significance toward the ever-changing appearance of outer fact or form; the meeting of 1922 solved the problem of the heroic Western modality of life in showing how one-sidedness can become the symbol of all-sidedness, which entails the annulment of all the conflicts arising from one-sidedness, such as race hatreds, anti-Semitism, antimilitarism. The meeting of 1923 had as its keynote the relation of a general outlook on life toward individual life construction. On that occasion, a Protestant, a Roman Catholic, and a Russian of the Greek Orthodox Church, coöperating together harmoniously on a higher plane, inevitably circumscribed the outlines of Christianity's possible future; the same meeting created the prototype of that which may develop from the newly rising world of labor under favorable conditions, and it finally outlined the prototype of the "ecumenic man," to whom alone the future belongs. The meeting of 1924 with the keynote "evolution and dissolution, life and death" made clear to its participators, in the counterpointing of biology, history, psychoanalytic research, and religious experience, the true significance of the belief in the eternal and of the striving toward immortality. Just so the meeting of 1925 imparted a new meaning to the idea of freedom, and that of 1927 determined the position of man in the universe from a new and higher standpoint.

The fourth and fifth channels of influence of the impulse given by the School of Wisdom are the regular reading of its annual publication *Der Leuchter* (*The Beacon*) which helps to carry the results of the Darmstadt meetings to those who were unable to

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attend them personally, and the same applies to the biannual publication *Der Weg zur Vollendung* (*The Path Toward Perfection*) which deals with the important problems of life, sheds light on books from the standpoint of the School of Wisdom, and is almost like a personal letter from those living at Darmstadt to their circle of friends, thus creating a field of living tradition.

Results of the Experiment

Has the experiment of the School of Wisdom been a success? Whatever others may think, the results have been much better and much more far-reaching within the first seven years of its activities than I ever dared to hope. I never expected a large following, because the majority of those who follow movements are more or less of a gregarious nature. I can deal only with independent characters, and such as these never become "disciples"; they are usually impatient of any attempt to influence them. On the other hand, it is against all my own inclinations to try to convince or attract anybody. I can only say and write what I think is true; answer questions others ask me of their own free will; put the problem so that everybody who chooses may see it; and keep my reception room open to any serious searcher after the truth. The wonderful thing is that this seems to be exactly what the most serious-minded of people want to-day.

From the very beginning I found as much response as I could desire, and precisely from the most independent-minded of men and women. People come and go from all parts of the world. Few stay for more than three days. But from my own point of view even one hour, rightly employed, should suffice. A development on the lines of independence can only be started. Any further help and direction would really do harm.

But the sphere of activity of the School of Wisdom is not confined to the Darmstadt centre. Of course its existence is of primary importance. I hope it will become some day not only a spiritual but also a material power, for only then will it be able to keep as many teachers and do as much for its disciples as it should. But on the other hand, wherever I go, the School of Wisdom goes with me. My lecture tours all over the world are an integral part of its activities; and since I am asked more and more to visit all parts of the world; and since the Darmstadt style is already so well known everywhere that it is almost always possible for me to make a temporary Darmstadt of any

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place I go to, its real radius is already much greater than the material situation, geographical and otherwise, would indicate.

Application to American Education

In conclusion, I am asked to say in a few words what application my experiment may have to college education in the United States. To college education as such it can hardly have any application. But I do think that its example can be of value all the same. My impression is that America believes much too much in education, institutions, programmes, and the like. It believes much too much in measures, not in men. It is a fact that everything great in this world has been accomplished by personalities and not by institutions; by single individuals, and not by collectivities. The whole value of anything alive depends on the quality of its uniqueness. Indeed, it is the uniqueness-quality which differentiates what is alive from what is not alive. Take the uniqueness-quality away and only superficial and not really vital forces remain. This is the reason why the quality of a crowd is always much lower than that of its individual constituents: a crowd has no self, its so-called soul is only the sum or the resulting force of empirical elements. To acquire intrinsic value, they need to be ensouled by a spirit — and "spirit" is always unique and personal. It is therefore inevitable that collective ideals level downward.

I say nothing against the ideals of service and collective welfare. It is the lowest ideal from the point of view of the spirit, yet it creates the best material *basis* for spiritual growth. On the other hand, to live for others is the one true way to live for one's self, for spirit is essentially outpouring.

Lastly, every man belongs as a unit to a greater whole. But then man is this unit in each case as a *unique* person. Just from the social point of view the uniqueness-quality should count first of all, infinitely more than any specialized efficiency. If society were really well organized, then personality as such would be thought of as the ultimate social value, not as the specialized work it can perform. On the plane of the spirit — and man is ultimately spiritual — numbers not only do not count, but the mere idea of quantity is devoid of meaning. There, one man is not only always more than two men, but he is more than millions of men. Whatever mankind has achieved was the work of personal, original minds and souls, who thought for themselves, spoke in their own name, conformed to nobody and nothing to begin with. These

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original minds and souls ought to be trained and made to work as such. Everybody should be taught first of all to become as original and personal as possible; and this is more necessary to-day than ever before, because of the unequaled importance numbers have acquired in the modern world. For the more the material quantity counts, the more the real life and its values must step into the background.

And this danger seems to me particularly great in the United States. The general outlook of this country is a curious mixture of eighteenth and twentieth century ideas. Everything belonging to the realm of applied science is more advanced than anywhere else in the world; but, on the other hand, America still believes in "abstract man," the man who, as such, is the same in all cases, all differences being due to education and environment. This idea of the abstract man is the foundation of all mistaken ideas of equality, the most pronounced of which is the idea underlying bolshevism. In reality there is no such thing as abstract man; man is concrete and unique in each case. The first thing we have to do to-day if we are to progress, is to get rid of this most shallow of eighteenth century prejudices. This is the most important lesson the World War and the World Revolution should have taught us.

Indeed, as long as the uniqueness-quality is not emphasized above all others, as long as normalcy and like-mindedness are considered as ideals, education can only lead to ever-increasing barbarization. For the knowledge and efficiency a man acquires get their significance and value exclusively from the original life-force which makes use of them. If there is no such original force, then the best possible external education is often worse than the grossest savagery. For a scientifically trained savage is without doubt a much more dangerous creature than an ignorant savage. And man re-becomes savage when his personal soul and spirit remain undeveloped, as is more and more the case in modern mass education.

Whether anything similar to the School of Wisdom would be possible or useful in the United States, depends on whether there is an individual American who incarnates a similar impulse and whether the response he could find would be wide enough to justify the creation of a corresponding institution. But I think that the example set by the School of Wisdom is valid for all planes of existence and all activities. In all respects, "being"

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is more important than "efficiency"; in all respects, depth of life is more valuable than external riches; in all respects understanding alone and not exterior knowledge leads to real progress, as opposed to mere success. I, personally, never meant to do more than create a symbol for meditation. Those who meditate it in the right way will find for themselves what they can do. This depends on them, not on me.

Next month, "The Roots of College Evils," by Robert Angell, Assistant Professor of Sociology, University of Michigan.

MODERN GEOMETRY

BUT, I assure you, we shall never fly
This wasp which is the world whose needles prick
Through conduct as 'twere flesh and can defy
Philosophy's morose arithmetic;
Since tiny tongues must buzz and bite, why so
We'll give them ample acreage for their spleen,
Outkiss Catullus or Mercutio
And let the hornets ply their trade between.

Ever since Adam found the serpent shrewd
And Lilith suave, the *Garden Daily News*
Has headlined every secret interlude,
Has nailed the exquisite hypotenuse;
But yesterday's triangle is a ghastly sham
Against this evening's parallelogram.

— *Joseph Auslander*

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YOUR FIRST SHORT STORY

WHOSE first published story will occupy this page and those immediately following? In 1928 THE FORUM *will feature First Stories in addition to its other fiction. Will you not address your manuscript directly to the* FIRST SHORT STORY EDITOR, THE FORUM.

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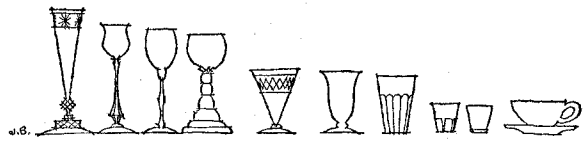
THE GLASS EATER

DON MARQUIS



Drawings by Johan Bull

YESTERDAY I had a great shock. I was flung backward from a moral vantage point which I had gained, or which I thought I had gained — into a slough of despond; I realized that a battle, which I had believed to be won, must be fought all over again. Yesterday, I . . .

But I will tell you the incident that occurred yesterday; it will be telling the tragic and melancholy story of my life backward, in a way, but it is a convenient point of attack for the relation of my extraordinary struggles and my unparalleled sufferings.

Yesterday, coming home from my work, tired out (I am an expert oyster- and clam-opener in a great metropolitan restaurant), I hastened to the crib where my little ten-months-old son lay crowing and kicking and waving his dimpled hands and feet in the air, and poked my paternal finger lovingly into his mouth to feel how the latest of his twelve new teeth was getting along. I drew my finger out of his mouth again with an exclamation. It was not merely that he had bitten it — he *had* bitten it, but I expected that — but under the nail of the finger was a small shard of broken glass.

My wife, entering the nursery at that moment, heard me cry out.

"Did he bite you?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, putting the bleeding finger into my mouth, and thus hiding the little splinter of glass.

She looked at me suspiciously.

"There is something else," she said. "Eliphalet," (my name is Eliphalet Vare) "Eliphalet, I know that you are not telling me all!"

I must have looked agitated and guilty. I said nothing in reply.

"What is that you have in your mouth?" she demanded.

I hastily swallowed the little piece of glass. And for an instant all the old appetites and impulses surged up in me again, and the

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old, mad craving, which I thought had been cured forever, well-nigh overwhelmed me once more.

"Eliphalet," she said, "you have been eating glass again?"

I was still dumb. I could not speak. A wild turmoil of emotions made a maelstrom of my mind. Should I tell her? Should I tell her that the passion for glass which I had conquered in myself, after such a long and terrific fight — a fight in which the valiant little woman had stood shoulder to shoulder with me — had appeared in our son? Should I tell her that the little, innocent cherub in the crib between us was even now glorying in his first (oh, how I hoped it was his first!) meal of glass? Should I tell her that our boy had inherited the craving that had well-nigh destroyed my own life and hers, and had sent a long line of my ancestors, both paternal and maternal, to ruination?

I gazed upon her and I determined not to tell her. Poor little woman! She has had to bear so much from me. How could I tell her? I did not have the courage.

But one can conceal nothing from an affectionate woman, especially when her suspicions are aroused and she is a wife and mother.

She suddenly looked at the baby, little Eliphalet, Jr.

"Why, where is his bottle?" she said.

I knew. And the knowledge was choking me. But I said nothing. Let her find out as gradually as might be.

"I gave it to him only fifteen minutes ago," she went on in a puzzled fashion, "and now it has completely disappeared. Strange!"

Not so strange, little woman, when the terrible facts are taken into consideration!

"Miss Simpkins told me of three or four bottles' being lost in the last month," she murmured talking rather to herself than to me, "but I thought she had broken them herself and was trying to cover up the facts."

Miss Simpkins is the baby's nurse. It was her day off.

"Maybe," pursued my wife, "the little precious has hidden it under his pillow. Is that what my little, precious pet is laughing about?"

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It wasn't what he was laughing about. I could have told her that. She looked under the pillow. The bottle was not there. I could have told her that it would not be there. I knew what had become of all those bottles — knew it as well as if I had seen little Eliphalet pour out the milk and break the bottles and eat them. The clever little rip! Imagine him, at ten months, having the instinct to do that only when he was alone!

Suddenly my wife screamed. She had seen the spot upon the floor where little Eliphalet had poured the milk. She had, with horror dawning in her eyes, explored his mouth with her fingers. She had come upon another shard of glass similar to the one which had conveyed the truth to me.

"My God!" she screamed. "Can it be?" Now she knew all; she knew the terrible truth. Our son had inherited the mania of my family. She was the mother of a glass-eater! She fell fainting into my arms. Her eyeglasses fell from her forehead as she fainted. They fell into the crib.

Before I could prevent him, young Eliphalet had seized upon them and was crushing the lenses in his mouth, leering at me knowingly as he crunched them down. . . .

I spent a sleepless night last night, reviewing all the terrible past. And the old, wild yearning came back upon me. Hour after hour my wife sat with my hand in hers, helping me to fight the battle through once more. This morning I feel stronger and quite confident again as far as I myself am concerned. But there is still the problem of the child to be faced. Eliphalet, my little Eliphalet, will you too have to go through the experiences that have so well-nigh wrecked your father? Oh, I hope not, I pray not! For your sake I shall set down a few of my experiences on paper, and as soon as you can read, I shall hand the document to you. And there may be others, who are just now beginning a career of glass-eating, who may be checked in time by my earnest warning.

Beware the first glass! How carelessly, how recklessly, how gayly, with what utter ignorance of the abysses of woe and the chasms of agony that lay before me, did I take my first glass!

It might not have started another on the downward path — but I had in my blood the hunger of generations of professional and amateur glass-eaters, and one glass, one little glass, was my undoing! The craving was lying latent in me waiting to be aroused. Again I say: "Beware the first glass!" Dear reader, you cannot be sure what is in your own ancestry!

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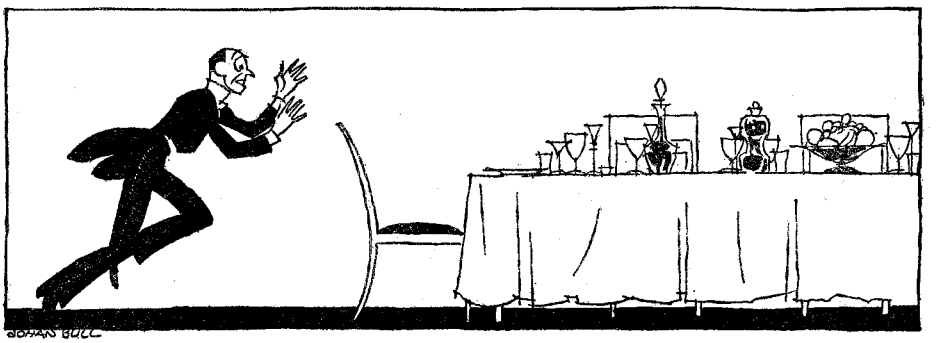

It was at a jolly social gathering that I took my first glass, when I was a happy lad of but nineteen. We had played charades, I remember; we had had card tricks, and tricks with corks and spoons; and the cry was for something new and quaint.

"Eliphalet," said a bold, black-eyed beauty who had fascinated me, "Eliphalet, can't you eat a tumbler for us?"

I had confided to her that I came of a long line of glass-eaters and that my own father on his deathbed had warned me against the vice, and she knew that I feared it might take a grip upon me. But she cared little for what might happen to me, if her curiosity to see a tumbler eaten could but be satisfied. Some women are like that — the vampire type who are willing to destroy men to gratify their idle whims. This was not the first time that she had urged me to toss off a tumbler, but I had always refused before. She fascinated me, and yet in this thing I would not yield to her. Still, I do not think the girl was all bad — she was gay and thoughtless, frivolous and full of sprightly youth, rather than heartless.

"I must beg to be excused," I said with some dignity, although no doubt I showed that I was agitated.

"Just one," she pleaded, lowering her voice to a seductive murmur. Then she whispered: "Don't be afraid! Don't be a coward!" She was clever; she knew exactly how to influence me. For next she turned to me, sparkling with gayety, her brilliant eyes snapping a challenge, and cried with verve:

"Let the toast pass!
Here's to the lass —
I warrant she'll prove an
excuse for the glass!"

I fell in at once with the elegant wit of her mood — ah, how

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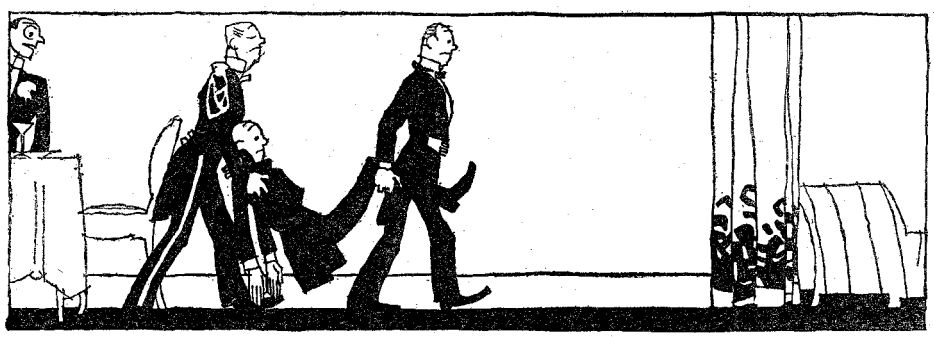

well the siren knew that I would! For they always do know!

"Bumpers!" I shouted, laughing. "Bring bumpers!"

A bumper was set before me, and amid the merry badinage and clever remarks of the giddy company, I champed it down in five great bites.

I was prepared for the fact that it would cause me no inconvenience, for I was aware of my heredity. But what I was not prepared for was the instant awakening of a desire for more, the exquisite pleasure, the titillation, the —

But I do not need to tell such of you as are confirmed glass-eaters of what I felt. And you that have never tasted glass would not understand; pray to your guardian angels that you may never understand!

I went from that brilliant assemblage a marked man — and an envied man — but a man in whom the seeds of destruction were already sown. Beware of social glass-eating! Beware of it! Throughout all the gay sets of the large Eastern town in which I lived the word spread like wildfire that Eliphalet Vare ate glass. And I was sought after for this accomplishment. Older and wiser friends shook their heads at the pace I was going. But as yet I had no premonition that I was forming a well-nigh fatal habit. I held my glass well. For a year or two I could take it or leave it alone. A glass or two at a jolly gathering meant nothing to me one way or another.

So it was for a year or two. I drifted along in a fool's paradise. I rode on the crest of the social wave. And then, early in the third year, I began to notice that there was a definite craving for glass. I could scarcely eat my breakfast until I had had one. I told myself that it bucked me up and put me in trim for the day's work. And then, at luncheon time, I would take a pickle dish or a saucer — for about this time I began to eat chinaware

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and crockery also — and at dinner, during this period, I often consumed an entire pre-war pinch bottle.

But about the fourth year I began to notice a change — a change in myself and a change in the attitude of my friends. The novelty of my glass-eating as an adjunct to social gatherings had worn off. It became a bit of a bore — I observed this and I felt it — to watch Eliphalet Vare eat glass at every meal. But while I knew this, I could not stop. Instead of being a social asset, I began to be a social liability. I was asked out less and less. And when I was asked out, it became customary for my host and hostess to ask me to go to the cellar and get my glass-eating over with before the meal started. I was becoming easily irritated, also, and I was conscious that I irritated other persons.

The first definite social disgrace in which I found myself involved came at a dinner party at which was gathered a select circle. I had been indulging myself to a greater extent than usual that day, and I suppose that it had gone to my head. The peculiar exhilaration which the glass-eater knows — a false exhilaration, succeeded always by depression and frequently by suicidal impulses — was strong upon me. I sat at the right of my hostess, a middle-aged woman of great wit and beauty, a woman of distinction and dignity, who had known me from my early boyhood.

When the soup came in, I surreptitiously bit a morsel out of one of the plates in which it was served, but that passed practically without notice. And then — absent-mindedly, I will say in my own defense — I reached over and plucked from my hostess's nose her pince-nez, and crunched it down.

Several of the guests were startled, but for the most part those present thought little of it. My hostess herself made a witty remark, and there was a ripple of polite laughter. If I had only stopped there! But the Demon Glass possessed me that night. Just across from me sat a very distinguished gentleman, a visiting English ecclesiastic, the Bishop of Something-or-other, celebrated as a preacher and as an author, and the great catch of the social season.

This gentleman, knowing nothing of me, was so surprised that he dropped his monocle. If it had not been for the flash of that monocle on the end of its neat black ribbon, I might even then have restrained myself. But it was too much for me. The Demon was aroused! I snatched it, broke the cord, and crunched

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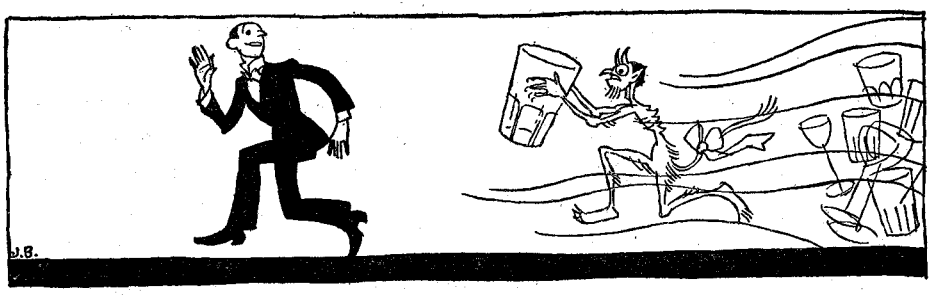

it down. I have never seen a more bewildered bishop. And then—

But I hate to tell this. . . .

I must, however. I must be frank. Even at the risk of permanently alienating the sympathy of my readers, I must tell ALL!

I saw that the monocle had covered — a glass eye!

I will not go into details over the horrid scene that followed: the Bishop struggling to retain his eye and emitting the bleating noise of an assaulted sheep, my wild and almost bestial cries as I wrenched from him the attractive morsel. . . . I will not go into details, but — next day, the papers did.

As the Bishop, fainting, was borne from the room by the butler and the footman, and the guests scattered, I leaped upon the table and began gluttonously to eat the crystals from the chandelier.

My disgrace was complete. Every respectable home in my native city was closed to me from that day on. I herded only with glass-eaters. With outcast glass-eaters. There are more of these people in every community than the general public is aware of.

For a while I gave myself up to unrestrained indulgence in the terrible habit. I neglected my business. I became almost a pariah. And shame settled upon me. The pleasures and exhilarations of glass-eating I knew no more; now the pains of glass-eating were mine. Shame and dejection!

I became that most tragic and pathetic of all human derelicts — *a secret glass-eater!*

And at about this same time I became so poverty-stricken because of my dissipation and indulgence in the vice, and consequent neglect of business, *that I could not always get the glass to eat!* To arise, shaking, from a disheveled bed in a cheap lodging-house, the head aching, the nerves shattered, the tongue coated, the spirits depressed, with the frightful craving for glass upon

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one, and no money with which to procure even the cheapest sort of bottle glass, let alone the fine Venetian and Bohemian product which I was once accustomed to — this is an experience which I hope my readers may never undergo. Many is the time I have begged on the street-corners from ten in the morning until well in the afternoon, collecting a copper or two or a nickel at a time, until I had enough to creep trembling to a five-and-ten-cent store and buy a set of imitation crystal sauce-dishes or a half-dozen cheap table glasses. For now it was quantity I craved — a single glass, or three or four glasses even, meant nothing at all to me. I am reluctant to reveal all the stages of my complete degradation, but in all honesty I must give some hint of the depths to which I fell. No lodging-house would take me in more than once, even when I had the price of a bed, for frequently upon rolling from my pallet my first action would be to break a window and satisfy the horrid craving at once. My habits of industry were destroyed completely. Sometimes I would take a job for a brief period as scullion in a restaurant, or cleaner in a barroom, because of the opportunity to gorge myself upon broken glass and crockery. More often than not I slept in the parks, or dozed upon benches, my eyes ever alert for the sparkle of any least crumb of a broken bottle. Three times I went to jail, once for smashing the windshield of an automobile, and twice for breaking shop-windows; and during these incarcerations my sufferings were well-nigh intolerable. Food is commonly served from tin bowls and platters in our penal institutions. Now and then I got a chance at a heavy, coarse, crockery coffee cup or bowl; but after the prison authorities discovered my horrid penchant, they withheld even these from me.

Finally, I became so well known in the city of my birth, so despised, so watched by the police, that I gathered together what remaining energy I had left and set out to tramp it through the rural districts near-by. Anywhere that I might get glass. Glass! Glass! Glass! Oh, the continuous, the frightful, the feverish cravings! My favorite device was to beg a drink of water from a farmer's wife, and before she had time to protest, make away with the tumbler in which it had been served.

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I am going to give the final scene in my downfall, omitting much that went before, because the final scene was a prelude to my meeting with the Little Woman who eventually reclaimed me. One Sunday evening in midsummer, when the velvety shadows lay soft upon the grass, and the faint rays of the western sun were still golden in the sky, I came upon a country church, covered with ivy and nestled in a charming sylvan vale. The sweet strains of an anthem swelled from the open windows, and with a rush of emotion I remembered the happier days of my youth. I entered, scarcely knowing what I did, and sneaked into a back seat.

Next me sat a beautiful country maiden, and as she turned her starry eyes upon me, there was pity and compassion in her look. She could not know my real story, but with a glance she saw that I was one of life's defeated ones. Moved by a charitable impulse, when the next hymn was sung she offered me a corner of her hymn book, and I found myself joining in the singing. It was the first time in nearly three years that a decent woman had deigned to take notice of me. A lump rose in my throat, so that I could scarcely sing. And then -

Yes, I must tell ALL!

And then I suddenly caught sight of the stained glass windows of the pretty little edifice, and an almost incredible mania to be at them rose in me and blotted out the softer mood that had sought to possess me. I had had but a casual tumbler or two in three days — nothing to a man of my experiences. My whole being seemed to cry out for that glass. Glass! Glass! *Glass!* Oh, you who have lived sheltered lives and know nothing of these manias, do not condemn me utterly for what I did! Try to put yourself in my place for a moment, and pity me, too! In the middle of the sermon, mad with the temptation, wild with the craving, utterly lost to time and place, I suddenly rushed upon one of the windows, and had eaten a quarter of a memorial tribute manufactured by Tiffany before the outraged congregation well realized what was going on. Some one, I think it was the sexton, struck me down, and when I awoke, it was in the first pleasant bed I had known for many, many months, in a room that smelled of lavender and old roses; and Angelina — for Angelina is the Little Woman's name — was pressing a glass containing a cooling drink to my fevered lips.

I took it at one gulp.

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There was something about the way I took it, as well as about my attack upon the memorial window, which led Angelina to suspect at once that the story of my life was not merely a sad, but an unusual one. Her suspicions were confirmed a moment later when the attending physician put a thermometer under my tongue and I ate it. She and her dear old father, the pastor of the church, had taken me in, and that night I told them ALL.

My reclamation began right there. First they fed me isinglass and rock candy, with occasional bars of peanut brittle, and now and then at long intervals a jelly jar; for the doctor said that I must taper off, that it would be dangerous to stop all at once. I will not dwell upon the details of my courtship of Angelina; but by the time I had mastered myself sufficiently so that I could get along with oyster shells and slate pencils, my Little Woman loved me and promised that she would some day be mine. We were married in the little church itself.

I wish this were all of the story, but I have sworn that I would tell ALL! Ah, the first relapse, and the agony that it caused! Agony to Angelina, dear Little Woman, and agony to me. We had moved to the city, where I had taken up my present work as a clam- and oyster-opener, and I had come home very late one evening and had gone to the ice box for a snack before going to bed.

Accidentally I dropped and broke the butter dish. I have always thought that if that dish had not been broken, all might have been well. But the fragments must have been the thing that did it. With a hoarse cry I leaped upon them. I heard a scream behind me and there stood Angelina. Oblivious of her, I grasped a glass jar containing bacon. She sought to take it from me. And then —

Let me write it briefly and nakedly, and get the worst over at once, the most despicable action of my life, the thing that I shall regret till death and even after death —

Then, I struck her. Struck my Angelina! My Little Woman!

She fell. An instant later I had raised her in my arms and borne her to the couch in the living room. We mingled our tears. And — let this one thing be said to my credit, at least, this one thing, even in my darkest hour! — I did not eat the bacon glass that had been the cause of our first domestic disagreement.

Oh, the tenderness and forgivingness and courage of woman! Oh, the miracles of love! Looking at me, with the tears streaming

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down her face, she smiled and found the bravery to say: "Dear Eliphalet, a little water sprinkled on the fire makes it burn all the brighter!"

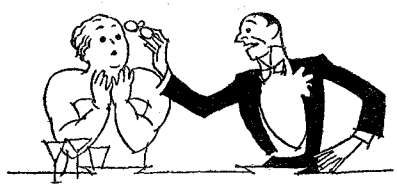
There were other relapses, but I am proud to say that in the five years that followed, when she stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the terrible struggle, I never struck her more than three or four times, and then only when she struggled to take a piece of glass from my clutches.

Now for three years I have not tasted glass, and my cure is complete. I know it is complete, for now the thought of it nauseates me. Even the clam- and oyster-shells over which I work eight hours daily do not tempt me. I no longer say that I can take glass or leave it alone — there is no power on earth that could force me to take it!

There is the problem of my son, Eliphalet, Jr. It must be faced courageously. It shall be faced courageously. We are facing it together, the Little Woman and I.

But oh, you who have never yet been in the clutches of the Glass Demon, take warning!

Take warning! You may think that you are strong — but beware of the First Glass!



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SANITATION AT THE SWORD'S POINT

KATHERINE MAYO

MISS MAYO lived for eight years in Dutch Guiana where she first studied oriental peoples. Later, she investigated our administration in the Philippine Islands. Still more recently, Miss Mayo's courageous exposure of social conditions in "Mother India" have startled the world. It was because of her long experience among backward peoples that the Editor of THE FORUM *asked her if she would advocate sanitation at the sword's point for the backwashes of civilization. This article is her answer.*

"BRITISH officers are not responsible for our insanitation," writes Mr. Gandhi, bewailing the filth and disease of India. "Indeed, if we gave them free scope in this matter they would improve our habits at the point of the sword." * In that one utterance, the famous Indian provides a measure of his own grasp of the Occidental viewpoint. Contrary though it is to his Hindu creed, he has accepted our idea that filth and disease cripple human progress; but he cannot yet credit that other half of our working belief — "the health of a people can never be permanently achieved by outside force, but must rest on the people's own desire and active coöperation."

Great Britain, the world's pioneer in public sanitation, has long applied this creed to India. Pressing a siege of suggestion, diplomacy, education, and example against intrenched ignorance and superstition, her Indian task has been and remains the most difficult in the whole history of sanitary effort. For, while in many another country ignorance, inertia, and tradition delay light, in India alone does the most respected intelligence of the land set itself to fight off the forces of rescue. Gandhi, with his wholesale denunciation of Western doctors, medicine, hospitals and modern methods now newly reasserted†, with his proclaimed disbelief in Western honesty of purpose, and with his demand that all patriots give political power first place in their scheme of effort for their country; Tagore with his serene contempt of our medical science, and with his rather embarrassing indifference to sewage disposal, exhibit thereby the quality of Hindu leadership.

Unsuspected of themselves, with one hand they beat back the very thing after which the other clutches — the political peerage of their peoples. Our modern congress of nations could hardly be expected cheerfully to welcome a new member that either refused

* *Young India*, Oct. 29, 1925, p. 371.
† *Young India*, Sept. 15, 1927, and *New York Times*, Oct. 10, 1927.

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or neglected to make itself, in the physical sense, a reasonably safe associate. Yet while the few Indian leaders exhaust their strength in words decrying the stranger in the land, that stranger, working among the voiceless masses almost unaided and against unparalleled odds, slowly and silently undermines their resistance to liberation. Indian ameliorative effort exists, and grows, but as yet manifests slight strength and infinitesimal proportions.

"Why has not Britain cleaned us up?" runs the frequent complaint of those few Indians who are willing to admit India's need of cleaning. "Because," the obvious answer appears, "in view of the attitude of native leaders, and in view of the strength and character of the Hindu socio-religious practice, India to-day could be rendered clean only by force of arms, only at cost of seas of blood and the raising of passionate hatred. Britain applying armed force to the sanitation of civilian India would be Britain belying her own common sense, pulling down her own handiwork, and casting aside the best lessons of administrative experience."

If there be, in practice, any exception to this rule, it lies in the British control of shipping leaving Indian ports. Other governments exert sanitary authority over vessels entering their harbors, the United States even maintaining health officials in certain foreign seaboard towns to inspect ships clearing for America. But the Government of India does more; in view of the physical conditions that the mentality of the country inflicts upon itself, and pending that control which can be achieved only by the slow — in India, perforce, deadly slow — processes of education, the Government of India recognizes its duty toward other powers by subjecting all vessels and passengers clearing from India to strict medical inspection, for the protection of the outer world against India's constant, banked-up flood of epidemic and endemic contagions.

How much we in America owe to this measure — how much its vigorous enforcement means to us in peace of mind and in general well-being — may be inferred from the fact that both plague and cholera, for example, can easily be carried around the world on ships; that both those mortal scourges are always largely present in India; and that, excluding sailing ships from the reckoning, one hundred and thirty-three British and American vessels, with a total of 529,088 tonnage, cleared Indian ports for the ports of the United States in the twelvemonth between April 1, 1926, and March 31, 1927.

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The gravity of the matter may here serve as excuse for recalling that tragic outbreak of bubonic plague on the Californian seaboard in 1900, when the state, in her sudden panic, denounced and disgraced the port health officer for daring to name the terror that had come upon her, and when only federal threat to put the whole commonwealth into quarantine, for the safety of the rest of the Union, finally awakened her to her senses and to the necessity of recognizing and grappling with her own desperate danger.

I do not know whether the source of this particular plague infection was ever surely determined. But, in view of India's condition, such an incident can but suggest the importance to us of a constant and well enforced scientific control of ships clearing that country for our American seaports.

To turn to the problem of the Philippines, after that of India, is like turning to the problem of a single state after considering that of our whole Union. But the sanitary history of our Far East affords an excellent object lesson in the pitfalls and promises of public health administration.

When we took the islands from Spanish hands in 1898, the words "sanitation," "public health," "quarantine" held no meaning there. From immemorial time the archipelago had been a hotbed of pestilence. And the city of Manila was a reservoir of ancient and modern dirt. Our army, aghast at the sight, first told Manila to its face that it was a malignant cesspool, then charged on the run, with shovels and carts and chlorate of lime.

Manila ground its teeth, raging, helpless to resist, understanding nothing, learning nothing, doubly vowed to the past.

Then, presently, the deadly bubonic plague rolled up in epidemic form. And the army, seizing the population by the scruff of its neck, pumped under its skin the preventive serum that saved its lives. From this brusque rescue the population ran away when it could; or, when it couldn't, shivered with indignation and fright and cursed the tyrant who molested its peace.

Again, when cholera blazed abroad in the palm-leaf villages, and the villagers, dying like flies, would not clean up, the army, to show it was in earnest, burned a few villages to the ground. And the people, seeing in cinders nothing but inexplicable madness, lied about their next cholera cases and tried their best to conceal them under their own bed covers.

In general, the army certainly pushed the death rate down. The sights and the smells abated. Yet, with all our exertions, we

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were not constructively affecting the status of the people, who, obviously enough, would sink back into their ancient habits the day that coercion relaxed. Meantime, they cordially hated this new foreign devil called Sanitation. And the annual death-rate of a population of seven million could still include the following approximate figures: tuberculosis, 50,000; smallpox, 40,000; malaria, 40,000; cholera, 150,000; while some five thousand lepers continued to roam at large, spreading their grim malady. So passed the first years, while the army labored heavily to establish order, prime requisite, in the savage chaos of the islands.

Then, that end being largely attained, and civil government rendered possible, a regular Public Health Service was established, of which Dr. Victor G. Heiser became Director.

The chronicle of this service, fairly told, could make a book of intense interest, full of strange stories ablaze with color, full of wild adventure and free inventions, full of humor and of pathos, of high courage and devotion, and of human sympathy carried to the final climax of sacrifice.

Under the system inaugurated by Dr. Heiser and by him long directed, smallpox, plague, and cholera were soon practically wiped out, while a general attack upon living conditions made heavy and increasing inroads upon the mortality total. The underlying secret of their success was that which must everywhere inspire practical rescue work for the masses of ancient darkness — an imaginative and conciliatory diplomacy backed by vigorous, vigilant, and efficient official control, which, in turn, rests upon a decisive power whose physical intervention is invoked only in dire public necessity.

Through a full decade of effort as hard, as unselfish, as enlightened as our best minds knew how to put forth, our achievement grew in beauty, until it had become the hope and the cynosure of the whole Far East. Then, suddenly, came a complete change. A new Governor-General, Francis Burton Harrison, disregarding his official instructions and taking advantage of Washington's preoccupation with the Great War, tossed his responsibilities, his authority, and with them the good name of America, into the hands of a small native political ring.

"You think you can run the country? Well, run it," said he, "and don't bother me. I want to play."

So he played. And a Filipino oligarchy ran the country, while America fought her War.

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When the War was done, and America could afford a glance over her shoulder, to see how her honor had been kept while her back was turned, behold, the good work of the past lay in ruins, those who had wrought it had been chased away or frozen out, and the best of the Filipinos confronted her with dropped hands and scowling brows, wrath and disillusionment in their hearts.

The insular death rate, during Mr. Harrison's presence, had increased by thirty per cent. Cholera, which had been practically wiped out, had become a monstrous epidemic. Dysentery raged, with a terrible mortality. Smallpox, rendered almost extinct through our earlier work, had carried off, in Harrison's later years, over one hundred thousand victims, a figure almost equaled by the sudden soaring of malaria deaths. Bubonic plague alone remained extinct. For, plague having once been driven out, its continued absence rested with the Quarantine Service; the Quarantine Service, curiously enough, had escaped Filipinization, and plague, consequently, had not crept back into the islands.

As to the Public Health Service as a whole, the very strength of the organization has proved its death-knell. Its ramifications had penetrated so far and wide among the scattered populace that they offered the best of track-way for spreading political influence. Accordingly, the whole system had been reduced to a mere bait — or bludgeon, as the case might be — to accomplish the will of plunderers in office.

Such was the atmosphere, such the field, into which, in 1922, we sent Major General Leonard Wood, to redeem our tarnished honor. The spectacle of needless human suffering, of jetsamed altruistic achievement, as it now unfolded before him, cut deeper into the heart of the new Governor-General than did any other one feature of our inclusive tragedy. With characteristic directness, he turned at once to the originator of the now ruined sanitary edifice.

"Heiser," said he, "you built the machine. You, therefore, could reconstruct it more easily than anyone else. Nothing is left of it but pieces. But you at least will recognize the parts, when you see them lying about. Will you come back?"

"*Adsum*," answered the doctor.

Hand in hand, the two men labored, bit by bit restoring to the patient masses those good gifts once given only to be filched away. As their work unveiled fresh wreckage, "How could you let these calamities happen?" Dr. Heiser would ask of the Filipino public

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health officials, great and small, many of whom he himself had trained for office and knew to be able men.

"Well — it was different when you were here. Then you told the people what to do, and they did it. When we speak they pay no heed. How can we force them?"

Yet, when they dared, these same men could put their case less weakly. As:

"During the régime just closed, your American Governor-General gave us no support. If any of us, in the pursuit of his duties, aroused the resentment of a rich man or of a voting district, or of a political boss's friend, he got broken for his pains. And your American Governor-General Harrison was not remotely interested in the affair or its consequences. We had no backing; therefore it was that the people died. The blame is not ours, but America's, who deserted us."

That charge could never be lodged against General Wood. Not only did he, as Governor-General, support every effort and every measure brought forward for the redemption of the islands, not only did he himself constantly originate new activities and expedients, but also he made it his own daily concern, often at great personal inconvenience, to inspect the health work and encourage the health workers, Filipino or American, wherever he might be in his constant inspection tours of the archipelago. Because of his own medical training he understood their difficulties as a layman could scarcely have done. But beyond all that lay their lively consciousness of his presence, as a just judge, a kindly friend, and a tower of strength, backing them always.

"Do your duty. If anyone threatens you *come to me!*" he quietly told the sanitary staff day by day, and made good to the full the implication of his words.

The ghastly record of disease and death rolled up during their years of license just past — or rather, the spreading of that record before the outer world — had somewhat disconcerted the Filipino oligarchy. And the General, with his ripe and generous understanding of their psychology, never forgot in dealing with them to leave loopholes for their pride and so to make easier such degree of complaisance as they now saw fit to render.

That modicum, none the less, was grudgingly given, the more especially when America's lack of interest in Philippine affairs began to be discerned. But, during the final two years of his governorship, the period in which, for the first time, the hearty

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support of Washington stood plainly visible behind him, Governor-General Wood let the oligarchy as well as the sanitary officer feel strength within the velvet glove. As a result, at the time when the world lost him, Leonard Wood had restored the public health of the Philippines very nearly to the height from which, by the catastrophe of 1914–20, it had been thrown, had lowered the yellow flag from over the islands, and had gone far to wipe out a fair international grievance against us.

Much remains to be done. Whether the pace shall be forward or back, toward life or toward death, depends on the next Governor-General. The world has a right to demand of America that she protect it from the Philippines; just as the world has a right to demand of Britain that she protect it from India and India from itself; both while the two areas are being trained in world-ethics — trained to police themselves into responsible world-citizenship.

But such training, the declared object of both suzerainties, cannot be accomplished "at the sword's point." For the bare sword's point secures only momentary obedience, at the prohibitive price of opposition and hatred. Neither can it be accomplished by precept laid on the lips of an undisciplined, unconvinced, and uncontrolled people. We, in the Philippines, have a long job ahead of us, demanding patience, faithfulness, sound practical sense, unwearying purpose and a valiant and continuous effort to grasp the fact that the Filipino is a person whose conscience does not work as does ours. But the Filipino needs health of body, mind, and estate, exactly as we do. We are bound to help him to it, and the same is true, in infinitely greater degree, of Britain with her appalling problem, India.

Not the sword's point, nor abandoned authority, will help either one, but rather, linked with unfailing human sympathy and understanding, so true a loyalty to our own basic ideals and so strong a faith in ultimate good, that no clamor can bemuse us, no weariness deflect us, from working out our job to its honest end. Given time — God only knows how much time — even the Hindu's religious and social offensive and defensive against health and cleanness must wear down. As to the Filipino, with his more open mind and his freedom from a religious code that destroys vitality at its source, his rise is sure, if only America will stand true to him, and steady him on his way.

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THE LEAVEN AND THE LUMP

ALFRED JAMES LOTKA

IF any further evidence were needed to prove man a unique species, we have it here: surely no other race of creatures ever worried that it was increasing too fast. Yet this is the problem on which a certain fraction of our thinking population are exercising their worrying faculties to-day. To be a little more precise, the worry is not so much about the simple phenomenon of absolute increase as about the spectre of a relatively greater increase among the less exalted types of man, accompanied by an actually diminishing trend among the most desirable.

The matter has been discussed at length in several books of recent, as well as of more remote, date, among which the effort of Malthus occupies a venerable place of honor. And magazines and scientific periodicals have contributed briefer disquisitions to the same general topic. It is not intended here to recount what has by this time become familiar to most reasonably well informed readers. There is, however, one aspect of the matter that has not received due attention: before we indulge in the somewhat lugubrious pastime of bewailing the impending fate of mankind, suppose we investigate our title to wail. Foresight is a commendable virtue; but there is such a thing as crying out before we are hurt. Suppose the worst: good men are scarce, and their sons more scarce. What of it? How many such men does the world need?

That depends, of course, to some extent at least, on what we mean by a good man. Let us draw our lines closely. Let us speak of men of outstanding genius — Newtons, Einsteins, Voltaires, Shakespeares, Aristotles, Christs, Confuciuses, Buddhas, and their like. Suppose the management of the world were given into our hands for a while — and in the matter of breeding men, at least, the thing is not altogether a fanciful dream. Suppose we peopled the earth exclusively with men of the heroic calibre or even approaching it. It requires an effort of the imagination to picture the resulting state of affairs. Think of five hundred thousand Shakespeares digging in dark mines for coal and a thousand Einsteins sweeping the streets of New York; half a million Voltaires occupied from nine A. M. to five P. M. with books — account books, if you please; an army of Aristotles shining shoes, while

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as many Buddhas are shaving chins or bobbing the locks of assorted female geniuses. Is this picture altogether satisfying?

You may say that in a world populated with geniuses all these menial tasks would be performed by machines, if, indeed, they were performed at all. Perhaps so. The thing seems hardly worth arguing, for all indications are that the real trend of events is in a very different direction. The living organism, under the stress of the life contest, tends to develop just those organs and faculties that are most needed for success in the strife. Mere frills are not in nature's plan. Under unusual conditions luxurious appendages of no particular utility may be developed — as, for instance, the flabby, multiple fins of the Japanese goldfish leading a stupid existence in the shelter of a parlor aquarium. But, ordinarily, just about the needful measure of equipment, and not much in excess, is acquired. If this holds also as regards the evolution of society, are we not taking upon our shoulders the burden of the goddess of nature when we worry about the supply of geniuses in the coming generation? Is she not competent to attend unaided to the needs of society? How much genius is really required to carry on the business of mankind?

Let us essay a census of genius and near-genius. How many persons are conspicuously contributing to the management and progress of the world to-day? We must have some standard of measurement. Look first of all at *Who's Who in America*. It lists about 27,000 persons, out of a total population of one hundred and ten million, comprising about sixty million persons over twenty years of age. About one person in 2,200 of the adult population, then, has succeeded in making himself or herself sufficiently conspicuous to find a place in this directory. Needless to say, genius of high order is not a necessary qualification for admission. But merit of some kind is, if not a necessary condition, at least a desirable trait in the aspirant to the red robe of *Who's Who*. About one person in two or three thousand, of this mild degree of genius, is apparently enough to satisfy the needs of the commonwealth.

But we have more specialized sources of information. Every five years or so appears a biographical dictionary of living *Men of Science in America*. The volume omits certain rather large classes of persons who, on a somewhat more liberal interpretation of science, might be included: there is no definite place for economists and statisticians, nor for engineers or doctors. Physicists,

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chemists, biologists, psychologists are among those listed. The last volume issued contains about 9,600 names. One person in 6,000, then, in America, is a man of science of sufficiently definite standing to find a place in this directory. By the vote of some of the leaders in each science, a star is attached to about 1,500 of the names listed, indicating that, in the estimation of the person voting, a man so marked is one of the foremost in his branch. We may take it, then, that one adult in forty thousand in this land of ours, is a man of science whose absence would have caused a gap of some importance in our body of knowledge. The other members of scientific professions, presumably, produce their effect on the world rather by the force of numbers than by marked individual contribution. There is, of course, something highly arbitrary about this grading of men by vote. A more impartial and also a better graded classification can be obtained as follows:

The progress of science is recorded in succinct form in several standard series of abstracts, prepared for the precise purpose of enabling the worker in science to keep himself oriented in the immense amount of research that is going on steadily the whole world over. One such journal is devoted to chemistry. The last decennial index published contains a name index covering 1,980 pages. To analyze the whole of this is a task which I cheerfully relinquish to others abounding more greatly in curiosity. But an analysis, by the way of a sample, was made of all persons listed under the letter A. There were 1,543 names. Of these the majority, namely, 890, contributed, in the ten years covered, just a single item. Two hundred and thirty contributed two items each, and one hundred and eleven produced three each. There were just fifteen, or one per cent of the total, whose names appeared thirty times in ten years, or on an average of three times a year; and there was one giant, Abderhalden, who rang the bell with 346 entries — nearly 35 as his yearly average.

A similar count made among all authors listed under the letter B gave essentially the same result, and on scrutiny of the figures obtained, they were found to present a curious relation. Authors having contributed once constituted in each case (that is, under A and also under B) about sixty per cent of all authors. Those contributing twice were about 15 per cent — that is, $\frac{60}{2\times2}$ those contributing three times were about seven per cent, or about $\frac{60}{3\times3}$; those contributing four times were about four per

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cent, or about, $\frac{60}{4\times4}$ and so on. Thus, authors making four contributions in a given period of time are about sixteen times as scarce as those making one, or, as we may express it in a general phrase, the scarcity of authors is proportional to the square of their productive capacity. A count made on the basis of another index drawn from totally different sources gave essentially the same result. In a third index, the preponderance of men of lesser calibre was even greater — one-item men constituting seventy-five per cent of the total. These samples are undoubtedly fair representatives, and give a very good idea of the relative scarcity of scientific workers of the higher grades of productivity.

If, instead of counting the number of workers, we measure their output, we find that the men of minor individual productivity so far outnumber their more prolific brothers that, judged merely in volume, the total product of the one-item men, for example, exceeds that of any other group taken singly. So, in the sample already considered, persons indexed under A and B in the *Chemical Abstracts*, the one-item men produced a total of 3,991 items, the two-item men 2,118 items, the three-item men 1,479 items, and so forth.

Judging from these facts alone, we might be led to infer that the world's work is done chiefly by mediocre men. But in this conclusion we are leaving out of account differences in quality. As a general rule — though there are some notable exceptions — the men who individually produce in outstanding abundance (though their aggregate output is eclipsed, in *volume*, by that of lesser men) are also men who excel in the quality of their work.

Our yardstick, then, is not ideal. Its chief fault is that it fails to bring out the relative importance of the work of the great leaders. Nothing could be more grotesque an error than to suppose that Abderhalden could be replaced by 346 workers of the rank and file, or Arrhenius by fifty. These men are the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. Without them, science would stagnate. They remind us of John Stuart Mill's dictum: "The initiation of all wise and noble things comes from individuals, generally from some one individual." The development of science forms no exception to the rule that "Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the Great Men who have worked here." Only we must construe the term "great men" in the spirit of Voltaire's reflection: "A man like Sir Isaac Newton, such as the world pro-

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duces hardly one in ten centuries, is the truly great man; and those politicians and those conquerors, which have never been lacking in any century, are as a rule only illustrious rascals."

The fact, of course, is that we must distinguish between the world's truly great men and its merely eminent men. This is made clearly apparent in Cattell's list of the world's one thousand most eminent men. This list was compiled, first, on the basis of the amount of space accorded to the various personages in four leading encyclopedias; and second, on a statistical study of the descriptive adjectives applied to these personages in the biographical sketches in these encyclopedias. Cattell's list, which covers three pages of close type, makes rather interesting reading.

It is not above criticism; for example, it lists Mohammed as the third in order * (Napoleon and Shakespeare being first and second respectively), but omits Christ altogether. It places Mendelssohn above Bach and ignores Schumann entirely. Cattell himself remarks on this latter omission. One character on the list, Kaspar Hauser, rests his sole claim to renown on his erratic behavior, recalling the performance of the modern aphasia victims of daily paper fame. But Cattell's list is, on the whole, much to the point, and makes it quite clear that greatness and eminence are two distinct attributes, though the first often results in the second. Furthermore, the very fact that the list of one thousand terminates in persons of so mediocre a degree of eminence as Kaspar Hauser is clear evidence of the relatively small portion of humanity that takes prominent part — sufficiently prominent to lend them notoriety — in the world's larger affairs. Fortunately for all mankind, a little genius goes a very long way.

Still, it would probably be much to the advantage of the species if we could increase the crop of genius in the nation, even though a world wholly peopled with intellectual giants might partake of the nature of a nightmare rather than a golden dream. But we need hardly exercise our mind on this point. A control of the breeding of genius is not for the near future. Here and now we must look in another direction for practical measures. Much has been said on the subject of the conservation of our natural resources. How much of this discussion has been devoted to the need of preventing the waste of talent? If we cannot increase the amount

*The first ten names on the list, in their actual order, are: Napoleon, Shakespeare, Mohammed, Voltaire, Bacon, Aristotle, Goethe, Julius Caesar, Luther, Plato.

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of genius, we can at least make efforts to see that the genius we have is provided with the opportunity and incentive to bear its own peculiar fruit.

This is partly a question of finance. As Professor Byron Cummings has remarked: "The great essential for the successful prosecution of research is a feeling of ease and tranquillity. The mind must be able to attack the problem in hand fresh and untrammeled. To attain this peace of mind the research worker must have adequate equipment and help to carry his investigations to successful conclusions. Ofttimes much valuable time is wasted and imperfect results attained because a false economy withholds the proper equipment and support. No more can the investigator put his best into his task if a meagre salary necessitates constant scheming to meet the needs of a healthy, growing household."

Professor Cummings's complaint is typical. It would be easy to reiterate it by quotation from other sources. But this would not only be wearisome — it would be a case of misplaced emphasis. For the financial stringency in the matter of support of fundamental research is not itself a disease, it is merely a symptom. Why this lack of appreciation? And what is there that we can do about it?

One does not succor a drowning man with gold. Neither can the stifled mind be comforted with pay. What it needs first and above all is a vitalizing atmosphere. Those who have dwelt for a while in the shadow of one of the great temples of learning or art know this subtle influence. Can such an atmosphere be made to order? It is sometimes urged that the salaries of our professors be increased to $10,000, $20,000, or more, to retain them against the competing lure of industrial opportunity. The experiment has not been made, except on a dwarf scale. But have we much faith in its promise of success? History would hardly bear us out in any such expectation. A Copernicus, a Faraday, a Pasteur neither needs — nor, we think, would he greatly heed — the call of chinking coin. Virtue is not bought and sold in the market place. A spiritual climate is not provided by the crude expedient of offering large salaries to incumbents of professorial chairs. Spiritual needs are to be met by spiritual means.

By forcible feeding we give our children an "education," and think our job done. Having nursed in their minds the germs of science, art, and fine living, we forthwith transplant them to the

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dreary climate of a matter-of-fact world. "Ah," but you will say, "that is one of the tragic necessities of life. We must needs take the world as we find it." Neither the first nor the second proposition can be admitted. Necessity is not so much the mother of invention as it is the child of unresourcefulness. As for taking the world as we find it, compare in your mind's eye New York City to-day with Manhattan Island of five hundred years ago. Whether the spot is "improved" may be a matter for debate. But that it is altered beyond recognition no one will dispute. Man does *not* take the world as he finds it. He lives in a world which is very largely of his own making.

If in the dry-docks of our educational system we build ships of a thousand masts, only to launch them upon a sea of mud, we cannot in extenuation plead the force of necessity. Why this sea of mud? To say that Mary Smith, on leaving high school, *had* to take a job as stenographer in a chewing gum magnate's office, because she must make a living; or that William Brown, on graduating from college, was *compelled* by the same circumstance to write fool advertisements for fake pills, is simply nonsense. No one *has* to make chewing gum. We can get along perfectly well without it. It is a matter of entirely free choice whether we spend our stray nickel on a wafer of gum or whether we choose the finer flavor of some classic presented to us in a five cent booklet. No, we do not take the world as we find it. It is for the consumer to say what men shall work at. It is for us, if we so desire, to make a pauper of poet, littérateur, and worker in pure science, and to fill to bursting the pockets of prize fighter, bootlegger, and advertising quack.

It may appear that our occasional patronage of these departments of human activity is trifling and may well be reckoned as an item in that margin properly allowed to all on the principle that a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men. But the truth is that in the present social and industrial order, production, transportation, marketing, and consumption form so intricate a network of interrelations, that we remain wholly unconscious of the amount of effort spent on trivial and worthless things.

What could be more practical and useful than a blast furnace for the manufacture of steel? Surely the men employed there are fulfilling a thoroughly useful function. Perhaps so. But a critical person might have his doubts. He might ask impertinent ques-

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tions. He might want to know what you are going to make from the steel after you have smelted it. Girders for a new hospital? Or structural members for a new opera house? Or perhaps for a new office building? And who is going to have his office there? And what kind of business is it going to be? Selling wildcat stock? Suppose a census were made of all the useless and worse than useless work that is going on all around us, paid for in good money; would not much of our busy coming and going, our serious intent on *practical* pursuits, be made to look childish and silly? This is not a mere rhetorical question. A census of this kind has actually been made by Stuart Chase in his *Tragedy of Waste*. He finds that the equivalent of at least eight million workers are constantly employed in the production of positively harmful "commodities" of *illth*, as he terms them, in contrast to *wealth*. The total waste of labor, through idleness and inefficient methods, added to the items of illth, he estimates at 20,000,000 man power, or *not less than one-half of the actual man power* of the country as a whole.

But jeremiads bewailing the existing order in general are of little use. Granting the enormity of misdirected effort in our present estate, can we be more specific? If there is to be readjustment, reformation, in what direction is this to be?

We have the fine example of the spirit of the Greek philosophers, who "aimed at intellectual penetration rather than at the discovery of results which contributed to their well-being." It is so that they "secured a position from which they could successfully enter new realms of thought and obtain results which have been admired increasingly as the race has progressed in explaining its environment."

To-day the emphasis is mainly in the opposite direction. Science must contribute to our well-being to justify her existence, while the search after intellectual penetration, the pursuit of science for its own sake, is branded in the preface of a much used textbook of physics, as "dangerous idolatry." To what absurdities this point of view leads. To study psychology as a pure science, from a desire to understand man and his universe, is heresy. But to aspire to become an expert in applied psychology, to learn the art of influencing human behavior, is noble — which is only a polite way of saying — "to learn the trade of fooling people into buying all sorts of things they do not want." Again, to study the inner meaning of the phenomenon of light propaga-

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tion, as did Clerk Maxwell, purely for the joy of knowing, is heresy; but to apply the knowledge gained, to broadcast the latest popular song or other idiotic nonsense, is heroic conduct. No doubt we shall shortly be told that the only justification for Beethoven's life of loafing is that some of his symphonies lend themselves to be revamped into accompaniments to the more sentimental reels of a Charlie Chaplin picture. How pathetic! Science has given man, in this twentieth century, the power to speak to all the corners of the earth, and behold! — he has nothing worth while to say.

How then is the readjustment of popular sentiment, the refining of our sense of values, the return to something of the Greek ideal, to be achieved? First, by spreading knowledge of the incalculable value of philosophical pursuits, of scientific inquiry conducted for its own sake. There has long been some degree of recognition of the fact that the man of science, both as a duty to the commonwealth, and also for the interests of his own company, should take the general public, in some degree at least, into his confidence, and let it share, as far as may be, in that inspiration which his occupation affords and without which the best work in science would scarcely have been as much as begun.

The realization of this debt to the public has of late years been gaining ground. It has recently been given voice by Austin H. Clark, of the Smithsonian Institution, who writes, in the *Scientific Monthly:* "What science owes to the public is a greater extension and expansion of contact with the people as a whole. Let us show more confidence in our fellow men. Let us be frank and open with them. If we, who are engaged in science, let the people know what it is we do and what it means to them, every one will profit." Primarily, appeal to popular appreciation may be made through crude money standards. "Pasteur's discoveries," said Huxley, "would suffice to cover the indemnity of five milliards paid by France to Germany in 1871." When Adolf von Baeyer of the University of Munich produced synthetic indigo, Germany changed from a country which paid an annual tribute of $3,000,000 for imports of this dye to a country that exported it at a rate of $12,000,000 *per annum.*

Now the men who take the last step in converting scientific knowledge to *practical* use have their reward. The law provides machinery to protect their interests, though this machinery does not always function perfectly. But for the great pioneer who lays

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the foundations — a task which in most cases requires a far more profound genius than the mere translation of known results into so called "practical" effects — for these men of transcendent genius we have not even provided a means to ensure popular appreciation. And, though the first appeal in seeking to secure this appreciation may, for expediency, be made by extolling the material benefits accruing from the work of the pioneers of science, yet this is, after all, only a crude makeshift. We shall have failed in our efforts, unless we secure some degree of popular comprehension of the true drive behind the pioneer's labors. It must be better understood that the greatest contributions come from men who seek primarily no material rewards for their labors, but who work essentially because, as Barrès has it: "*Il faut* obéir à un élan irrésistible qui constitue la passion scientifique." It is not necessary that every man shall adopt for himself the heroic attitude; it is enough that it be recognized as an ideal for which we shall applaud those who conduct themselves in accordance with it.

Now the readjustment of current standards of value is a task to challenge the courage of the most optimistic reformer. The desired effect cannot be attained by reasoning with the public. And this is not because the public is not amenable to reason, but because standards of value have nothing to do with reason. As Pareto has put it, "if a man does not like spinach, it is useless trying to prove to him, as one would demonstrate a theorem in geometry, that spinach tastes good."

But there are other avenues than that of reason through which men are influenced. You may awaken a sleeper by calling his name, or if that fails, by roughly jolting him, or even by sticking a pin into him. None of these expedients are resorts to reason, yet they are essentially effective in producing a radical change in a person's mental state. It is something of the nature of an awakening process that is needed in this matter of influencing current standards of value.

There are signs that the awakening has come. The man who has stuck the pin into the sleeper is Secretary Hoover, whose words bear repeated quotation: "It is unfortunately true that we can claim no such rank in pure science research as that which we enjoy in the field of industrial research. . . . A list of the awards of the Nobel prizes to men of various nationalities reveals the small proportion of first minds that we support. . . . The

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sudden growth of industrial laboratories has in itself endangered pure science research by drafting the personnel of pure science into their ranks, depleting at the same time not only our fundamental research staff, but also our university faculties, and thus to some degree drying the stream of creative men at the source. Compared with other expenditures of far less importance to human welfare, the amount of money annually devoted in the United States to the aid of investigators and investigation is absurdly small."

The remedy is in our hands. Genius is not a commodity to be produced by the gross, nor is it needed in wholesale lots. There is no immediate call on this account for eugenic reform; of the stuff of which the great investigators are made, we have probably our full and sufficient share. But we have failed to provide adequate conditions for its development. Even genius is dependent on the spirit round about. What it gives out is but the colorful surrendering of what it has received, as the diamond's rainbow fire is borrowed from the plain light of day. We must learn to draw the fire of genius. They that ask for trifles shall receive trifles. But to ask for things worth while, one must know what is worth while. Our current standards of value need readjustment.

But there is no occasion to exhaust ourselves in self-reproach. Real progress is being made. A "National Research Endowment," with Secretary Hoover for chairman, has been established, with the purpose of raising a fund — the sum of $50,000,000 has been mentioned — for the support of investigation in pure science, or, as some prefer to call it, in fundamental science. With resources so provided, we may hope that at least the material conditions favorable to fruitful research may be more abundantly established and that America, so largely the creditor of other nations in concrete wealth, may presently achieve, in the domain of abstract values also, her place of honor among the peoples of the earth.

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An Apotheosis of the Horse

Scissor-cuts by Hunt Diederich

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WAS DARWIN WRONG?

WILLIAM McDOUGALL

A clear explanation of the three great schools of Evolution — the Lamarckian, Darwinian, and Neo-Darwinian — and their interpretation of acquired characteristics and natural selection. A plea for Lamarck based on new experiments by an eminent psychologist.

RATHER more than a century ago the great French zoölogist, J. B. P. A. Lamarck, propounded the first modern theory of organic evolution. He pointed out how animals of many species adapt their modes of life and, consequently, many details of their structures, to particular circumstances, modifying them, more or less intelligently, by means of their efforts to cope with those circumstances. He supposed that modifications of structure and function thus acquired are in some degree transmitted to offspring. He suggested, further, that such acquisition and transmission of modifications have been the main factors in bringing about the differentiation of species and a progressive evolution by which higher forms of life have proceeded from lower.

This Lamarckian theory of evolution excited no great interest and was not widely accepted until Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* converted in the course of a few years almost the whole of the scientific world to belief in evolution. Then the theory of Lamarck became generally accepted; for Darwin, while putting forward his new theory of the origin of species by "natural selection," accepted at the same time Lamarck's theory of evolution by acquisition and transmission of modifications. Indeed, when once evolution was accepted as a historical fact, the process of transmission assumed by Lamarck's theory seemed so natural and obvious that the theory became popular; and to this day many highly educated men who believe that they have a good general understanding of the evolution controversy imagine that what naturalists mean by the word "heredity" is just such transmission of acquired modifications as Lamarck had postulated.

In this belief they are seriously in error. In science the word "heredity" points only to the general truth that offspring in the main resemble their parents, inheriting from them and from

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remoter ancestors their general features and functions — namely, all those characteristics of the species, as well as many of the more special features which distinguish one individual from another. Darwin's views of the process of evolution, combining his own theory of natural selection with Lamarck's theory of the transmission of acquired modifications, was for a time generally accepted by the scientific world. But in the eighties Weismann challenged the Lamarckian theory, finding in his doctrine of the continuity of the germ plasm good reason to doubt the validity of that theory. He was quickly followed by a large number of biologists who succeeded in casting doubt upon every alleged instance of Lamarckian transmission. Weismann and his followers taught, then, that evolution has been the work of natural selection alone. This is the doctrine of Neo-Darwinism.

Let me try, by aid of an imaginary analogy, to make clear the differences between these three schools of thought — the Lamarckian, the Darwinian, and the Neo-Darwinian. Suppose a feudal state, the king of which awards to each of his principal followers an estate whose boundaries are exactly defined within the territory he has conquered. Each of these landlords transmits his estate to his heir. After many generations, it is found that the original estates have undergone considerable changes. Some have grown larger and more complex, and others have disappeared altogether from the map. There are two ways in which these changes have been brought about.

First, individual landlords may, by their own efforts, have annexed to their estates portions of adjoining territory; or, by failure to cultivate or in any way make use of parts of his estate, a landlord may have allowed his title to such parts to lapse, so that his estate has become smaller and simpler. It is obvious that this mode of alteration of estates can produce progressive change of the boundaries from generation to generation only if the law of the land permits the landlord to transmit to his heir the estate which he inherited in the modified form given it by his efforts or his neglect.

Second, the crown may have granted additions to some estates and taken away parts of others.

In this analogy, the estate stands for the constitution inherited by each individual animal; the crown stands for nature — the laws of the land or of the crown are the laws of nature. Additions to or subtractions from an estate resulting from the efforts or the

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neglect of the landlord are the modifications * insisted upon by Lamarck; additions and subtractions made by decree of the crown are the spontaneously occurring variations which were made by Darwin the essential features of his theory.

Lamarck held that the law permits the transmission of an estate in the changed form given it by the efforts or the neglect of the landlord; and his theory was that all the great changes found to have taken place in some estates after many generations have been produced in this way.

Darwin said that though it was true that estates changed gradually in the way Lamarck had supposed — namely, by transmission of acquired modifications — yet there was a mode of change overlooked by Lamarck; namely, changes (additions or subtractions which he called "variations") are made by royal decree without reference or relation to the efforts or the neglect of the landlord. And he held that the great changes which had taken place in many estates were due largely to such arbitrary decrees of the crown made from time to time.

The Neo-Darwinians said that the law has always forbidden and made quite impossible any transmission of an estate in the changed form given it by the landlord. They maintained that an estate can be transmitted from father to son only as it was inherited by the father, together with any additions or subtractions which the crown may have decreed to the father.

The reader may ask with surprise, "But where, then, does 'natural selection' come in? We had always heard that 'natural selection' was the essence of Darwin's theory!" As a matter of fact natural selection is a secondary feature of Darwin's theory. Its primary and most essential assumptions are that many slight changes of estates are effected by decree of the crown; that such changes are transmitted from father to son; and that, of the many great changes found to have occurred after many generations, many are the accumulated sum of slight changes by decree.

The dispute between the Neo-Darwinians and the Lamarckians, which has so fiercely raged and still rages is, then, a dispute concerning the fundamental laws of inheritance. No one denies that changes of the kind postulated by Darwin (changes by decree — variations) occur and may be transmitted. And no one denies that changes of the other kind occur, that modifica-

*The term "modifications" is generally used and is here used to denote only changes induced in the way to which Lamarck drew attention, namely, by the efforts of the individual creature.

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tions are made by the efforts of individuals. The essential question in dispute is whether such modifications are transmitted from father to son, whether they are inherited in any degree.

The critics of Neo-Darwinism continue to assert the inadequacy of natural selection and the consequent need of some other principle such as that of Lamarck. They insist that the slight, unstable, fortuitous variations on which Darwin relied cannot have sufficient survival value to secure their own perpetuation. They point out that even if some such slight variations of a favorable nature should have in themselves, survival value, should here and there enable their possessor to survive where his fellows succumbed, yet this happy result would have to be repeated in numerous instances if the new feature were to become established as a character of a species. And they urge that any such result is wildly improbable, because the favoring influence of any such favorable variation must in the vast majority of cases be offset and neutralized by coincident unfavorable variations; for, in the long run, of all purely fortuitous variations, the unfavorable must be far more numerous than the favorable.

There is much force in this last argument. The average animal is a marvelously balanced system of mutually adapted organs and interdependent functions; and any fortuitous changes in such a system must in the great majority of instances tend to disturb the nicety of its balance rather than to improve its efficiency. Imagine an immensely complex and delicately adjusted machine (for that is what, according to the Neo–Darwinists, each organism is) and imagine that every now and then the fortuitous incidence of some force (from within or from without) displaces or changes some part of the mechanism.

In what proportion of such instances can we suppose that the machine will be more efficient, in what proportion less efficient, by reason of such changes? Surely it would be a generous estimate if we assume that one in a thousand might be favorable, ten neutral and harmless, and 989 unfavorable.

In order to meet this difficulty the Neo-Darwinians have postulated variations of a kind not assumed by Darwin, variations of a larger, more complex, and more stable kind, which they call mutations. A mutation is conceived to consist in a group of mutually adjusted changes or variations; a group which is transmitted as a whole or functional unit. If such mutations really occur as true novelties, the main difficulty of Neo-Darwin-

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ism disappears; but it is not yet fully established that the alleged instances of mutation are more than pathological departure from the norm, due to some failure of the normal interplay of units of the germ plasm. And if true adaptive favorable mutations occur with sufficient frequency to be the materials with which natural selection has effected all the steps of organic evolution, then the question arises: Whence do they come? They cannot be regarded as merely fortuitous products of happy chance. In short, Neo-Darwinism can be made to work only by postulating these mysterious favorable mutations — mysterious and utterly inexplicable unless they be the products of Lamarckian adaptation and transmission.

This controversy has interested a far larger circle than the biologists. The issue is of the deepest significance to all the social sciences, to philosophy itself, and to every man who takes an interest in the larger aspects of modern science and speculation. For the question in dispute not only lies at the very heart of the problem of evolution — the problem of how biological evolution goes on — but it is also at the heart of the greater issue between scientific materialism and, on the other hand, every form of science, philosophy, and religion that would regard Mind as in any sense real and operative in the universe.

Darwin's theory provoked world-wide interest and controversy because, for the first time, it seemed to render possible the explanation of the origin of all the multitude of beautifully adapted living organisms by a purely mechanical theory. For it was widely held that all those variations which we have likened to changes of estates made by royal decree are in reality undesigned and purely fortuitous, the chance or accidental products of the mechanical shuffling of inert counters, molecules, atoms, or what not. Yet so long as the Lamarckian principle of transmission of modifications was accepted (as it was by Darwin) it was possible to hold that, although it was no longer necessary to postulate a designing Creator of all living things, Mind had nevertheless played a dominant rôle in biological evolution — Mind imminent within each organism and working within it. For the efforts of each organism which produce its adaptive modifications seem to be expressions of Mind, however lowly and obscure the purpose and the intelligence displayed. And the variations or mutations with and upon which "natural selection" was held to work might be regarded not merely as the products of fortuitous

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mechanical shufflings or of the arbitrary decrees of the great god Chance, but rather, in the main, as the products of intelligent efforts at adaptation to changing environment.

But when the Neo-Darwinians denied the transmission of these products of mental activity — the modifications produced by intelligent, purposive efforts, there seemed to remain no rôle of any sort for Mind, for purpose and intelligence, in the drama of evolution. The denial seemed to forbid us to believe that purpose and intelligence had played any part, however slight, in producing, or in steering the course of, evolution. It seemed that if we accepted this denial, we should have to regard the whole of biological evolution as a purely mechanical or mindless process. Hence, in addition to the biologists, all types of thinkers and writers have taken a hand in the game. Herbert Spencer, Samuel Butler, Bergson, Bernard Shaw, and many others have used their wit and utmost dialectical skill in the effort to show that the Neo-Darwinian theory will not work, and that it is necessary to supplement the theory of natural selection by the acceptance of the Lamarckian principle. But on the whole their efforts have availed little. The Neo-Darwinians have been forced to concede that the principle of fortuitous variation is not a sufficient basis for the theory of evolution by natural selection alone; but they have continued to deny the possibility of any transmission of modifications.

Their denial of the transmission of modifications has been very generally accepted by the biologists of Germany, America, and Great Britain. In France, on the other hand, a considerable number, probably the majority, of biologists have continued to believe in the reality and the important rôle in evolution of the transmission of modifications — an interesting illustration of the influence of nonrational factors in purely scientific theory, for Lamarck was a Frenchman.

"But," the reader may exclaim, "this is not a question to be settled by dialectics and a display of wit! It is, surely, a question for experimental decision! What have the experimental biologists been doing in their laboratories and breeding stations?" The answer is that many experiments have been made with a view to testing the Lamarckian principle; but, though some of them have brought results that seem to favor the Lamarckian theory, none have seemed conclusive, none have seriously shaken the confidence of the Neo-Darwinians.

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Personally, I have long held the view that we should go boldly back to Lamarck and assume with him that the essential factor to be investigated is the effort, the more or less intelligent striving, of the organism to adapt itself to new conditions; and in the year 1920 I instituted an experiment designed in accordance with this specification. When my experiment had been running only some two years, the biological world was startled by a brief announcement from the Russian physiologist, Professor Pavlov, famous for his many delicate experimental observations on the nervous reactions of animals. Pavlov announced that, by training white mice of five successive generations to respond to the sound of a bell by seeking their food, he had been able to observe very clearly marked Lamarckian transmission of the modification of response thus induced. If these procedures and observations were above reproach, the long debated question was finally settled in the sense favorable to Lamarck. But the intensity of the effect reported by Pavlov was beyond all reasonable expectation; and there were other reasons of a technical nature for hesitating to accept his results. I therefore decided to prolong my own experiment; and this decision was fortunate, for early in this year Pavlov, with the courage and honesty to be expected of him, has announced that there was some fatal flaw in his procedure and has retracted his claim to have demonstrated Lamarckian transmission.

My experiment consists in taking a stock of pure-bred white rats; dividing it into two equivalent halves; training each half-stock in successive generations to the achievement of a simple task by a carefully standardized procedure; testing the later generations in respect of their facility in mastering the task by comparing them with the earlier generations, with rats of the other half-stock, and with rats of stock newly obtained and not trained to a specific task of any kind. If Lamarckian transmission takes place in any degree, it should be revealed in the later generations (even though it occur in very slight degree only) by some increase in facility of learning; for in the procedure adopted slight differences of facility can be measured.

I will describe roughly only one of the two procedures, referring those interested in the technicalities to the published report. (*British Journal of Psychology*, April, 1927) The rat is placed in a large tank half full of water. He can escape only by swimming to either one of two sloping gangways. One of these two gang-

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ways is brightly illuminated and so connected that, as soon as the rat touches it, he receives an electric shock. The shock is strong enough to be (as judged by the rat's behavior) unpleasant and to provoke some fear. Upon repetition of the procedure, every rat learns sooner or later to avoid always the brightly lit gangway and to escape quickly by the other. The question, then, is: Do the rats of the later generations of the trained half-stock learn this avoidance on fewer repetitions of the procedure than are required by other rats?

The experiment has been conducted with, the training has been given to, rats of seventeen successive generations; and the general result is that the rats of the later generations of the trained half-stock do learn to avoid the shock more quickly, with fewer repetitions of the shock, than any other rats. The difference is so large as to be unmistakable; and the number of rats dealt with seems to be so large that the difference cannot be attributed to happy (or unhappy) chance. It seems to be good evidence of Lamarckian transmission. I add that the procedure adopted with the other half-stock has given similar, but less clear, evidence of the same general nature.

I do not ask that this experiment (which is still going on to further generations) shall be regarded as giving a final and positive answer to the much debated question of Lamarckian transmission. I write this article chiefly as a warning against hasty acceptance and application of this conclusion. In the earlier part of this article I pointed out the far-reaching theoretical bearings of the Lamarckian problem. But the problem has bearings that are perhaps more important, because they are of a nature that may and must affect our attitude toward a number of practical problems and social programmes. Of these, the most important is the problem of preserving and promoting the qualities of our human stocks.

Of recent years many men of science have warned us of the danger that the human race may degenerate. And all are agreed that it is desirable, is possible, to improve its qualities; that as at present endowed the human race has hardly sufficient intelligence and moral quality to be entrusted with the enormous forces which science is placing under its control.

But there are two great parties among those who realize the importance of measures to conserve and improve human qualities. The one party, known as the advocates of euthenics, would

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rely upon improving the conditions of life for men in general, upon improved public hygiene and, especially, upon more intensive and widespread education. They assume, explicitly or implicitly, the truth of the Lamarckian principle, believing that, if by means of better conditions of life and better training we improve the qualities of each generation of men, we shall thereby improve the inborn constitution of the race.

The other party, those known as advocates of eugenics, have for the most part accepted the Neo-Darwinian denial of the transmission of modifications. They point to various forms of selection going on among the human stocks, especially those that live under the conditions of civilized society; and they maintain with much force that the total result of these forms of selection must be gravely adverse, must make, not for improvement, but for rapid deterioration of the various human stocks. They assert that the measures upon which the euthenists rely, so far from promoting the qualities of the human race, must, in the long run, prove to be powerful agents of deterioration. They point to the fact that modern medicine and hygiene now keep alive millions of weakly children who in the conditions of former ages would have succumbed in the early years of life. They point out that our free, but costly, educational processes, our free hospitals and parks and playgrounds, while they benefit the children of the poor, throw a heavy burden of taxes on the more successful classes and thus play no small part in inducing among them that restriction of the birth rate which is one of the most significant and fateful phenomena of the present age.

Thus acute opposition has arisen between the euthenists, who demand improvement of environment, and the eugenists, who assert that all such improvement must be powerless to prevent racial deterioration unless the present adversely selective processes can somehow be converted into, or counteracted by, favorably selective processes.

In this article I am chiefly concerned to protest against any hasty application of my experimental results, or of any similar evidence, as a weapon against the eugenic movement. If the reality of Lamarckian transmission has been, or should shortly be, demonstrated, should that encourage us to throw aside the warnings of the eugenists and to proceed confidently with a purely euthenic social programme? To my mind the answer is clearly in the negative. If Pavlov's allegedly successful experimental

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results had been able to withstand all criticism and had been abundantly confirmed, I think we should have been justified in giving adhesion to a purely euthenic social programme. For we might then have hoped that the improving influence of improved environment and education would be so great as to overpower and swamp all the influences of adverse selection. On the other hand, if Lamarckian transmission is real, but so slight and gradual in its effects on the race as is indicated by my experiments, then we must still give heed to the eugenists; we must aim at a social programme which shall conform as fully as possible to the demands both of the euthenists and of the eugenists. For we must note that the training of seventeen generations of rats was required to produce a slight increase of racial facility, a slight and highly special racial improvement. Now, seventeen generations of mankind mean a period of five or six centuries. And it may well be that the adverse selective influences, on which the eugenists insist, may be so powerful as to overcome and neutralize the racial benefits which even the realization of the most ideal euthenic programme could achieve in the course of five centuries.

The demonstration of the reality of Lamarckian transmission, or the belief in it, however founded, should, then, not blind us to the dangers of a purely euthenic programme that neglects the considerations advanced by the eugenists. It should rather lead to the resolution of the conflict between euthenists and eugenists, enabling us all to unite upon a common social programme in which due weight shall be given to both euthenic and eugenic measures. And it should have this further moral advantage; it should enable us to go forward hopefully, confident in the future of our race, believing that mankind may yet by its own efforts raise itself to a pitch of development such that it may wisely control and reap in full the immense advantage of those new resources which science is bringing within our reach in ever fuller measure.

And a well founded belief in Lamarckian transmission must have, in yet another way, a great moral influence. What belief could stimulate so powerfully to individual effort at self-improvement — moral, intellectual, æsthetic, and bodily — as the belief that every improvement we achieve in our own personalities will be in some measure, however slight, transmitted to our children and our children's children and by them perpetuated so long as the human race shall endure?

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WILL OUR AGE LEAVE A RECORD?

WILLIAM MARTIN

ONE by one civilizations have flourished and vanished, but they have always left durable monuments behind. Mr. Martin inquires whether our civilization can reasonably expect to be an exception to the unalterable rule of growth and decay. If not, our science, art, and literature may vanish forever, simply because it is recorded only on paper — most fragile of materials. Will the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Pennsylvania Station be all of New York that will remain to posterity?

WE moderns all have a certain pride in our civilization — and with good reason. In a single century, thanks to the great technical discoveries of our scientists, humanity has made more progress than in the two thousand years preceding. Our grandfathers were still traveling in coaches and sailing vessels, precisely as the Romans did. The first railway line in England was built in 1825 — a trifle more than a century ago. To-day the railroad is nearly out of date, while the automobile and the airplane are about ready to take its place. The telephone and telegraph are almost thrust aside by wireless and we no longer are astonished to hear New York talking to London. These numerous revolutions in our methods of communication have by their repercussions determined the nature of our immense progress in every direction. They have made possible intensified industry and mass production; and to them we owe the modern closeness of touch between nation and nation and the modifications which have taken place in our social relationships. Our society, as a whole, is founded on technical progress — produced by the inventors of the last century — in the relation of man with his kind. We are justified in the pride we take in this accomplishment and we may even think that it will be eternal.

But will it be? Nothing in this world is everlasting. All the societies that have preceded us, all ancient civilizations have vanished, one after the other. We live and move about upon the surface of an earth that is filled with relics of dead civilizations. Why should we expect our civilization to escape this unalterable rule which permits life to develop only on the tombs of its ancestors?

Technical progress, in and of itself, is not enough to preserve civilization. Our technical advance is by its very nature highly fragile and exceedingly precarious. The machines by which we get our living must be controlled by specialists and technicians.

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On the day when these specialists have disappeared, the day when we no longer know how to repair these machines, they will be no more than so much iron. A single grain of sand is enough to immobilize the most highly perfect mechanism — and our means of destruction are still more highly developed, still more efficacious, than our means of construction. The War has given us overpowering proofs of that.

Nor is this all. Civilization exhausts itself, destroys itself day by day. It requires a ceaseless stream of new inventions to keep going and there is some reason to ask whether the resources of our soil and the fertility of our wits are adequate to ensure a constantly new supply of the materials we consume in a quantity which grows greater every day. Think, for example, of oil. The authorities assert that within less than twenty years the subsoil of the United States will be exhausted. If our engineers do not devise some sensational invention what will become of our internal combustion engines? One shudders to think of the relapse that would result for civilization.

Recent incidents which we have seen taking place under our very eyes seem to suggest the fragility of our conquests. I happened to be in Berlin in 1921 during the strike period. The electrical workers, the transport workers, the employees of the gas and water companies all stopped work together, and the capital of Germany offered an unforgettable spectacle. In the Middle Ages men could still live to themselves in their own houses. They made almost everything they needed. They were equipped to get along without their neighbors. But it is not so to-day. When transportation stops, when there is no light and no water, one cannot live. There was water shortage in the Berlin hospitals. It was impossible to operate. Physicians could not get about to their patients, the stores ran out of foodstuffs, little shops could no longer keep open, workmen could not get to their tasks. In the less important streets nobody moved. Life was gradually slowing down. It was not a long strike, but one got a quite definite impression that if it should last a few weeks or a few months, the result would be appalling cataclysms and epidemics. This civilization in which we take such pride lies at the mercy of a trivial incident.

What is happening in Russia and China at this very moment offers lessons of the same sort. The Bolshevists no doubt succeeded in setting a fair number of the institutions of the old

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régime on their feet. But the suffering which they inflicted on the population nevertheless definitely destroyed enormous intellectual and material values. In China, the railroads that the white man set going have stopped and nobody knows when it will be possible to set them going again. The civilization in which we live is a delicate instrument at the mercy of a great war, of a revolution, or of natural catastrophes.

Every nation in history has believed that the institutions by which it lived would last forever. The civilization of antiquity, whether we find it in a palace at Rome or in a house at Pompeii, had achieved a pitch of material comfort that would leave the most refined of our contemporaries nothing to desire. If one of us by some prodigious leap could go back into the past, he would have to make only a very slight effort to adapt himself to the material conditions of classical existence. In his new fatherland, nineteen centuries away, he would find all that makes existence agreeable for men in our days — houses with central heating, running water, hot and cold, abundant bath rooms, elegant clubs, a constant succession of sports, and even certain refinements the taste for which we have lost — as, for instance, heated beds. All these conveniences, which, like our own, were based on centuries of learning and technical development, could not resist the barbarian invasion.

If one reads the works of Roman authors in the fourth century after Christ, he feels that they were experiencing a certain disquietude, a dull uneasiness over what was happening around them. But nobody suspected that within less than a century the civilization in which they all lived would have disappeared — swamped by the barbarian tribes. This catastrophe, the most dramatic in history, whose effect was to plunge the Western world into obscurity for a thousand years, was utterly sudden, wholly unexpected.

Do not we, ourselves, feel a certain uneasiness? We see that the social conditions of Europe are by no means satisfactory. A profound discontent is fermenting among the mass of workmen and peasants. A more serious matter: the intellectual class, struggling with growing difficulties, is little by little becoming poorer. The number of scholars who have money enough to devote themselves to pure and disinterested research — the research on which the fate of our civilization depends — grows steadily smaller. Finally, the birth rate of the white race is rapidly dimin-

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ishing, because the people, whose needs are growing more swiftly than their resources, are trying not to divide their property among too many children.

Such danger as attends our elevation of the level of life among the poorer classes of the population is the reverse of progress; and a danger greater still lies in the fact that the diminution of the white race's vitality is attended by a corresponding growth in the energies and ambitions of other races. All around us the colored peoples — to whom we have given our conceptions and whom we have inoculated with our ideas — ask nothing better than a chance to make head against us. There is no difficulty in seeing that if all the people who are racially foreign to us should unite in opposition, the fate of the whites would be something they could easily settle. The white race does not include more than one third of the total population of the globe; but out of a total of 137,000,000 square kilometres, it dominates 125,000,000 — without counting China. The disproportion is obvious and it is a source of weakness to us.

Perhaps this day of union may never come. In any case it has not yet arrived; but already — absorbed though we are in our own quarrels — we see around us new and disturbing signs of solidarity. The upheaval produced in the Mussulman world, for example, by the success of Abd-el-Krim in Morocco, has revealed an unsuspected state of mind. The Mussulmans feel that they are awakening from a long torpor and are, perhaps, getting ready to turn against us our own moral and material weapons, which we have furnished them.

History resembles, but does not repeat itself. We do not know what the fate of our continents will be. It will certainly not be a fate identical with Rome's, but we have no right to say that they are safe from upheaval and retrogression.

Finally, our globe itself has offered disturbing signs of unrest and a kind of physical nervousness. The earth quakes, rivers overflow their banks, volcanoes reawake. Now, our civilization is essentially vulnerable, for two reasons. In the first place it is urban. That is to say, it is centred in certain spots of the globe on a relatively restricted space. It is only necessary for one of these natural catastrophes to happen to a capital or one of the centres of human thought in order to destroy values which can never be replaced. Moreover, the seat of our civilization lies in a land where the climate is indifferent or downright bad. If we

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have kept so many traces of the monuments of Rome or Egypt, it is largely thanks to the lack of rain and the regular warmth of the Mediterranean. The number of monuments which Roman civilization has left in the more northern countries of Europe — in England for example — is very slight; and it is easy to see how little chance our own more fragile edifices would have of resisting long abandonment. It is not probable, to be sure, that our civilization can undergo the same fate as Rome. It is now to occupy all the land that it has penetrated, even the lands which we are pleased to regard as barbarous, and it is, in consequence, less threatened by attacks from without. Nevertheless we have no right to believe that it can remain as it is or that human progress will not in the future undergo retrogression such as it has so often undergone in the past.

What are the durable elements in our civilization? It is, as a matter of fact, impossible to say with certainty, but one can get an idea by comparing our achievement with what our predecessors have left. Our heritage from antiquity is, primarily, a matter of stone. If we make an exception of certain localities which are completely shut off from air and in temperate climates we have not found in the Roman houses or the prehistoric dwellings that excavation has brought to light either cloth or wood or books. What we usually find is the foundations of houses, mosaics, inscriptions on stone, and statues. In Pompeii, for example, no one has found any wooden objects or any boxes — except one, which was shut up in a wall by some chance that nobody understands.

The lesson that the past teaches us is that only stone can withstand the passage of time. But we are employing stone less and less. If our descendants, in their efforts to reconstruct what is now modern history, are compelled to rely on the bases of our statues, they will probably have a queer idea of the relative value of our great men and of our chief concerns. No longer do we write on parchment, which has sometimes held out for centuries, but on paper, the quality of which gets worse every day, in ink which fades with the passage of time. These essentially perishable materials preserve the secret of our knowledge, our religion, our discoveries, our philosophy — all the achievements that make us what we are.

The discovery of printing was a great stride forward for humanity. Without it our modern world cannot be imagined, for

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thanks to printing education became cheaper and was spread among the people. Thanks to education, new things grew up so that industry could begin mass production, so that well-being could increase, and the standard of living of all classes could advance. Thanks also to it, democracy triumphed over absolutism. All our ideas, our conceptions, our ways of living are determined by printing. But it makes no difference whether a book is printed in one thousand or ten thousand copies if not a single one of them can withstand the passage of time. A few manuscripts or a poem on stone or parchment would have a better chance against eternity than all our libraries. What will be left of them in a thousand years if we do not succeed in protecting them against the chances of fire or inclement weather? It is possible for all the paper in our world to vanish. It would not resist destruction. In similar fashion we might lose our pictures — which are painted on canvas. Most of the treasures in our museums are very fragile. Both in view of their age and their substance, we need only cease, during some prolonged period of social disorder, to take care of them, and destruction which can never be repaired will follow.

It is very imprudent of us to bring together our most precious objects in localities which lie at the mercy of every accident. Great buildings, to be sure, resist the onslaughts of time and the attacks of the weather; but the economic and social conditions under which we live, our necessity for building fast and building cheaply, our concern for a constant renewal of our comfort, have given birth to a surface civilization, very brilliant, but not very solid, which prefers to be startling rather than durable. Our very houses are scarcely made to last. After twenty or thirty years they are already worn out and ready to be junked. Even the buildings of antiquity are for the most part known only by their foundations — and the foundations of the Woolworth Building are not of a sort that would give a very exact idea of the skyscrapers of New York.

In short, it is hard to say what will be left to provide any idea of our life except some railway stations and a few cathedrals — the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, perhaps, and the Pennsylvania Station — a curious pair to represent a period in which the mania for speed has not slain so completely as is sometimes thought our concern for eternal goods.

But, somebody may say, the machines at least will last. Let us

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have no illusions about the resisting power of iron. It lasts, indeed, but only in deformity, and our finished machines could not survive a few centuries of immobility. To get some idea of what happens to a railway when it goes out of use one need only travel along the old battle line, where the War raged. Vegetation has swept over everything. Plants, as they decompose, create soil and cover over the labors of man. The trenches become level, the revetments crumble, and the railways themselves begin to disappear beneath a layer of earth. There is not a road in the modern world that can compare for solidity with the Roman roads, which were built of stone, and yet the Roman roads whose whole length one can still make out are extremely rare. We have built nothing comparable to the pyramids of Egypt or the Sphinx. If our civilization should come to a halt, almost all that we have done would speedily crumble into dust. Most melancholy of all is the thought that we shall take down to destruction not merely our own works, but those of our predecessors. Most of the monuments of antiquity which we have discovered have been preserved because they were buried. To-day, we drag them forth from the depths of the earth and transport them to new climates to which their materials are not adapted. What will become of the treasures of Egypt — which are suited to a dry atmosphere — in the rude climate of New York.

Every museum director knows the precautions that he has to take to guard his antiquities. Ancient fabrics fall in dust as one touches them. Everyone knows the story of the Egyptian mummies which Napoleon brought to Paris and how, in spite of the care bestowed on them, they had to be buried. Such things are less infrequent than people suppose. Our epoch is killing the dead. Who knows how much of the age of Tut-Ankh-Amen, which lasted for thousands of years in the silence of the tomb, will endure, now that it has been brought up to the sun? Let our institutions cease functioning for a little while and the memory of previous civilizations will vanish with them.

To sum it up then, our civilization seems more menaced than our predecessors' because it is more fragile, more complicated, more delicate than any of them. It is, moreover, concentrated in the cities, which makes it peculiarly liable to catastrophe. On the other hand, it seems less vulnerable than ancient civilizations because it is far more universal and because, if it should vanish in one part of the globe, it has a chance to keep going in others.

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Among the causes of its disappearance, one may include great natural catastrophes like volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, floods, or the engulfment of continents; political catastrophes like wars, followed by a long economic decline; or social catastrophes. As we do not know to which cataclysm we may succumb, we cannot know what we shall leave behind. The monuments that will resist a flood are not those that will stand out against a volcanic eruption or against an earthquake. They are not the same ones that invasions will leave standing or prolonged internal troubles. Since we do not know what we shall leave behind, we cannot know what later civilizations will think about us — certainly not what we think about ourselves. It is probable that they will not know our thought at all, or only in slight measure, for it will have disappeared with our books. They will judge us by our works. Perhaps they will judge us by the most finished, but more probably by the biggest and the heaviest.

We may console ourselves with the reflection that, among the monuments that perchance may last because they are built to brave the centuries, there will be found some of our great churches, constructed by the efforts of whole peoples animated by an irresistible faith — which will prove to our descendants that our civilization was not wholly material, and will testify that we have not believed only in ourselves.

THE EYES

THE eyes cannot see until they are
Incapable of tears;
Until the soul like a flaming star
May watch the passing years,
And see its own heart, a thing apart
That dwells in changing spheres.

— *Nadejda de Bragança*

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BERTRAND RUSSELL CATCHES THE TORTOISE

IN September the British mathematician, F. P. Ramsey, presented a puzzle in logic and the Editor offered one hundred dollars for the most intelligent answer. Intelligence is difficult to grade when it comes from one contestant in the form of a cartoon and from others as serious logic, poetry, satire, or integral equations.

The Editor still reserves judgment but will publish meanwhile a number of exhibits. Next month it will be humor; in this issue Mr. Russell's answer, and the Roll of Honor contestants.

Mr. Ramsey included among his paradoxes Zeno's old one of Achilles and the Tortoise. Common sense said Achilles caught the Tortoise, but mathematics proved he didn't. Only in the nineteenth century did mathematicians succeed in reconciling science with common sense. Both Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Russell accept that solution, but not so all our contestants. A brilliant Russian contributor argues that common sense, not Greek mathematics, was in error. As Mr. Ramsey addressed his challenge chiefly to his fellow mathematician, Mr. Russell, we accord him the privilege of the first reply.

I HAVE been courteously invited by the Editor of THE FORUM to contribute an opinion as to Mr. Ramsey's article. The only point that concerns me is in his last paragraph, where he expresses the view that the difficulties of my solution of the paradoxes can be avoided by a subtle emendation. From what I know of Mr. Ramsey's work — which I greatly admire — I incline to the view that he is right on this point. I cannot, however, admit as conclusive the argument that my solution, as it stands, invalidates certain parts of mathematics. This is true in a sense: certain kinds of mathematical argument, hitherto accepted as valid, become invalid. But it by no means follows that the conclusions reached by arguments of this kind are false. What is to be expected is that in certain extreme and unusual cases the conclusions will be false, but not in ordinary cases. Almost all the most important propositions in mathematics have been obtained in the first instance by methods subsequently found to be fallacious; as a rule, the outcome has been a certain limitation on the scope of the proposition in question, but not its complete overthrow. The Theorem of Pythagoras is fallaciously proved by Euclid, and is now known to be not quite true; nevertheless it can still be safely used by engineers, and all practical applications of mathematics assume it. All the pure mathematics of the eighteenth century was fallacious: no one knew the true basis of the

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infinitesimal calcular, and few people bothered to consider whether the series they used were convergent. But a kind Providence watches over adventurous mathematicians, and their rashness seldom robs their results of value. So it will probably be in this case: when logical methods are so amended as to avoid the paradoxes, people will become more cumbrous, and will probably prove rather less sweeping theorems, but the practical difference will be small. I cannot therefore give much force to the pragmatic argument that mathematics must not be invalidated.

Mr. Ramsey's contention that "meaning" is ambiguous seems to me thoroughly sound. Traditionally, logicians have taken "meaning" for granted as something that they need not investigate. I have become persuaded that this attitude was mistaken, and that no logic is adequate without a discussion and definition of "meaning." Indeed, this problem has been the source of all my work in philosophy during the last ten years, as embodied in "The Analysis of Mind" and "The Analysis of Matter." The outcome is set forth popularly in my recent book, "Philosophy," (published by W. W. Norton). But the application of these doctrines to the logical paradoxes is a complicated matter, requiring more thought than I have hitherto been able to give to it. Indeed I think it likely that Mr. Ramsey's work will provide a definitive solution. As he says, however, the matter is too intricate for non-technical discussion, since it requires the symbolism of mathematical logic, which is unknown, with rare exceptions, even to mathematicians.

—Bertrand Russell

ROLL OF HONOR

Alexander M. Adams, Scranton, Pa.
H. M. Bateman, Reigate, Heath, England
Francis Austin Barry, Ocean City, N. J.
Nathan L. Bengis, Bronx, N. Y.
Ernst J. Berg, Schenectady, N. Y.
Leo Berns, New York City
F. Antony Borrow, Innisfail, Alberta, Canada
Ernest Boyd, New York City
Gerald Irving Brown, Portland, Ore.
Richard Burton, Englewood, N. J.
William Bergen Chalfant, Pittsburgh, Pa.
George W. Corner, Univ. of Rochester, N. Y.
Carmi Curran, Minneapolis, Minn.
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YOU AFTER FORTY

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

THE revolt of Youth against Age is commonly held to be a theoretical revolt, confined to the fields of ideas and morals. But Mr. Epstein points out that this is by no means true. The revolt has become a menacing reality in the solid fields of economics and business, where young men are crowding to the forefront and the man past forty finds it increasingly difficult to obtain employment. Since Youth and Age are relative terms, he suggests that American business needs a new measuring rod of a man's usefulness.

UNHERALDED by the jazz accompaniment of flapperism and the front page publicity of companionate marriages, a quiet but significant revolution is permeating our social structure. The established relationship of age and youth is undergoing a rapid change in the United States. Since time immemorial, the aged have lorded it over the young. The head of the clan and the father of the family, from the beginning of civilization until very recent days, remained the supreme rulers of their households. Their authority was never questioned. In countries less industrial, age and experience still retain their supremacy, but with the industrial development in the United States, the old order and the old traditions are breaking down. The aged are not only losing their ancient social prerogatives but, what is more significant, their economic foothold is gradually slipping away from them. The middle-aged and the elderly still supply the leadership in the realms of politics, science, and art, but in the general run of everyday business and industry, youth is mercilessly crowding age out.

The aged, like the tyrants of old, may have deserved the fate which our era is meting out to all rulers, kings, czars, and kaisers. Conscious of the trend of the times, they are ready to accept their new position with philosophy and resignation. But it is not unnatural that they who held sway over the young for so many centuries should bitterly resent this unprecedented encroachment upon their privileges. They are especially indignant against the new limitations of their economic opportunities. Indeed, they contend that even Dr. Osler was supposed to have allowed them the hope of continued blessings of life till at least sixty-five years of age. To deny them the right to employment after they have passed their fortieth birthdays is an unwarranted abrogation of their natural rights. Since the number of those becoming "age conscious" at forty or forty-five years is constantly increasing, it

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may not be at all surprising if before long we witness the birth of an "After Forty" political party loudly calling attention to the solemn grievances of this class and demanding justice and a square deal for all men and women of the party age.

Strange as it may seem, the middle-aged and the aged are losing their privileges at a time when their actual and relative number is on the increase. In 1870, when the United States numbered 38,558,371 inhabitants, the persons forty years of age and over constituted 7,695,785, or 19.9 per cent of the population. In 1920 the total population of our country amounted to 105,710,620. But persons forty years of age and over numbered 28,308,937, or 26.8 per cent of the total population. This striking difference affects not only the group forty years of age and over but also the definitely aged group. During the same half century, the number of those sixty-five years old and over rose from a little over 1,000,000 to approximately 5,000,000. Their ratio has grown from 3.9 per cent of the total population in 1870 to over five per cent to-day.

Not only are the aged increasing in number but the very measuring rod of old age is no longer the traditional one of bodily decrepitude. The Biblical three score and ten years are no longer the criteria of old age. To-day it is economic senility which determines whether one belongs to the party of the "old" or the "young." The ability to hold a job or to secure employment after the thirty-fifth or fortieth birthday decides one's "youthfulness" or one's "age." If upon reaching this age a person has achieved or inherited a sufficient economic and financial standing, he may still consider himself a "young man" and entitled to all the privileges of that status. But if one belongs to the rapidly increasing group of persons who have to earn their daily living by brain or brawn, one soon discovers that the forties are indeed the dangerous age. You may still feel as fit as a fiddle; your hair may be as black and as slick as any college sophomore's; but when you are forty and looking for work you will, perhaps unconsciously, think how old you are; and in applying for a job, you will deliberately discount a few of your years. For by that time you will have learned that too good a memory may elicit the sombre but frank: "Sorry, sir, we want young men only."

Those who have had the misfortune to look for new employment in the last few years have been fully aware of the deadline of employment which is gradually being lowered. "Only persons under forty or forty-five need apply," is a frequent injunction not

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only in the "help wanted" columns for manual workers but even in the case of the higher professions such as those of engineers, accountants, auditors, and the like. Practically all railroad corporations and many industrial concerns have now the established and formal rule not to engage for permanent positions any skilled workers over forty-five and unskilled laborers over thirty-five. In many instances these age limits are set even lower. One could cite a multitude of cases revealing the tragic consequences of this deadline. A few will suffice. A capable young clerk of excellent reputation with some years of experience in his line of work was recently denied employment because he was "too old" at the age of thirty-two. A well known restaurant chain considers women waitresses past the age of twenty-five "too old" and will give them no employment. A number of my engineering friends, none of whom is above the age of forty-two, tell me that they always discount some years of their life when applying for a job. I have received innumerable letters from men and women past middle age, who in spite of perfect physical health, find closed doors when they look for new employment. The problem is, indeed, becoming so grave that recently a national organization was formed for the purpose of breaking down these barriers, while social welfare organizations are attempting to devise methods of coping with this new social problem.

Men and women past their prime are facing a losing battle in modern industry. This is fully borne out by an examination of the occupational statistics of persons forty-five years of age and over. According to the United States Census for 1920, 30.4 per cent of the male employees of all ages were still gainfully employed after forty-five in all industries. Examining the various classes of occupations, we find that practically 35 per cent of the persons engaged in agricultural work were forty-five years of age and over. In public service and in the professions, we find similar percentages. The ratio is higher than normal, also, in the group of occupations classified by the Census under "Trade." But the percentage of those still employed after forty-five in the extraction of minerals is only 23.8; in manufacturing and mechanical industries it is 28.2; in transportation the percentage is 25.9; and in the case of male clerical employees, the percentage declines to 15.6, or about one half the normal.

The decline of employment opportunities in individual occupations selected at random from the United States Census Reports

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is shown even more strikingly. As against the 30.4 per cent of workers past forty-five still employed in all American industries, we must set the fact that only 13.2 per cent of "mechanics" are still employed at these ages. In the case of iron and steel workers, the percentage is 24.3; among bakers it is 25.3; and for boilermakers it is 21.3. In the cigar and tobacco industries the percentage is but 20.2, while in the printing and publishing industry 21 per cent only are still employed after their forty-fifth birthday. Only 14.2 per cent of workers in shoe factories, 20.2 per cent of the machinists, millwrights, and toolmakers, and 21.7 per cent of the plumbers remain in industry after the prime of life. Even worse conditions prevail in what are known as "white collar" occupations. Only 17.9 per cent of the male bookkeepers, cashiers, accountants and auditors, and less than 9 per cent of the draftsmen are still on the job after the forty-five year line. On the other hand, it is interesting to note that 32.1 per cent of the managers and superintendents are still holding their responsible positions after their forty-fifth year. In the case of manufacturers and officials, it is even more striking since almost half, or 49.1 per cent of all the persons so engaged are forty-five and older.

What are the reasons for this discrimination against the men and women who have just reached their maturity? Do they really, after rounding out their fortieth or forty-fifth year, lose their capacities and become unable to maintain their pace? Does machine industry completely wear out its workers at this early age? There is no evidence to support these contentions. On the contrary, the physical well-being of most persons around forty is to-day far superior to what it was years ago. White men at the age of forty-two had by 1920 gained a whole year more of life as compared with their brethren of the same age ten years before. Neither can the decline in the proportion of employed persons after middle age be ascribed to the fact that many workers have graduated into employers themselves or have accumulated enough money for retirement. The total number of such cases could not possibly affect more than a fraction of a per cent of the Census calculations. The main causes for this deadline in employment are at least two:

Some thirty years ago when industry was still young, the assets of the older workman made him indispensable and he was a risk worth while at any age. When he reached forty, a worker had acquired skill and experience, which were essential to an industrial

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plant. His knowledge of the plant and the machinery amply made up for whatever deficiencies in pace and alertness were caused by his old age. To-day, all this has disappeared. With the introduction of new machinery, skill and experience are no longer of importance. Each new invention and the introduction of each new machine diminishes the value of the old mechanics' experience and renders it worthless. Only the young, the adaptable, and the supple of limb are desired. In his recent book, *My Life and Work*, Henry Ford says:

"As the necessity for production increased, it became apparent, not only that enough machinists were not to be had, but also that skilled men were not necessary in production. The rank and file of men come to us unskilled; they learn their jobs within a few days."

In *The Iron Man*, Arthur Pound points out that "the most valuable man in operating automatic machines is the man without imagination and generally the man with a mentality below the average."

The older wage earner has thus been deprived of the only assets which he possessed at an earlier age. Industry is organized primarily for production and efficiency; it must of course select the most proficient workers, casting the others aside. So long as the labor supply is ample, no amount of moralizing or preaching will induce an industrial corporation to employ the less efficient or the less adaptable. Nor would such a step be economically advisable. It is also vain to hope for a shortage of labor as offering a solution of the problem. According to a recent statement of the United States Department of Commerce, the value of production in the United States, during the years 1919–1925, had increased by 28.6 per cent although the number of wage earners had decreased by 8.6 per cent during the same period.

The second factor in this deadline of employment has come about, oddly enough, as the result of the very attempt made by American industry to solve the problem of the superannuated wage earners. To induce younger employees to remain until their old age with the same corporation, industrial pension plans have been extensively adopted during the last fifteen years. Approximately four hundred concerns employing over 4,000,000 workers have now adopted such formal industrial pension systems. These schemes generally provide for the retirement of employees at sixty-five and seventy, who have been with the firm continuously

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for from twenty to thirty years. So far American concerns have refused to recognize any obligation on their part toward the old age of workers who have not been with them the required period of service. But while industry is increasingly becoming more and more mechanized, it still operates through human beings, and foremen and superintendents still have hearts. It is no pleasant task for any man to give the "blue envelope" to an aged and worn out human being, who has been with the company for years although not long enough to qualify for an old age annuity. Experience has also taught even the most cold-blooded corporations that to discard an old employee ruthlessly without any provision for his declining years is not only injurious to the morale of the plant but is a dangerous course of procedure for industry as a whole. But old and incapacitated employees represent not only "drags" upon production but undermine the spirit of efficiency in an industrial establishment. To escape both horns of the dilemma, employers of labor are finding that the simplest way is to deny entirely employment to anyone who may possibly become old and incapacitated before the necessary number of years entitling him to retire under the pension plan. Corporations which have no pension plans make equally good use of this method in order to avoid or to postpone the problem.

In this connection it is worth noting that while the inauguration of industrial pension plans is probably chiefly responsible for the present deadline of employment for men and women over forty, the proportion of aged persons now enjoying annuities under such plans, or likely to benefit from them is negligible. Figures gathered by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics show that less than 4 per cent of the wage earners remain with the same concern for a period of twenty years, the minimum period required by most establishments as a qualification for a pension. Furthermore, with but rare exceptions, practically all the existing pension plans are financially and actuarially unsound and represent at best but good-will promises. Some of the best plans have recently been abandoned, leaving the older workers high and dry. Even in the newer and the few actuarially sound plans the pension privileges depend entirely upon a too long term of service, which can affect but a few wage earners. After a most comprehensive study of industrial pension plans in the United States, the Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age Pensions was forced to conclude that:

"The large majority of the pension systems now in operation

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are so constructed as to preclude any hope of their ever becoming effective instruments in solving the growing problem of old age dependency to any considerable degree. As pension obligations are now carried, unless our present business prosperity continues without periods of reaction, it is likely in the long run that public or charitable agencies will be forced to assume the maintenance of many thousands of workers whose employers had led them to expect that they would be granted pensions in old age."

Is there then no solution to this problem, which is daily growing more serious? Must a wage-earner past forty be shelved as useless and out of date? Are we to forego entirely one of the most valuable national assets, the accumulated experience and training of men and women who have just reached maturity? Perhaps in our analysis of the problem lies also the solution. It is clear that the discrimination now practiced against persons who have reached their fortieth birthday is not due to anything inherently defective in them. The objections to their permanent employment are inspired by the fear of the future, by the fear that employees may be worked out and become incapacitated at a period when, under the corporation's regulations, they will not be entitled to regular retirement. At the same time it will be difficult to discard them entirely without having made some provision for their needs.

It is significant that the discriminations practiced against men and women past their prime are of an origin peculiarly American. Abroad, such practices are hardly known. In virtually every civilized nation the responsibility for the old age of workers has been removed from the individual concern and properly placed upon the entire industrial society. Instead of depending upon each employer to provide against the handicaps of old age, comprehensive old age insurance or pension plans have been instituted which guarantee the aged worker at least some assistance in his declining years. These social provisions permit employers to engage men and women at any age without hesitation as long as they are capable of performing a particular task. When they become incapacitated, either the invalidity insurance system or the old age pension plan takes care of them. In none of the industrial countries is the attainment of age forty fraught with the dangers that confront our American wage-earners whether manual or professional. May not the solution of our problem lie along the same path?

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THE DISAPPEARING DAILY

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ARE our newspapers vanishing? Are American cities facing the prospect of one-man control over their press? How can American democracy go on if it lacks a free press able to discuss both sides of every question, after the FORUM *tradition? These are some of the questions raised by Mr. Villard, himself a lifelong journalist and descendant of a family of journalists. The policy of consolidation may become a danger to free speech and free institutions, he points out, when it is applied to the country's newspapers.*

IS the American daily to go the way of the Indian, the bison, and the horse-propelled carriage? Recent happenings suggest it. It is almost impossible to take up a copy of one of the newspaper men's trade journals without reading that another historic paper has ceased publication or has been merged with some competitor or has been added to a chain of dailies in which it will more or less lose its identity. Thus, between January first and August first of 1927, fifty-one daily newspapers ended their careers, eight morning and forty-three evening journals, the total number falling from 2001 to 1950. This was the largest decrease in nine years for the same period. Were it to continue at this rate for twenty years, there would be much less than one thousand dailies for a population which might then approximate something like one hundred and forty million people. Now the newspaper profession is not likely to put on crape just yet, but the decrease is ominous for a number of reasons, and its sudden acceleration this year has startled the trade. Every disappearance of a daily throws many workers out into the street — usually without the slightest consideration whatever — and still further limits the field of journalism. More than that, it helps to concentrate journalistic power in the hands of very rich and powerful persons — something which can never be a happy situation for any country, and least of all for a republic.

No one can deny that the whole newspaper business has undergone an amazingly rapid transformation during the last twenty years. It is no longer a profession, but a trade, and as such it is subject to exactly the same economic forces and currents which affect other lines of business, with the result that there are more and more chains of stores and greater and greater combinations of like concerns. Not only has the supertrust arisen, but the international trust is in sight, indeed is being established in Europe,

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like the chemical trust formed in October for the express purpose of enabling Germany and France and other countries to compete with the United States. Since men have come to buy American newspapers as businesses, and not in order to reform or improve the national life or to mold public opinion, there is no occasion for surprise in the fact that they who manage these properties see just as great opportunities in their field for combinations and for limiting competition by wiping out competitors as do men in other lines of trade.

Why should they not take advantage of this situation? In an era of mass production why should they not be allowed to turn to mass production of newspapers in a number of cities entirely alike except so far as they are differentiated by the local news which they, perforce, carry? If there are savings to be made in overhead by combinations, the newspaper managers want to make them. What is more interesting is that this trend commends itself to those who support the daily press of the country — the big advertisers. The large department store advertiser is always for consolidations and mergers because it simplifies his problem; he has less advertising "copy" to prepare and a smaller advertising bill to pay even if the surviving dailies increase their rates. In both large and small cities he is so short-sighted as to think that the ideal situation is a single morning and evening paper; then, he believes, he can reach everybody at a minimum cost.

Curiously enough, it is in the large cities that most of the disappearances take place — over night in Pittsburgh at the end of July the number of daily journals decreased from five to three — all three being now owned by men who are not and never have been residents of Pittsburgh — Hearst, Paul Block, and the Scripps-Howard group of newspapers. It is precisely the large city newspaper manager who is most sharply challenged by steadily rising costs and by keener and keener competition which makes it harder and harder for him to obtain the necessary advertising support to meet his rising costs. He cannot get that advertising unless in turn he obtains more circulation; he must therefore supply additional features and advertise his own product at heavy expense in order to win additional readers. Caught in this vicious circle, with its steady temptation to him to lower the quality of his newspaper in order to sell more copies, what more natural than his hope that it may be possible to eliminate one or more of his competitors?

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There is no longer a sharp political difference among the great city dailies. Republican and Democratic journals alike judge new issues more and more by their economic rather than political effects and aspects, as, for instance, in passing upon the merits or demerits of a measure like the McNary-Haugen bill. Syndication and the overruling passion of the journalist of to-day to make his daily as nearly as possible like the most successful one he knows are blotting out the originality of the newspaper. It is no longer highly individual in its typography, its make-up, its contents, or in the expressions upon its editorial page. The proposal to consolidate with another, therefore, really means merging two of a type — at least it often seems so from the public point of view.

When it comes to creating chains of newspapers, the proprietors who go in for owning a number of newspapers declare that they have just as much right to cut their overhead costs by wholesale purchasing, by standardizing their goods and increasing their local outlets as have the managers of any chain of tobacco shops or drug stores or restaurants or department stores. So in all directions we have groups of newspapers owned by one or more persons. Mr. Hearst and the Scripps-Howard combination are running a neck to neck contest as to which shall own the most dailies. Mr. Hearst leads at the present moment with twenty-six to the Scripps-Howard twenty-five. Frank Gannett and his associates now own and manage ten, mostly in New York State, the Booth brothers control eight in Michigan, and Paul Block directs five. In the South, ex-Senator Luke Lee of Tennessee and his associates have begun a chain which already counts the famous Atlanta *Constitution* among the four they now own.

The sons of Herman Ridder, the late owner of the *Staats Zeitung* in New York, having merged two other German dailies with the *Staats Zeitung*, next entered the English language field by buying both the *Journal of Commerce* and the New York *Commercial*. They have now just gone as far west as St. Paul to buy the *Pioneer Press*, one of the historic dailies of the Northwest, with a long if somewhat checkered career. Almost every week one reads of the expansion of one of these groups or the rise of a new one. The drift in this direction increases steadily, and it is to be noted that the managers usually do not found new journals, unless, like Mr. Hearst, they establish a tabloid or two, but buy existing ones and sometimes merge two before entering into a

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given territory, as was recently done by the Scripps-Howard managers in Denver and Knoxville.

The chain owner seeks not to create new newspapers and to run all the risks that this involves, but to pick up at very reasonable prices some less prosperous dailies and to put them on their feet at once by supplying the same editorials, news features, photographs, Sunday articles, and so forth, manufactured for all the rest of the chain. If it were not for the difficulty of the local news and the desirability of a few editorials dealing with local situations, newspapers could almost as well be manufactured in Chicago, let us say, and supplied by fast trains to the various cities whose names they bear. If this seems fanciful, it is by no means beyond the range of possibility that we shall before long hear that one chain has begun to amalgamate with, or to swallow, another.

That a decrease in the number of dailies in any one city increases the prosperity of the survivors is true. The New York *Tribune* has largely increased its circulation and its advertising since its amalgamation with the *Herald* and the reduction of the morning newspapers of the metropolis to four. In Chicago the *Tribune* with but one competitor, and that owned by Hearst, is enormously wealthy. Were its rival owned by anybody else but Hearst it would probably have been bought before this by the owners of the *Tribune*, who are making such stupendous sums that they have had to build two office buildings and found *Liberty* and the New York *Daily News* in order to find employment for their surpluses. A monopoly seems as desirable in the newspaper field as in any other — it is not without significance that there are fifty-seven cities in Illinois alone that now have only one daily newspaper. Editorial writers may write again and again that competition is the life of trade; their owners will it otherwise whenever they can.

In the large cities the supersuccessful newspaper like the *New York Times* is beyond the possibility of amalgamation. Its problem is how to keep from being suffocated by its own prosperity — it often publishes week day editions of fifty-six and sixty pages, with a vast volume of advertising and frequently also an editorial note that some twenty or more columns have had to be refused because of lack of space. The existence of one or more such newspapers in a city makes extremely difficult, if not impossible, the starting up of competition. The law of supply

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and demand does not seem to work here; at least we do not find people rushing in to found new dailies when they read of the enormous profits of the richest. The reason is not far to seek. So able a newspaper man as Don C. Seitz, long with the management of the New York *World*, has declared that he would not undertake the founding of an old line daily in a large city with less than ten million dollars in cash. "Tabloids" can and are being started with much less money. But even if we should see the rise of numerous dailies of this degenerate type it would bear little upon the question at stake, which is how rapidly the old line daily will disappear under pressure of the economic forces set forth above.

Already Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Des Moines, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, Birmingham, Atlanta, Louisville, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Columbus, Dayton, Portland (Oregon), Providence, Chattanooga, Dallas, El Paso, San Antonio, Salt Lake City, Milwaukee, and Richmond have only one morning newspaper apiece. Some of the smaller cities of importance like Madison, Wisconsin, and Saginaw and Flint, in Michigan, have no morning newspaper at all. In some cities like Springfield, Massachusetts, all the newspapers, in this case three, are owned by the same company. During the La Follette campaign Senator Wheeler told of one city in Montana in which both the papers were owned by the copper company which dominated the city. In order to save expense, editorials for both are written by the same man, although one pretends to be Republican and the other Democratic. In the larger cities the decrease in the number of newspapers has been remarkable. Thus, New York has witnessed in the last few years the disappearance of the morning *Sun*, *Herald*, *Mail*, and *Globe*. Chicago, as already said, has now only two in the morning where it used to have seven. Detroit, a city of 1,283,000 inhabitants, has only three dailies all told. Philadelphia has witnessed in recent years the disappearance of the *Press* and *North American*. In Boston there has been both decrease and decay — and so it goes. The *Editor and Publisher* is frank enough to say that the end is not in sight. It is the judgment of the writer that we are not much beyond the beginning of this startling development.

It is, perhaps, from the political point of view that this phenomenon deserves the most careful examination. We have a

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political government based upon the two-party system and have had it so long that the public usually looks askance upon any move toward a permanent third party. But the two-party arrangement presupposes that both shall be adequately represented to the public by the press. How, otherwise, can the voters obtain the views of both sides and decide which party offers the best programme and candidates? In smaller cities where the press is entirely one-sided, the voters do not spend the money to subscribe for an out-of-town daily like, let us say, the Baltimore *Sun*. During the anti-slavery struggle the middle West gave tremendous support to Horace Greeley's daily and weekly *Tribune*. But then there was a great issue which stirred men's souls confronting the nation and they were willing to make sacrifices to obtain the views of some distant but powerful editor. Now there is no issue to divide the people and there are no longer great editors whose names are known from Maine to Texas. The tribe is dead — killed partly by the countingroom, which does not care to have editors lopping off twenty thousand readers at a time, as a Scripps-Howard daily of the Indianapolis *Press* is said to have done, for a time, when it began its magnificent attack upon the Ku Klux Klan and its beneficiaries in the city government of Indianapolis and in the government of Indiana. Now it is an interesting fact, as brought out by Frank R. Kent, of the Baltimore *Sun*, after a trip across the continent, and by other writers, that most of the victims of the consolidation and disappearance of newspapers have been Democratic dailies. Precisely in those States where the Democratic vote has fallen off greatly, the Democratic press has been most frequently absorbed by Republican opponents or has gone under for economic reasons. In Oregon, for example, there are thirty-four dailies, of which only two are Democratic. What becomes in these western states, where the Democracy is at such a low ebb, of the two-party theory? And what hope is there of rebuilding that party if the party press cannot be vitalized or reborn, even presupposing the arrival of a real Democratic issue and a colorful Democratic candidate like Governor Smith? It is no longer possible to create special dailies for the period of a campaign, to die at its close, as was done so frequently in the first half of the nineteenth century — as witness the case of Horace Greeley who first came to political notice as editor of the *Jeffersonian*, a daily published by Thurlow Weed in support of William H. Seward for governor. As soon as

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Mr. Seward's election had been accomplished, the *Jeffersonian* ended its career.

Again, if one looks at the smaller states, it at once becomes apparent that any rich man could easily dominate the press of an entire commonwealth as the DuPonts have so often been charged, though incorrectly, with controlling the entire press of Delaware. Take Wyoming, for example. It has a population of 206,381 people who have only six dailies and seventy-one weeklies published within their borders, with a total combined daily circulation of approximately 25,000 copies. Three are independent, three Republican; not one admits being Democratic. The circulation of the largest is only 6667 copies, of the smallest, 1600. It would, obviously, not take much money for a man or a group of men to acquire every journal in the state and, by the resulting economies, be in a position to offer the stiffest kind of competition to anyone trying to found a daily or a weekly. It would probably take an able man and a great cause to make important competition possible, unless some very rich men or corporations undertook to supply a competitive press without regard to financial results.

In Idaho the situation is the same. There we find fourteen dailies, seven Republican, three Democratic and four independent. There are one hundred and ten weeklies, forty of them being Republican and six Democratic. Sixty-two record themselves as being independent in politics and the rest eschew politics altogether. The total circulation of the daily newspaper is 63,921, approximately, while the population of the State is 492,071. Indubitably some of the five-cent popular weeklies supply the politics for many of the inhabitants of this and other remote States, but here in Idaho, too, is the possibility of one man's acquiring every one of the existing daily newspapers and so putting himself in a position to mold the minds of the people as far as the dailies are able to, on all social, economic, and foreign and domestic political issues, according to his own taste and desires and personal ambitions.

Michigan has only fifty-seven dailies. As already stated the Booth brothers own eight dailies. Supposing Henry Ford suddenly determined to control the entire press of the state. What could stop him? He could probably buy them all at will, all except the Detroit *News*, one of the greatest money-makers in this country. The others would cost him only a couple of years'

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income, or a small slice of his capital. He could then scrap such as he wished to — he is at this writing reported by the press as scrapping his old automobile machinery, variously reported as being worth from twenty million dollars to one hundred million dollars, to make way for his new product — and could make enormous savings by printing the same editorials in all morning and evening newspapers and by otherwise cutting expenses. Mr. Ford seems to have abandoned the political ambitions he once held. He could hopefully indulge himself in them again if he owned even a majority of the state's newspapers. Aside from Henry Ford, we know that there are plenty of other rich men in Michigan and that at least one of these, Mr. Newberry, was willing to go to great length in his own unsuccessful attempt to purchase a seat in the United States Senate. What might not others attempt? And what would the government of an American — or any other — state do, if it should find itself facing the power of one or more citizens who controlled all the organs of public opinion within its boundaries? Doubtless it would create an official press and stimulate the growth of a new and independent press. The economic conditions and tendencies cited above would make this extremely difficult in the United States.

At present the country faces no such contingency. It can, moreover, find much encouragement in the growth in power and ability of the lesser-city journals. In the South, particularly, where the new economic developments have affected the press less than anywhere else — although, as pointed out, chains of newspapers have begun to appear — there are still editors wielding great power in their communities who dominate their business offices. There is, for instance, George Fort Milton of the Chattanooga *News*, to whom Mr. McAdoo wrote his letter "choosing not" to run again for the Presidential nomination. The name of Clark Howell still means much in Georgia. Far more important, however, are Julia and Julian Harris, who won the Pulitzer Prize for 1925 with their entirely fearless and deep-cutting Columbus (Georgia) *Enquirer-Sun*, and Victor H. Hanson, owner of the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, whose gallant fight against the Klan and the brutal floggings in Alabama have conferred honor upon his state. He and his editors have fearlessly defied a considerable public sentiment and the political powers in charge of the government of Alabama. There are still others in the South, such as R. Charlton Wright and William E. Gon-

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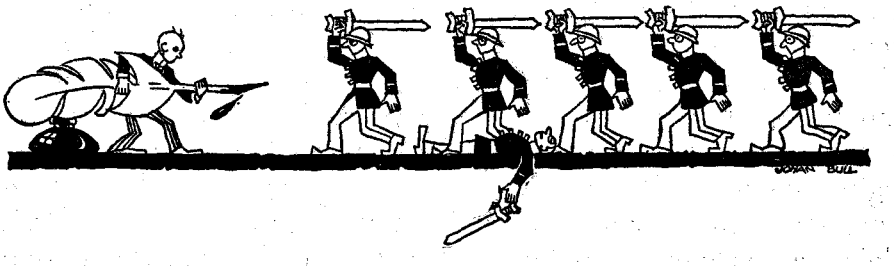
zales of the Columbia (South Carolina) *Record* and *State* respectively, who stand out for courage and integrity, while the fight for decency in Indiana is being tremendously supported by a small-town editor, Thomas H. Adams of Vincennes, who initiated it, and Boyd Gurley of the Indianapolis *Press*, a Scripps-Howard paper to which reference has already been made.

The press of Pittsburgh has been particularly degenerate and dead to popular rights and the legitimate aspirations of the working classes. It is highly gratifying, therefore, to find a small-town daily, the Washington *Observer* and its evening edition, the *Reporter*, fighting its way into the environs of Pittsburgh. In the neighborhood of New York City we are at present witnessing in the suburban communities the rise of a local press which is doing excellent service and is attracting young men of a high type. In Yonkers, for instance, J. Noel Macy, son of one of the most public-spirited citizens of Westchester County, V. Everit Macy, is devoting himself to the development of his paper, the *Statesman*. In Pelham there is an able and outspoken weekly, the Pelham *News*, James Carr Garrison editor and publisher, which is a refreshing variation from the old-fashioned country weekly so entirely subservient to the local boss and relying on political advertising and job-printing for its existence. Here for the present are the opportunities for editorial aspirants who wish to avoid the dangers of chain ownership, amalgamation, and complete domination by the large advertising, or the commercial interests, of their communities. How long in these smaller communities it will be possible to resist the influences which are so rapidly bringing about the disappearance of historic newspapers, time will show.



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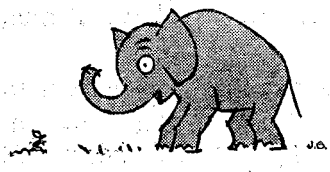
FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

COW ON THE TRACK



WHEN a train halts suddenly after dark in the middle of nowhere, uncommunicative folk are always galvanized into conversation. In fact, I half suspect that these apparently unnecessary stops are part of the superservice now rendered on the better roads; a really first-class line will not only get you there, but will discharge you at your destination with memories of interesting "contacts" by the way. Whatever the explanation may be, however, it is plain fact that these pleasant pauses in the rhythm of train travel do loosen tongues. A good many watches come out, a few hands nervously rub peepholes in the moisture on the panes, some bold spirit in the smoking compartment wonders audibly, articulately, why we have stopped or where we are. He doesn't really care, of course; this is just his coy masculine way of breaking the ice.

A chubby little man in the corner chuckles, "Cow on the track, I guess."

A lean philosopher on the perch facing the window propounds a question. "What are the modern equivalents of cows on the track, I wonder?"

"Imaginary cows," replies the chubby man, with another chuckle. "They do just as well."

So far it is touch and go. If the train should start before someone has the temerity to mention business, politics, or religion, conversation may die on the threshold. But once get any of the three great subjects launched, the train may chatter and roar through the night, the eager fellows in the smoking hutch will chatter and roar too.

Recently I sat in at such a conversation, wherein one gentleman, I thought, made a rather interesting suggestion. No judge of the political world myself, I do not pretend to pass on his remarks, but merely to pass them on.

The old gentleman in question had a simple dignity which commanded attention. In fact, his face looked vaguely familiar, as

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that of a public figure, and I later discovered who he was — a man well known and respected in both the learned and the business worlds a decade or two ago. When the chubby fellow in the corner answered, "Imaginary cows," the old gentleman at once brought the subject into the political field.

"Just like the party questions we hear about nowadays," he commented. "There used to be real cows and real questions, but now they are imaginary."

That gave most of us pause, as we turned such matters over in our minds as tax reduction, farm relief, prohibition, Catholicism in the White House, and other alleged issues. But one florid individual took up the cudgels in behalf of prosperity and bade fair to talk us all dead with platitudes. The old gentleman, however, without altercation or personal encounter, but rather by the accuracy and abundance of his knowledge, gradually took the floor from his carnivorous opponent. The gist of his argument ran somewhat as follows:

"Prosperity, real or imagined, will of course play a considerable part in the coming election. The trouble is, the politician lives entirely in the present, he doesn't know much except catchwords about economics, and so, to stampede the electorate, he turns the issue on emotional appeals. The result is that, while economic causes are working quietly all the time, the actual election may take place on an issue which perhaps has little to do with the real problem or which perhaps perpetuates a policy that in the end runs counter to true economy. In either case, a crash is likely to come sooner or later; and the party in power at the time of the crash will have to pay for it, even if a former administration is really to blame.

"There is a striking parallel for 1928 in the election of 1892." (This is what really silenced the beefeater, who came down in the last shower of dividends and knew nothing of 1892.) "The crash of 1893, which came only a few months after the inauguration of Cleveland and for which he and his party were by no means solely to blame, was laid at the Democratic door. Almost any Republican could win after that for nearly a generation. No Democrat came near winning till 1912, and then, you will recall, Wilson won only by the luck of a Republican quarrel, and in 1916 by the same sort of chance. Indeed, the reputation won in 1893 still clings to the Democrats, though there has been almost no opportunity to prove it, one way or the other, since then. The Repub-

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licans, on the other hand, were extremely lucky to be defeated in 1892, just as they were equally lucky to be elected in 1920 and so to get the credit, under Harding, for a prosperity which they could not stop. You see, we suppose that parties make good or bad times, instead of realizing that good or bad times make parties."

"But I don't see just what connection this has with the 1928 election," interposed the stupid Pedestrian.

"Why, just this. The party elected in 1892 was out of luck, blamed for the panic of 1893. Similarly, the party elected in 1928 will have to shoulder the responsibility for the bad times which come before 1932."

"What bad times? Do you think — "

"Why, economic bad times, as usual. They are likely to come, I think, because we have only a shortsighted foreign policy and because there seems to be no movement toward solving the problem. I say 'likely,' but of course I recognize that there are countless, diverse forces which may delay, or sidetrack altogether, or perhaps hasten, a disaster. Nevertheless, the stage seems to be pretty well set. For under present conditions our tariff, together with the load of debts on foreign nations, is likely to produce an acute situation before 1932. Trade can't long continue when one trader always wins and the other always loses. That is economic slavery. We recognize it in domestic affairs and come sooner or later to equitable arrangements. But we don't pay much attention to it in international affairs. Yet you can't have slavery without a slave driver. Have we thought of that?"

There were a few moments of hit-or-miss discussion after this. Clearly, the speaker's solid Republican audience did not quite agree with him on the tariff, but, just as clearly, all of them, even the beefeater, seemed to agree that the parallel of 1892 was interesting and provocative. As a parting shot, the old gentleman concluded: "If I were asked for advice by either party, I should advise it to put up a man who would be beaten in 1928, so that it could ride in secure in 1932."

For myself, I couldn't help wondering what the "reaction" to these ideas would be of the great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim in close recess and secret conclave at Washington. Perhaps my little, old prophet answered that, too, after a fashion.

"Washington is busy with imaginary cows on the political track, but the real cow, when we hit it, will prove to be a mastodon."

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WHAT IS RACE PREJUDICE?

Forum Definitions

THE several hundred definitions of Race Prejudice set the Definition Editor thinking of the glorious eighteenth century — that golden age of reason when the universal brotherhood of man was established with such perfect logic that the guillotine had to be invented to provide an outlet for the overflow of fraternal love. It may have some bearing on the present question to recall an incident which, we are assured on the best authority, took place in Paris in the year of enlightenment, 1795. At least, if it didn't happen, it isn't our fault.

At that time all men who were not soldiers were philosophers. One evening, so the story goes, M. Gaston Gourmet, stone mason and member of the National Guard, stopped by the Café Aulait for his customary glass of wine, when the ill chance befell him to start a conversation with M. Paul Toutête, hairdresser extraordinary by profession and philosopher even more extraordinary by preference. In the course of his rambling gossip, Gourmet let fall the bit of information that he was passionately fond of every vegetable known to man except spinach, which he could not stomach. Immediately Toutête saw in spinach the symbol of that outraged abstract justice in whose name the Monarchy had been overthrown and the Republic set up. All his eloquence rushed to the defense of the injured vegetable.

"Do you not know," he demanded with humanitarian zeal, "that all vegetables were created free and equal? Is spinach any less in the eyes of the Supreme Being than green beans or Brussels sprouts?"

"That may be," replied M. Gourmet, "but the fact remains that I don't like spinach."

"Be careful, my friend," warned Toutête, "this is a dangerous doctrine of yours. All special privilege and irrational prejudice must be rooted out in the name of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. And mark you, Lamarck's theory of evolution proves that the brotherhood of man rests upon the universal brotherhood of all created things — man, animal, vegetable, all having one common ancestor, and in a state of nature, all equal. If you deny justice to the lowly spinach, how can the Republic be sure that you will not try to restore all the prejudices of the Old Régime?"

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Whereupon M. Gourmet arose in irrational wrath and flung the dregs of his wine in the philosopher's face. But Toutête ran straight to the Committee of Public Safety, and before the week was out M. Gourmet was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, condemned, and guillotined as a Royalist.

May it not be that Race Prejudice, like Gourmet's unfortunate prejudice against spinach, is simply a matter of taste — not to be too readily condemned (Definitions 1 and 2), nor too easily justified (Definition 3), but accepted as a fact (Definition 4), and analyzed scientifically for its causes (Definition 5)? Prizes are awarded for the following:

1 Race Prejudice is the snobbishness of the mob. The snob as an individual is hostile or unsociable or patronizing in his attitude, and unjust, unkind and discourteous in his actions toward those who by reason of heredity or environment differ from himself. When such an attitude is assumed and such actions pursued and advocated by large classes of people toward alien races, thus impairing the social, economic, or political opportunities of individuals of any race to compete on equal terms in all aspects of the game called Life — then we have Race Prejudice. (*Dr. William R. Tymms, Fairfield, Maine*).

2 Race Prejudice — one's dominant mental attitude when:

My country, habits, prayers, my folks, my skin
Make me a better man than Gunga Din.

(*Dr. Con O. Lee, Tampa, Florida*).

3 Race Prejudice — instinctive recognition of biologic incompatibility. (*James Bond, Tarentum, Pennsylvania*).

4 Race Prejudice — a people's presumably proper pique at pigment. (*Minnie Hite Moody, Columbus, Indiana*).

5 Every race has its salient characteristics of color and physiognomy, emotions and mentality, which differentiate it from all others. Race Prejudice is an innate sense of the fitness of things which recognizes the inherent incompatibility of certain races, on account of such differences, to enter into marital relations or mingle socially with certain others. It is the conviction that such ineradicable differences oblige these races, when dwelling together, to move on parallel lines. "Never the twain shall meet," yet in economic contact mutual respect is the rule and sincere affection often exists between their respective members. (*R. T. Fullwood, Los Angeles, California*).

Next term to be defined: — THE SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than February 25. Prizes of five dollars in cash or of any book mentioned in* THE FORUM *(value not exceeding five dollars) for each winning definition.*

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O, JERRY I' FAITH

O, Jerry i' faith, he's gone madcapping wholly
With a kiss of his hand and as gay as you please.
He danced in a ditch to a mad piper's tune,
He tripped a proud lady and off with her shoon,
Because he had kissed at the change o' the moon
A gypsy girl so lowly
With her kirtle up to her knees.

She blew him a kiss from the tips of her fingers
With her eyes cast down and as meek as you please,
So the tunes that he whistled were wondrous gay,
As he twined with riband a bright bouquet
Deftly fashioned from crimson may
For a gypsy girl who lingers
With her kirtle up to her knees.

Heigh-ho! The gypsy she's wed to an earl O!
In silks and in satins as proud as you please,
But Jerry, he's woefully pale and weak
As he wanders the byways a fairing to seek
For a pair of black eyes so devilish meek
And a wonderful gypsy girl O,
With her kirtle up to her knees.

— KIRBY HAWKES

Drawings by Jorgen Nickson

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Scissor-cut by Hunt Diederich

THE ESCAPED COCK

D·H·LAWRENCE

THERE was a peasant near Jerusalem who acquired a young gamecock which looked a shabby little thing, but which put on brave feathers as spring advanced and was resplendent with an arched and orange neck by the time the fig trees were letting out leaves from their end tips.

This peasant was poor. He lived in a cottage of mud brick and had only a little, dirty, inner courtyard with a tough fig tree for all his territory. He worked hard among the vines and olives and wheat of his master, then came home to sleep in the mud brick cottage by the path. But he was rather proud of his young rooster. In the shut-in yard were three shabby hens which laid small eggs, shed the few feathers they had, and made a disproportionate amount of dirt. There was also, in a corner under a straw roof, a dull donkey that often went with the peasant to work but sometimes stayed at home. And there was the peasant's wife, a black-browed, youngish woman who did not work too hard. She threw a little grain or the remains of the porridge mess to the fowls and she cut green fodder with a sickle for the ass.

The young cock grew to a certain splendor. By some freak of destiny he was a dandy rooster, in that dirty little yard with three patchy hens. He learned to crane his neck and give shrill answers to the crowing of other cocks beyond the walls, in a world he knew nothing of. But there was a special fiery clamor to his crow, and the distant calling of other cocks roused him to unexpected outbursts.

"How he sings!" said the peasant, as he got up and pulled his day-shirt over his head.

"He is good for twenty hens," said the wife.

The peasant went out and looked with pride at his young rooster. A saucy, flamboyant bird that had already made the final acquaintance of the three tattered hens. But the cockerel was tipping his head, listening to the challenge of far-off, unseen cocks in the unknown world. Ghost voices, crowing at him mysteriously out of limbo. He answered with a ringing defiance, never to be daunted.

"He will surely fly away, one of these days," said the peasant's wife.

So they lured him with grain, caught him though he fought with all his wings and feet, and they tied a cord round his shank, fastening it against the spur, and they tied the other end of the cord to the post that held up the donkey's straw pent-roof.

The young cock, freed, marched with a prancing stride of indignation away from the humans, came to the end of his string, gave a tug and a hitch of his tied leg, fell over for a moment, scuffled frantically on the unclean, earthen floor, to the horror of the shabby hens, then, with a sickening lurch, regained his feet and stood to think. The peasant and the peasant's wife laughed heartily, and the young cock heard them. And he knew, with a gloomy, foreboding kind of knowledge, that he was tied by the leg.

He no longer pranced and ruffled and forged his feathers. He walked within the

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limits of his tether sombrely. Still he gobbled up the best bits of food. Still, sometimes, he saved an extra-best bit for his favorite hen of the moment. Still he pranced with quivering, rocking fierceness upon such of his harem as came monchalantly within range and gave off the invisible lure. And still he crowed defiance to the cockcrows that showered up out of limbo, in the dawn.

But there was now a grim voracity in the way he gobbled his food and a pinched triumph in the way he seized upon the shabby hens. His voice, above all, had lost the full gold of its clangor. He was tied by the leg and he knew it. Body, soul, and spirit were tied by that string.

Underneath, however, the life in him was grimly unbroken. It was the cord that should break. So one morning, just before the light of dawn, rousing from his slumbers with a sudden wave of strength, he leaped forward on his wings and the string snapped. He gave a wild, strange squawk, rose in one lift to the top of the wall, and there he crowed a loud and splitting crow. So loud, it woke the peasant.

At the same time, at the same hour before dawn, the same morning, a man awoke from a long sleep in which he was tied up. He woke numb and cold, inside a carved hole in the rock. Through all the long, long sleep his body had been full of hurt and it was still full of hurt. He did not open his eyes. Yet he knew he was awake, and numb, and cold, and rigid, and full of hurt, and tied up. His face was banded with cold bands, his legs were bandaged together. Only his hands were loose.

He could move if he wanted: he knew that. But he had no want. Who would want to come back from the dead? A deep, deep nausea stirred in him, at the premonition of movement. He resented already the fact of the strange, incalculable moving that had already taken place in him: the moving back into consciousness. He had not wished it. He had wanted to stay outside, in the place where even memory is stone dead.

But now, something had returned him, like a returned letter, and in the return he lay overcome with a sense of nausea. Yet suddenly his hands moved. They lifted up, cold, heavy, and sore. Yet they lifted up, to drag away the cloth from his face and to push at the shoulder bands. Then they fell again, cold, heavy, numb, and sick with having moved even so much, unspeakably unwilling to move farther.

With his face cleared and his shoulders free, he lapsed again and lay dead, resting on the cold nullity of being dead. It was the most desirable. And almost, he had it complete: the utter cold nullity of being outside.

Yet when he was most nearly gone, suddenly, driven by an ache at the wrists, his hands rose and began pushing at the bandages of his knees, his feet began to stir, even while his breast lay cold and dead still.

And at last the eyes opened. On to the dark. The same dark! Yet perhaps there was a pale chink of the all-disturbing light, prizing open the pure dark. He could not lift his head. The eyes closed. And again it was finished.

Then suddenly he leaned up, and the great world reeled. Bandages fell away. And narrow walls of rock closed upon him, and gave the new anguish of imprisonment. There were chinks of light. With a wave of strength that came from revulsion, he leaned forward in that narrow cell of rock and leaned frail hands on the rock near the chinks of light.

Strength came from somewhere, from revulsion, there was a crash and a wave of light, and the dead man was crouching in his lair, facing the elemental onrush of light. Yet it was hardly dawn. And the strange, piercing keenness of daybreak's sharp breath was on him. It meant full awakening.

Slowly, slowly he crept down from the cell of rock, with the caution of the bitterly wounded. Bandages and linen and perfume fell away, and he crouched on the ground against the wall of rock, to recover oblivion. But he saw his hurt feet touching the earth again, with unspeakable pain, the earth they had meant to touch no more; and he saw his thin legs that had died; and pain unknowable, pain like utter bodily disillusion, filled him so full that he stood up, with one torn hand on the ledge of the tomb.

To be back! To be back again, after all that! He saw the linen swathing bands fallen round his dead feet and stooping,

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he picked them up, folded them, and laid them back in the rocky cavity from which he had emerged. Then he took the perfumed linen sheet, wrapped it round him as a mantle, and turned away, to the wanness of the chill dawn.

He was alone; and having died, was even beyond loneliness.

Filled still with the sickness of unspeakable disillusion, the man stepped with wincing feet down the rocky slope, past the sleeping soldiers, who lay wrapped in their woolen mantles under the wild laurels. Silent, on naked, scarred feet, wrapped in a white linen shroud, he glanced down for a moment on the inert, heap-like bodies of the soldiers. They were repulsive, a slow squalor of limbs, yet he felt a certain compassion. He passed on toward the road lest they should wake.

Having nowhere to go, he turned away from the city that stood on her hills. He slowly followed the road away from the town, past the olives, under which purple anemones were drooping in the chill of dawn, and rich green herbage was pressing thick. The world, the same as ever, the natural world, thronging with greenness, a nightingale winsomely, wistfully, coaxingly calling from the bushes beside a runnel of water, in the world, the natural world of morning and evening, forever undying, from which he had died.

He went on, on scarred feet, neither of this world nor of the next. Neither here nor there, neither seeing nor yet sightless, he passed dimly on, away from the city and its precincts, wondering why he should be traveling, yet driven by a dim, deep nausea of disillusion and a resolution of which he was not even aware.

Advancing in a kind of half-consciousness under the dry-stone wall of the olive orchard, he was roused by the shrill, wild crowing of a cock just near him, a sound which made him shiver as if electricity had touched him. He saw a black and orange cock on a bough above the road, then running through the olives of the upper level, a peasant in a gray, woolen shirt-tunic. Leaping out of greenness came the black and orange cock with the red comb, his tail feathers streaming lustrous.

"Oh, stop him, Master!" called the peasant. "My escaped cock!"

The man addressed, with a sudden flicker of smile, opened his great, white wings of a shroud in front of the leaping bird. The cock fell back with a squawk and a flutter, the peasant jumped forward, there was a terrific beating of wings and whirring of feathers, then the peasant had the escaped cock safely under his arm, its wings shut down, its face crazily craning forward, its round eye goggling from its white chops.

"It's my escaped cock!" said the peasant, soothing the bird with his left hand, as he looked perspiringly up into the face of the man wrapped in white linen.

The peasant changed countenance and stood transfixed, as he looked into the dead-white face of the man who had died. That dead-white face, so still, with the black beard growing on it as if in death; and those wide open, black, sombre eyes that had died; and those washed scars on the waxy forehead! The slow-blooded man of the fields let his jaw drop in childish inability to meet the situation.

"Don't be afraid," said the man in the shroud. "I am not dead. They took me down too soon. So I have risen up. Yet if they discover me, they will do it all over again. . . ."

He spoke in a voice of old disgust. Humanity! Especially humanity in authority! There was only one thing it could do. He looked with black, indifferent eyes into the quick, shifty eyes of the peasant. The peasant quailed and was powerless under the look of deathly indifference and strange, cold resoluteness. He could only say the one thing he was really afraid to say:

"Will you hide in my house, Master?"

"I will rest there. But if you tell anyone, you know what will happen. You, too, will have to go before a judge."

"Me! I shan't speak! Let us be quick!"

The peasant looked round in fear, wondering sulkily why he had let himself in for this doom. The man with scarred feet climbed painfully up to the level of the olive garden and followed the sullen, hurrying peasant across the green wheat among the olive trees. He felt the cool silkiness of the young wheat under his feet that had been dead, and the roughishness of its separate life was apparent to him. At the edges of rocks he saw the silky, silvery-haired buds of the scarlet

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anemone bending downward, and they too were in another world. In his own world he was alone, utterly alone. These things around him were in a world that had never died. But he himself had died or had been killed from out of it, and all that remained now was the great, void nausea of utter disillusion.

They came to a clay cottage, and the peasant waited dejectedly for the other man to pass.

"Pass!" he said. "Pass! We have not been seen."

The man in white linen entered the earthen room, taking with him the aroma of strange perfumes. The peasant closed the door and passed through the inner doorway to the yard, where the ass stood within the high walls, safe from being stolen. There the peasant, in great disquietude, tied up the cock. The man with the waxen face sat down on a mat near the hearth, for he was spent and barely conscious. Yet he heard outside the whispering of the peasant to his wife, for the woman had been watching from the roof.

Presently they came in, and the woman hid her face. She poured water, and put bread and dried figs on a wooden platter.

"Eat, Master!" said the peasant. "No one has seen. Eat!"

But the stranger had no desire for food. Yet he moistened a little bread in the water, and ate it, since life must be. But desire was dead in him, even for food and drink. He had risen without desire, without even the desire to live, empty save for the all-overwhelming disillusion that lay like nausea where his life had been. Yet perhaps, deeper even than disillusion, was a desireless resoluteness, deeper even than consciousness.

The peasant and his wife stood near the door, watching. They saw with terror the livid wounds on the thin, waxy hands and the thin feet of the stranger, and the small lacerations in his still-dead forehead. They smelled with terror the scent of rich perfumes that came from him, from his body. And they looked at the fine, snowy, costly linen. Perhaps really he was a dead king, from the region of terrors. And he was still cold and remote in the region of death, with perfumes coming from his transparent body as if from some strange flower.

Having with difficulty swallowed some of the moistened bread, he lifted his eyes to them. He saw them as they were: limited, meagre in their life, without any splendor of gesture and of courage. But they were what they were, slow, inevitable parts of the natural world. They had no nobility, but fear made them compassionate.

And the stranger had compassion on them again, for he knew that they would respond best to gentleness, giving back a clumsy gentleness again.

"Do not be afraid," he said to them gently. "Let me stay a little while with you. I shall not stay long. And then I shall go away forever. But do not be afraid. No harm will come to you through me."

They believed him at once, yet the fear did not leave them. And they said:

"Stay, Master, while ever you will. Rest! Rest quietly!"

But they were afraid.

So he let them be, and the peasant went away with the ass. The sun had risen bright, and in the dark house with the door shut the man was again as if in the tomb. So he said to the woman: "I would lie in the yard." And she swept the yard for him and laid him a mat, and he lay down under the wall in the morning sun. There he saw the first green leaves spurting like flames from the ends of the enclosed fig tree, out of the bareness to the sky of spring above. But the man who had died could not look, he only lay quite still in the sun which was not yet too hot, and had no desire in him, not even to move. But he lay with his thin legs in the sun, his black, perfumed hair falling into the hollows of his neck, and his thin, colorless arms utterly inert. As he lay there the hens clucked and scratched, and the escaped cock, caught and tied by the leg again, cowered in a corner.

The peasant woman was frightened. She came peeping and, seeing him never move, feared to have a dead man in the yard. But the sun had grown stronger. He opened his eyes and looked at her. And now she was frightened of the man who was alive, but spoke nothing.

He opened his eyes, and saw the world again bright as glass. It was life, in which he had no share any more. But it shone outside him, blue sky, and a bare fig tree

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with little jets of green leaf. Bright as glass, and he was not of it, for desire had failed.

Yet he was there and not extinguished. The day passed in a kind of coma, and at evening he went into the house. The peasant man came home, but he was frightened and had nothing to say. The stranger, too, ate of the mess of beans, a little. Then he washed his hands and turned to the wall and was silent. The peasants were silent too. They watched their guest sleep. Sleep was so near death, he could still sleep.

Yet when the sun came up, he went again to lie in the yard. The sun was the one thing that drew him and swayed him, and he still wanted to feel the cool air of morning in his nostrils and the pale sky overhead. He still hated to be shut up.

As he came out, the young cock crowed. It was a diminished, pinched cry, but there was that in the voice of the bird stronger than chagrin. It was the assertion of life, the loud outcry of the cock's petty triumph in life. The man who had died stood and watched the cock who had escaped and been caught ruffling himself up, rising forward on his toes, throwing out his chest and parting his beak in another challenge to all the world to deny his existence. "Deny my existence if you can!" the brave sounds rang out, and though they were diminished by the cord round the bird's leg, they were effective enough.

The man who had died looked grimly on life and saw a vast assertiveness everywhere flinging itself up in stormy or subtle wave-crests, foam-tips emerging out of the blue invisible, a black and orange cock, or the green flame tongues out of the extremes of the fig tree. They came forth, these things and creatures of spring, raging with insistence and with assertion. They came brandishing themselves like crests of foam out of the blue flood of the invisible, out of the vast invisible sea of strength, and they came colored and tangible, evanescent, yet deathless in their coming. The man who had died looked on the great, violent swing into existence of things that had not died, but he saw no longer their tremulous desire to exist and to be. He heard instead their ringing, defiant challenge to all other things existing, their raging assertion of themselves.

The man lay still, with eyes that had died now wide open and darkly still, seeing the everlasting, self-assertive violence of life. And the cock, with a flat, brilliant glance, glanced back at him with a bird's half-seeing look, suspicious. And always the man who had died saw not the bird alone, but the short, snappy wave of life of which the bird was the crest. He watched the queer, beaky motion of the creature as it gobbled into itself the scraps of food, its glancing of the eye of life, ever alert and watchful, overweening and cautious, and the voice of its life, crowing triumph and assertion, yet strangled by a cord of circumstance. He seemed to hear the queer speech of very life, as the cock triumphantly imitated the cackling of the favorite hen when she had laid an egg, a cackling which still had, in the male bird, the hollow chagrin of the cord round his leg. And when the man threw a bit of bread to the cock, it called with an extraordinary cooing tenderness, tousling and saving the morsel for the hens. The hens ran up greedily, and carried the morsel away beyond the reach of the string.

Then, walking complacently after them, suddenly the male bird's leg would hitch at the end of his tether and he would yield with a kind of collapse. His flag fell, he seemed to diminish, he would huddle in the shade. And he was young, his tail feathers, glossy as they were, were not fully grown.

It was not till evening again that the tide of life in him made him forget. Then when his favorite hen came strolling unconcernedly near him, emitting the lure, he pounced on her with all his feathers vibrating. And the man who had died watched the unsteady, rocking vibration of the bent bird, and it was not the bird he saw, but one wave-tip of life overlapping for a minute another, in the tide of the raging ocean of life. And the rage of life seemed more fierce and compulsive to him even than the rage of death. The scythe-stroke of death was a shadow, compared to the raging upstarting of life, the determined turmoil of life. And this mad insistence of chaotic life, everything insisting against everything else, was repellent to the man who had

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died. He looked on, relieved that it was no longer his affair.

At twilight the peasant came home with the ass and he said:

"Master! It is said the body was stolen from the garden and the tomb is empty, and the soldiers are taken away, accursed Romans! And the women are there to weep."

The man who had died looked at the man who had not died.

"It is well," he said. "Say nothing, and we are safe."

And the peasant was relieved. He looked rather dirty and stupid, and even as much flaminess as that of the young cock which he had tied by the leg, would never glow in him. He was without fire. But the man who had died thought to himself: "Why then should he be lifted up? Clods of earth are turned over for refreshment, they are not to be lifted up. Let the earth remain earthy and hold its own against the sky. I was wrong to seek to lift it up. It was wrong to try to interfere. The plowshare of devastation will be set in the soil of Judea, and the life of this peasant will be overturned like the sods of the field. No man can save the earth from tillage. It is tillage, not salvation. . . ."

So he saw the man, the peasant, without emotion; for the man who had died no longer wished to interfere in the fate of the man who had not died and who, when he did die, would return to earth. Let him return to earth in his own good hour, and let no one try to interfere when the earth claims her own.

So the man with scars let the peasant go from him, for the peasant had his own destiny as a clod of earth with a little fire in it. Yet the man who had died said to himself: "He is my host."

And at dawn, when he was better, the man who had died rose up, and on slow, sore feet retraced his way to the garden. For he had been betrayed in a garden and buried in a garden. And as he turned round the screen of laurel near the rock-face, he saw a woman hovering close to the tomb, a woman in blue and yellow. She peeped again into the mouth of the hole, that was like a deep cupboard. But still there was nothing. And she wrung her hands and wept. And as she turned away, she saw the man in white standing by the laurels, and she gave a cry, thinking it might be a spy, and she said:

"They have taken him away!"

So he said to her:

"Madeleine!"

Then she stood as if she would fall, for she knew him. And he said to her:

"Madeleine! Do not be afraid. I am alive. They took me down too soon, so I came back to life. Then I was sheltered in a house."

She did not know what to say but wished to fall at his feet. He prevented her, saying:

"Don't touch me, Madeleine. I am not yet healed and in touch with men."

So she wept, because she did not know what to do. And he said:

"Let us go aside among the bushes where we can speak unseen."

So in her blue mantle and her yellow robe, she followed him among the trees, and he sat down under a myrtle bush. And he said:

"I am not yet quite come to. Madeleine, what is to be done next?"

"Master!" she said. "Oh, we have wept for you! And will you come back to us?"

"For me, all that is finished, I have been taken away from it," he said. "The stream will run till there are no more rains, then it will dry up. For me, those heavens are no more over me."

"And will you give up your triumph?" she asked sadly.

"My triumph?" he asked. "But what was my triumph? I was killed in my mission and it is dead now to me. I can't come back. I am in another world, Madeleine, and not in touch with men. Yet still I am a man and still young. Is it not so? What will be the outcome, since now I am dead and risen, there is a gulf between me and all mankind? I am out of touch."

She heard him, and did not understand. Only she felt a heavy disappointment rise up in her.

"But you will come back to us?" she humbly insisted.

"I cannot know what I shall do," he said. "When I am healed, perhaps I shall know. But my mission is over, death has utterly cut it off from me. When a man dies, he rises in another world, even if there are the same faces. Death has put me far beyond even that salvation I

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dreamed of. Oh, Madeleine, I don't know what world I have risen to. But I have risen out of touch with the old. And now I wait for my Father to take me up again."

Madeleine heard the estrangement in his voice, and her heart was cold and angry.

"Do you betray us all?" she said.

"Betray?" he said. "Death has betrayed me. I am different. My poor Judas, he handed death to me. He rescued me from my own salvation. No man can know his own salvation. Death makes all things different. Now Judas and I alone understand."

Madeleine heard without understanding, but she pondered bitterly. "You want to be alone henceforward?" she said. "Have you risen for yourself alone?"

He heard the reproach in her voice, and looked at her beautiful face, which still was dense with insistence. She had been so happy to be saved from her old rapacity and to devote herself to a pure Messiah. But now she had this doom upon her, instead of the old one: she was now greedy to give her selfless devotion, as before she had been greedy to take from her lovers. But the man who had died felt her insistent, selfless devotion clutching his body with a new, bodiless greed, and the nausea of old pain filled him.

"A man would not die the same death twice," he said to her.

She glanced up at him, and saw the weariness settling again on his waxy face and the vast disillusion in his dark eyes and the underlying indifference to all things. There was revulsion in her glance, which he felt. And he said to himself: "Now my own followers will want to do me to death again, because I have risen up from the dead different from their expectation."

"But you will come to us, to see us, us who love you?" she said.

He laughed a little, and said:

"Ah, yes!" Then he added: "Have you a little money? Will you give me a little money? I owe it."

She had not much, but it pleased her to give it him.

"Do you think," he said to her, "that I might come and live with you in your house?"

She looked up at him with large, blue eyes that gleamed strangely.

"Now?" she said, with peculiar triumph.

And he, who shrank now from triumph of any sort, his own or another's, said:

"Not now! Later, when I am healed, and I am with my Father." The words faltered in him, and in his heart, he knew he would never go to live in her house. For the flicker of triumph had gleamed in her eyes; the greed of giving. But she murmured, in a humming rapture:

"Ah, you know I would give up everything to you."

"Nay!" he said. "I didn't ask that."

A revulsion from all the life he had known came over him again, the great nausea of disillusion, and the spear-thrust through his bowels. He crouched under the myrtle bushes, without strength. Yet his eyes were open. And she looked at him again, and she saw that it was not the Messiah. The Messiah had not risen. The enthusiasm and the burning purity was gone, and the rapt youth. His youth was dead. This man was middle-aged and disillusioned, with a certain terrible indifference and a resoluteness which love would never conquer. This was not the Master she had so adored, the young, flamy, unphysical exalter of her soul. This was nearer to the lovers she had known of old, but with a greater indifference to the personal issue and a lesser susceptibility.

She was thrown out of the balance of her rapturous, anguished adoration. This risen man was the death of her dream.

"You should go now," he said to her. "Do not touch me, I am in death. I shall come again here, on the third day. Come if you will, at dawn. And we will speak again."

She went away, perturbed and shattered. Yet as she went, her mind discarded the bitterness of the reality, and she conjured up rapture and wonder that the Master was risen and was not dead. He was risen, the Savior, the exalter, the wonder-worker! He was risen, but not as man — as pure God, who should not be touched by flesh and who should be rapt away into heaven. It was the most glorious and most ghostly of the miracles.

Meanwhile, the man who had died gathered himself together at last and slowly made his way to the peasant's house. He was glad to go back to them and away from Madeleine and his own associ-

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ates. For the peasants had the inertia of earth and would let him rest, and as yet, would put no compulsion on him.

The woman was on the roof, looking for him. She was afraid that he had gone away. His presence in the house had cast a certain spell over her, like mountains that gleam in the distance. It was the living remoteness. She hastened to the door, to him.

"Where have you been, Master?" she said shyly. "Why did you go away?"

"I have been to walk in a garden, and I have seen a friend who gave me a little money. It is for you."

He held out his thin hand with the small amount of money, all that Madeleine could give him. The peasant wife's eyes glistened, for money was scarce, and she said:

"Oh, Master! And is it truly mine?"

"Take it!" he said. "It is due to you."

So he lay down in the yard again, sick with relief at being alone again. For with the peasants he could be alone, but his own friends would never let him be alone. And in the safety of the yard the young cock was dear to him as it crowed in the helpless zest of life, then finished in the helpless humiliation of being tied by the leg. This day the ass stood swishing her tail under the shed. The man who had died lay down and turned utterly away from life, in the sickness of death in life.

But the woman brought wine and water and sweetened cakes, and roused him, so that he ate a little, to please her. The day was hot, with a fierceness after a shower of rain, and as she crouched to serve him, he saw her breasts sway from her humble body under her smock. He knew she wished he would desire her, and she was youngish and not uncomely. And he, who had never known a woman, would have desired her if he could. But he could not want her, though he felt gently toward her soft, humble, crouching body. But his own body kept aloof. Perhaps it was her thoughts, her consciousness, he could not mingle with. He had given her money, and she was pleased, so now she thought he would want this other of her. But her little soul was shortsighted and hard; she could never make the inner gift of her body. What was worth having would never be given.

So he spoke a little, quiet word to her and turned away. He could not touch the little, personal body — the little, personal life — in this woman nor in any other. He turned away and abided by the greater ruling.

Having died and risen, he realized at last that the body, too, has its purity and its impurity, its little and its greater life. Out of fear of the impurity, he had remained virgin, in his little life of fear. But now he realized that virginity, too, is a form of greed. He turned away even from himself. And he lay as if dead.

He had risen bodily from the dead, but what his body had come alive for he did not know. He only knew that he was bodily out of touch with mankind; he who had previously *held* himself out of touch, in his little life, now was beyond touch. He had no desire in him, save the desire that none should touch him.

The peasant came home from work and said:

"Master, I thank you for the money. And all I have is yours."

And the man who had died saw the peasant stand there with bright, excited eyes, animated by the hope of greater sums of money later on. And he wondered again over the little body of man, and the little life of man, so rarely suffused with the greater glow. How was it the peasant did not feel the absence of the other glow in him?

And the peasant looked at the man who had died and saw his frailty and the death still in his body, and the peasant was afraid and hugged his own health. Yet the remoteness of the man who had died had a wonder and a sort of fascination for the man who had not died. So the night having fallen, he would have helped the frail man to rise. But the other said to him:

"No, don't touch me. I am sore."

The sun rose ever again, in the rage of life, and burnished the young cock brighter. But the peasant kept the string renewed, and the bird was a prisoner. The flame of life nevertheless mounted to a sharper brightness in the creature, so that it eyed askance and haughtily the man who had died. And the man smiled, and said to it: "Surely thou forgettest even the string, thou father among birds!" And the young cock, answering, crowed.

When at dawn on the third morning the man went to the garden, he was ab-

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sorbed, thinking how the body could live a greater life, how this should come to pass. For he was beyond touch of the little, personal bodies of people. So he came suddenly through the thick screen of laurel and myrtle bushes, near the rock, suddenly, and he saw three women near the tomb. One was Madeleine, and one was the woman who had been his mother, and the third was a woman he knew, called Joan.

He looked up and saw them all, and they saw him, and they were all afraid. He stood arrested in the distance, knowing they were there to claim him back, bodily. But he would in no wise return to them. Pallid, in the shadow of a gray morning that was blowing to rain, he saw them and turned away. But Madeleine hastened toward him.

"I did not bring them," she said. "They have come of themselves. See, I have brought you money! Will you not come and speak to them?" She offered him some gold pieces, and he took them saying:

"May I have this money? I shall need it. I can not speak to them. I am not yet risen to the Father. And now I must go away."

"Ah! Where will you go?" she cried.

He looked at her and felt her clutching at him for the man who was dead in him, the man of his little life, of his youth and his mission, of his chastity and his fear and his doctrine of salvation.

"I must go to my Father," he said.

"And will you leave us? There is your mother!" she cried, turning round with the old anguish which yet was sweet to her.

"But now I must ascend to my Father," he said, and he drew back into the bushes and so turned quickly and went away, saying to himself: "Now I belong to my Father, though I know not what he is, nor where he is. And still he is."

So he went back to the peasant's house, to the yard where the young cock was tied by the leg with a string. And he wanted no one, for now he could only be alone; for the presence of people opened his wounds. The sun and the biting salve of spring were healing him, even the gaping wound of disillusion through his bowels was hardening up. But his connection with men and women, his urge to save them or to be saved by them, this had gone from him for good. He wondered what he should do, for it seemed strange to be in a world of men and women and to have no touch with them. He said to himself: "Why has the connection of touch gone out of me?"

But in the tomb the connection had perished. Therefore he went no more to the garden but lay still while the sun shone, or walked at dusk across the olive slopes, among the green wheat that rose a palm-breadth higher every sunny day. And always he thought to himself: Some things make no clamor and do not insist; they are only dauntless. The iris is naked on the inner air, opens its sharp buds alone and touches nothing. Only man is afraid to unfurl his nakedness; and when he touches something he becomes greedy, and when something touches him he is afraid. Why can not man stand like an iris within the inner air, naked and all himself, with the Father. The inner air is my Father, and all things blossom within his body.

So he saw the green jets of leaves unspread on the fig tree with the bright, translucent, green blood of the tree. And the young cock grew brighter, more lustrous with the sun's burnishing, yet always tied by the leg with a string. And the sun went down more and more in pomp out of the gold and red-flushed air. The man who had died beheld it all and he thought: "It is fear of death which makes man unclean. He is afraid to unfold his nakedness because of the fear in him, and he is greedy for all he touches because he is afraid he is nothing in himself. I cannot touch my fellow men because they smell of greed and fear. It is fear of death that hampers them. Why don't they die, to be rid of their staleness and their littleness, covered up as they are and gnawed by the weariness of their greed and the compulsion of their fear? But it is vain to speak. Words are like midges that bite at evening and blister men with conceit. Man is tormented with clouds of words like midges, and they follow him right to the tomb. But beyond the tomb they cannot go. Why will man never die and pass the place where words can bite no more? On the other side the air is clear, and there is nothing to insist on. Then a man can be well within his own skin, like an iris on its

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stem, within the inner air, and he can be naked as a flower is, and fearless as the iris, because it stands within the Father. Now may I stand within the Father."

So he healed of his wounds and enjoyed the immortality of being alive without fret. For in the tomb he had slipped the noose of his little self, which is bound by care. Now his greater self healed and became whole within his skin, and he smiled to himself, having discovered the inner world of insouciance, which is immortality.

Then he said to himself: "I will wander the earth and say nothing; for strange is the phenomenal world, whose essential body is my Father. I will wander like an iris walking naked within the inner air, well within the Father, and I shall be in the outer air as well. I shall see all the noise and the dust, and smell the fear, and brush past the greed, and beware. But I will go with the Father around me, with my body erect and procreant within the inner air. Perhaps within the inner air I shall meet other men, perhaps women, and we shall be in touch. If not, it is no matter, for my movement and my uprising is within the Father, and I stand naked within him as the irises do. And he is all about me, and my whole body is procreant in him."

So he communed with himself and decided to be a physician. Because the power was still in him to heal whomsoever touched him within the Father. Therefore he cut his hair and his beard after the right fashion and smiled to himself. And he bought himself shoes and the right mantle, and put the right cloth over his head, hiding all the little scars. And the peasant said:

"Master, will you go forth from us?"

"Yea, for the time is come for me to return to the Father."

So he gave the peasant a piece of money, and said to him:

"Give me the cock that escaped and is now tied by the leg. For he shall ascend with me."

So for a piece of money the peasant gave the cock to the man who was setting forth, and at dawn the man who had died set out into the phenomenal world, to walk among the outer dust, yet keep himself well within the inner air, which he called the Father. And he said to himself: "I must perforce touch them casually, though they smell of greed and fear." So a little unwillingly he lifted the hot and feathery body of the cock and carried the bird under his arm, saying: "Better thee than another." And the cock did not fuss but settled down quietly; and his tail fluttered gaily behind, and he craned his head excitedly, for he too was adventuring out for the first time into the phenomenal world, whose inner air is the body of the god of cocks also. The peasant woman shed a few tears but then went indoors, being a peasant, to look again at the pieces of money. And it seemed to her a gleam came out of the pieces of money, wonderful.

The man who had died wandered on, and it was a day of early summer while greenness still flourishes under the sun. He went slowly and saw the world in motion, and he stood aside as a pack train went by toward the city. And he said to himself: "Strange is the phenomenal world, dirty and clean together. And I am the same. Nothing is clean but what is also dirty. The outer air is dirty with fear; for all beasts, but especially man, sweat greed and fear till the atmosphere of men stinks. If they would but die, they would be so much cleaner on the air. But it is best to say nothing. Words cake like mud wherever they fall. And man is foul and caked already with the mud of old words. If he would but die and be washed! They killed me for preaching, yet new words are no worse than old. And men will cake themselves up with my words also, till they are heavy with the caked mud thereof. So it is! And if they will not go into the bath, the deluge will fall on them. And some, no doubt, will rise out of the inner earth, which is the Father, like flowers upon the inner air, which is the Father the same. And from the Father under the earth to the Father over the earth, they will unfold their nakedness entire as the irises do that rise from mud, glistening in the inner air. Whereas men and women now are covered up, and they hug their staleness to themselves. They uncover a fragment of their nakedness, and the man penetrates greedily a little way into a woman. But he must draw back, disappointed, disappointing the woman. Men and women are forever a disappointment and a chagrin to one another. They seek what they cannot get.

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But if a man would wash himself with death, he could stand erect and quite naked, with all his body within the Father. And perhaps within the Father he could meet a woman erect and quite uncovered and encompassed by the Father as the iris is. Then they could put the difference of their nakedness together and not be disappointed. For the great fulfillment is to be with the Father, and the whole body encompassed. But now, men are less adept than the young cock under my arm. I see him at dawn stretch himself within the inner air, and all is well with him. Yet my arm is weary of the weight and the heat of him, and I shall be glad to set him down in a kingdom of cocks. I shall go on to that village on the hill ahead of me, for day is declining. It will be pleasant to order food, and sleep is most delicious. It is like death, a clean bath, that washes off the outer dirt."

Hastening a little with the pleasure of anticipation, he saw before him two men going slowly and disputing earnestly. Being light and soft-footed on the dusty road, he heard them as he overtook them. They were speaking of himself, and disputing whether he would reveal himself to all men and then destroy the world. He remembered the two men; he had known them in the life of his mission. But he did not disclose himself, greeting them as a stranger in the dusk, and they did not know him. He said to them:

"What then of him who would be king of the Jews and was taken and put to death for it?"

They answered suspiciously:

"Why ask you of him?"

"I have known him and thought much about him," he said.

So they replied:

"He is risen."

"Yea! And where is he and how does he live?"

"We know not, for it is not revealed. Yet he is risen and in a little while will ascend unto the Father."

"Yea! And where then is his Father?"

"Know ye not? You are then of the gentiles! The Father is in heaven, above the cloud and the firmament.

"Truly? How then will he ascend?"

"As Elijah the prophet, he shall go up in a glory."

"Even into the sky?"

"Into the sky."

"Then he is not risen in the flesh?"

"He is risen in the flesh."

"And will he take flesh up into the sky?"

"The Father in heaven will take him up."

The man who had died said no more, for his say was over, and words beget words, even as gnats. But the men asked him:

"Why do you carry a cock?"

"I am a healer," he said, "and the bird hath virtue."

"You are not a believer?"

"Yea! I believe the bird is full of life and virtue."

They walked on in silence after this, and he felt they disliked his answer. So he smiled to himself, for the weirdest phenomenon in the world is a man of narrow belief. And as they came to the outskirts of the village, the man who had died stood still in the gloaming and said in his old voice:

"Know ye me not?"

And they cried in fear:

"Master!"

"Yea!" he said, laughing softly. And he turned suddenly away down a side lane, and was gone under the wall before they knew.

So he came to an inn where the asses stood in the yard. And he called for fritters and they were made for him. So he slept under a shed. But in the morning he was wakened by a loud crowing and his cock's voice ringing in his ears. So he saw the rooster of the inn walking forth to battle, with his hens, a goodly number behind him. Then the cock of the man who had died sprang forth, and a battle began between the birds. The man of the inn ran to save his rooster, but the man who had died said:

"If my bird wins, I will give him thee. And if he lose, thou shalt eat him."

So the birds fought savagely, and the cock of the man who had died killed the common cock of the yard. Then the man who had died said to his young cock:

"Thou at least hast found thy kingdom and the females to thy body."

And he left his bird there and went on deeper into the phenomenal world, which is a vast complexity of wonders. And he asked himself a last question: "From what, and to what, could this infinite whirl be saved?"

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DISRAELI

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A Biography in Six Instalments — V

TRANSLATED BY HAMISH MILES

Advancing Years

SIXTY . . . . Sixty-one . . . . Slow and short, the years were passing. The sessions, with their man-made rhythm rolled on to the diviner rhythm of the seasons. Disraeli was growing old. Doubtless he was never again to be Prime Minister. Once again, or twice, he would serve under Derby, then Stanley's time would come: the great families have their privileges. It was a pity — he would have loved power. But the spirit must not be allowed to dwell too much on what is denied: what one actually has is not bad, bearing in mind the humble beginnings. "*Forti nihil difficile* — to the brave, nothing is difficult," he used to say in those days. A child's motto. Everything is difficult. And for some time now he had adopted another: "Never explain, never complain." Useless words must be avoided.

Mrs. Brydges Willyams had died, leaving nearly thirty thousand pounds to her old friends, and the sum enabled a part of the debts to be settled. The remainder was not so burdensome, thanks to Andrew Montague, a man of modesty and generosity, a wealthy Yorkshire landowner, who out of admiration for Disraeli bought up all the money lenders' bills (nearly five thousand seven hundred pounds) and fixed a uniform interest of three per cent. The old lady asked to be buried in the graveyard of Hughenden and there she lay, close to the little church. Soon, perhaps, Disraeli would join her there; he had never been very strong and his life had been strenuous. The park was becoming an enchanting spot. Mary Anne had done marvels with it. On the terrace, in the white Florentine vases, pink geraniums alternated with blue African lilies. The house had been restored to its condition in the time of the Stuarts. In the terraced gardens, where statues of goddesses guarded the ends of the avenues, one could picture the Cavaliers strolling with their mistresses. Except for a few visits from friends, life was solitary and monotonous. On Sundays, the even tenor was broken by church.

Seated in the manorial pew of Hughenden, Disraeli dreamed. During the service the Reverend Mr. Clubbe glanced apprehensively at the great man who some day, perhaps, would have the naming of the bishops in his power. Psalm 102:

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. . . . For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth. . . . I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert. I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top. Mine enemies reproach me all the day; and they that are mad against me are sworn against me. My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass. But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever; and thy remembrance unto all generations."

Disraeli returned home on foot, walking beside Mary Anne's little trap. And while she drove her pony along she would grow animated as she pointed out her handiwork. She talked — and how she could talk, Mary Anne! On the little lake, she had just introduced a pair of splendid swans, and Dizzy named them Hero and Leander, — why, Mary Anne could not exactly understand. In transforming the garden she had disturbed the owls that

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lodged in the old yew-trees, but Dizzy had said that the owl was the bird of Minerva, and consequently he took religious care of them. In the evenings these owls sometimes came and tapped their curving beaks against the windowpanes, their great round eyes gleaming in the dark.

A Leap in the Dark

In 1859 *Punch* published a cartoon representing a sleeping lion, which Bright, Disraeli, and Russell were trying to rouse by prodding it with red-hot iron bars. On each bar was the word "Reform." The image was exact. Ever since the partial reform of 1832, which had enfranchised so limited a class of electors, every party strove in turn to interest the British lion in a new measure. But the well fed Lion continued to snore, and the parliamentary limbo was peopled with the ghosts of still-born reforms. Now a Tory government would propose giving the vote to every elector paying more than ten pounds in rent, and the Whig opposition would cry shame, and that eight pounds was the sane limit for the Rights of Man. Now a Whig Government would propose seven pounds, and Derby, through the mouth of his prophet Disraeli, declared that this was giving over England to all the dangers of demagogy. The real problem was to know which of the two great parties would be favored by the new electors. But Gladstone held forth with indignation about the men who thus consulted electoral statistics and measured the forces of the people as those of invaders. "The persons to whom these remarks are applied are our fellow-subjects, our fellow-Christians, our own flesh and blood." Whereupon a Tory asked him why our flesh and blood stopped short at a seven pound rental. Even a few Whigs felt that this sentimental verbiage was not to their taste; they withdrew from the party, and Bright dubbed them the Adullamites, for when King David "escaped to the cave Adullam . . . every one that was in distress and every one that was in debt and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him." And then Disraeli, aided by the Adullamites, overturned the woebegone Lord John and the fervent Gladstone; and Lord Derby, having kissed the Queen's hand, assumed ministerial power along with Disraeli. Once again they were in power with a minority behind them and by the choice of a chance coalition, and this time it once more looked as if their ministry were destined to be short-lived.

Suddenly, at the very outset of Derby's tenure of office, the British lion quite inexplicably woke up in a bad temper and broke the bars of his cage, represented by the railings of Hyde Park. For three whole days crowds gathered, shouting for Reform, and troops had to be brought up. The Home Secretary burst into tears. Watching the demonstrators from her window, Mary Anne saw that they had all the appearance of amusing themselves and conceived a sympathy for them. The Queen summoned Derby to Balmoral. She told him that this question had now been agitating the country for thirty years, that one day it must be ended by being settled, and that this had best be done by a Conservative ministry. All of a sudden Disraeli saw a magnificent stroke to play.

In his heart he had always been friendly to the idea of a suffrage extended to the more responsible section of the working classes. That union of the aristocracy and the people which he had preached in *Sybil* would thus find its expression, and the boldest step would perhaps be also the wisest. "Why not grant a domestic vote," he asked Derby, "one household, one vote, whatever the rental, with appropriate restrictions of time and residence?" It was at least a feasible principle, and a conservative one. It could be argued that householders are always interested in the prosperity of the country, while these arbitrary lines drawn at ten pounds or five pounds or six pounds, were absurd and impossible to justify. Moreover, the party which enfranchised these new electors would have some chance of rallying them to itself. Best of all, the Liberals would lose the most popular plank in their platform. Really, the risk was worth trying. But would the party accept it?

The party showed surprising intelligence. The Tories had no reason for clinging to this electorate of 1832, which, called into being by their enemies, had now kept them out of power for thirty years. The idea of putting the ace of trumps on the Whigs' best card delighted

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them, and in spite of a few dissentients, the bulk of the rank and file accepted the plan of campaign. Immediately the dawn of a great victory was felt to be at hand. Many Liberals, taken aback, felt that if the Conservatives were thus carrying out a Liberal policy, they could not refuse to vote with that party. Gladstone saw himself routed. The only wise attitude for him would have been one of triumph, but he was speechless at seeing the Spirit of Evil thus waving aloft the banner of the angels. He fell with inconceivable violence on the Machiavellian foe, who, for his part, was careful by his air of unconcern to accentuate the picture of wild rage which Gladstone had just displayed. "The right honorable gentleman," said Disraeli, "gets up and addresses me in a tone which, I must say, is very unusual in this House. Not that I at all care for the heat he displays, although really his manner is sometimes so very excited and so alarming, that one might almost feel thankful that gentlemen in this House, who sit on opposite sides of this table, are divided by a good broad piece of furniture."

The division gave the Ministry a majority of twenty-one. In a hostile Parliament, Disraeli had put through a bill which Whig governments had vainly sought to pass for thirty years. It was a great parliamentary triumph. Gladstone felt it as such, and noted in his diary: "A smash perhaps without example." He was deeply mortified. "I met Gladstone at breakfast," wrote one observer. "He seems quite awed by the diabolic cleverness of Dizzy." Derby was delighted; he recognized that the measure was "a leap in the dark," but he added, rubbing his hands, "Don't you see that we have dished the Whigs?"

After the division, the Conservative cheers over Dizzy's cleverness were deafening and prolonged. Everyone wanted to shake hands with him. After leaving Westminster, many of them met at the Carlton and improvised a supper party. Disraeli dropped in at the Club for a moment on his way home, and was once more welcomed with endless cheers. His friends besought him to sup with them, but he knew that Mary Anne was awaiting him, that she also had prepared a supper, and he did not wish to disappoint her. On the next day she said proudly to one of her friends, "Dizzy came straight home; I had got a pie ready and a bottle of champagne. He ate half of the pie and drank all the champagne, and he said to me, 'My dear, you are more of a mistress to me than a wife.' " She was then seventy-seven.

This success greatly altered Disraeli's position in Parliament. There was nothing in the defeat of Gladstone so pathetic as in that of Peel. It was slightly amusing and also a little startling. Two party leaders, both of them among the greatest known to the House of Commons, had tried at twenty-year intervals to engage this Dizzy in combat, and both had gone down. Here was the man who had so often talked of the Asian mysteries — was he not himself a man of mystery? What was his goal? What were his designs? When he listened with that impassive mask of his to Gladstone's torrent of invective, what were his thoughts? A new character was taking shape in the popular imagination, that of the Sphinx.

None who then met him could escape this complex impression of power and wizardry. The face had veritably acquired the immobility of stone, and there was a profound difference between him and the men who surrounded him. "I would as soon have thought of sitting down at table with Hamlet, or Lear, or the Wandering Jew," wrote a contemporary after meeting him. And he added: "They say, and say truly enough, 'What an actor the man is!' — and yet the ultimate impression is of absolute sincerity and unreserve. Grant Duff will have it that he is an alien. What's England to him, or he to England? That is just where they are wrong. Whig or Radical or Tory don't matter much, perhaps; but this mightier Venice — this Imperial Republic on which the sun never sets — that vision fascinates him, or I am much mistaken. England is the Israel of his imagination, and he will be the Imperial Minister before he dies — if he gets the chance."

And this chance, contrary to all expectations, was close at hand. Derby's attacks of gout became so frequent and so rarely was he able to fulfil the duties of his post, that he felt it his duty in the end to arrange for his retirement. Disraeli be-

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sought him to stay, pledging himself to do all the real work while Derby kept the titular leadership. But Derby replied that he was about to write to the Queen informing her of his resignation, expressing his hope that Her Majesty would turn to Disraeli as his successor, and assuring her that he himself, from his retirement, would combine to support Disraeli with all the authority of his name. "And I cannot make this communication without gratefully acknowledging your cordial and loyal coöperation with me, in good times and bad, throughout this long period." Disraeli's merit in begging his chief to remain was all the greater because he then already knew that, in the event of Derby's retirement, it would be himself whom the Queen would summon. She had told him so herself. On the day of the chief's formal resignation, a messenger came to bid Disraeli have audience with Her Majesty at Osborne. The magician was not without belief in his sorcery, for it did not escape his notice that this messenger, General Grey, was none other than that Colonel Grey who had been his stammering and fortunate rival at Wycombe in his first battles at the hustings. The first note of congratulation came from Derby: "You have fairly and honourably won your way to the highest round of the political ladder, and long may you continue to retain your position!"

Next day Disraeli was received by the Queen at Osborne. She seemed radiant and held out her hand, saying, "You must kiss hands." He fell on one knee, and very whole-heartedly he kissed that small, plump hand. He was profoundly happy. Outside a dazzling sun was shining. After all, life was worth living. One of the first members of Parliament whom he met was James Clay, who, as a young man, had discomfited him at Malta by his skill at billiards. "Well, Disraeli," said Clay, "when you and I traveled together, who would ever have thought that you would be Prime Minister?"

"Who, indeed! But, as we used to say in the East, 'God is great!'—and now he is greater than ever."

On the whole his reception was favorable. "A triumph of industry, courage, and patience," even his adversaries admitted. When he entered the House of Commons for the first time as Prime Minister, the lobbies were thronged with men who had gathered to acclaim him. John Stuart Mill was speaking and had to break off for several minutes.

A month later Mary Anne, as the wife of the Prime Minister, gave a great reception at the Foreign Office, where Lord Stanley had been good enough to lend her the necessary rooms for the evening. The weather was wretched. London was swept by a hurricane of wind and rain. Nevertheless, everybody was there, the whole Conservative party, some Liberals too, the Gladstones among them, and many friends. Dizzy, in all his glory, escorted the Princess of Wales through the rooms. On the Prince's arm was Mrs. Dizzy, looking old and very ill. For a month now she had realized that she had cancer, but she refused to tell her husband. This combination of the glorious and the decrepit added a touch of melancholy to the evening of triumph. A wave of sympathy had enveloped this old couple after all their struggles. They had been accepted. In every drawing-room in London the wife of the Prime Minister was simply known as "Mary Anne." Disraeli himself never forgot the astounding acrobatics which had brought about his elevation. "Yes," he replied to those who offered their congratulations, "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole." His friend, Sir Philip Rose, said to him, "If only your sister had been alive now to witness your triumph, what happiness it would have given her!"

"Poor Sa," he said, "poor Sa! Yes, we have lost our audience."

The Queen

A new Chancellor of the Exchequer was chosen. The Prime Minister sent word of this to the Queen: "Mr. Disraeli ought to observe to Her Majesty that Mr. Ward Hunt's appearance is rather remarkable, but anything but displeasing. He is more than six feet four inches in stature, but doesn't look so tall from his proportionate breadth; like St. Peter's at Rome no one is at first aware of his dimensions. But he has the sagacity of the elephant as well as its form." For a letter to a sovereign, the tone was startlingly light, but the Queen was delighted.

Disraeli had exasperated more than one man in the course of his life, but women he

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had found indulgent. His horror of abstract reasoning, his old-world courtesy, the imperceptible undercurrent of cynicism, his consciously flowery phrases — these qualities in him attracted women. And they inspired in him a sentiment which was not sensual love, but rather a tenderness both humble and superior, a gentle and hidden fraternity of spirit. He liked their obstinacy, their ignorance, their ingenuousness. It was a woman, Mrs. Austen, who had found a publisher for *Vivian Grey;* it was first the Sheridan sisters, then Lady Cork and Lady Londonderry, who had launched him into society; it was a woman, Mary Anne, who had given him a seat in Parliament. At every turning of memory's pathway he found one of those ministering faces leaning over his own self-disgust and vexation of soul. Now, face to face with Victoria, he looked with an expert eye at this august widow, with her white tulle cap, waiting for him at the top of the state staircase, and he felt delightfully at his ease.

Since the death of her dearly loved consort, the Queen had lived in solitary grandeur. She had vowed to respect every wish and every custom of Albert. Swathed in crape, she wandered from castle to castle, from Windsor to Osborne, from Osborne to Balmoral. The public complained of her seclusion and she suffered from the knowledge of her unpopularity. No one understood her — no one had understood Albert for that matter, and he too had suffered. No one understood except Mr. Disraeli. It was surprising, for she often remembered the distrust he had inspired in both her husband and herself, at the time of poor Sir Robert Peel's downfall. In those days Albert had declared that this Disraeli had not the slightest trace of a gentleman in his make-up. And yet the Prince, toward the close of his life, had sometimes taken a hesitating pleasure in conversing with the leader of the Opposition. He had found that Disraeli was cultivated, and better read in English history than any other statesman, and he had realized that toward the Throne his attitude was irreproachable.

But particularly at the time of Prince Albert's death had Mr. Disraeli revealed himself. Nobody had written the Queen such a beautiful letter; nobody had spoken more finely of the Prince in the House of Commons. The Queen had come to believe that he was the only person who had really appreciated the Prince. And he had been rewarded by the gift of Prince Albert's speeches, and a letter: "The Queen cannot resist from expressing, personally, to Mr. Disraeli her deep gratification at the tribute he paid to her adored, beloved, and great husband. The perusal of it made her shed many tears, but it was very soothing to her broken heart to see such true appreciation of that spotless and unequalled character."

So the shade of Albert approved. But there were other bonds than one of memory between the Queen and her Minister; their natures, superficially so different, had subtle affinities of their own. Both thought with simple-hearted pride of the vast Eastern Empire governed, from a hyperborean island, by this stout, self-willed little woman and her old, stoop-shouldered minister. People might think some of the Queen's foibles ridiculous, and many of Disraeli's artificial. But in both characters dwelt courage and greatness. Through him she could savor more fully the pleasure of being a sovereign. He set her with such manifest happiness at the head of the splendid procession of life. When he talked to her of her realms, she could feel herself all-powerful. With this minister who described cabinet meetings to her as if they were scenes of fiction, for whom politics was a tale of personal adventures, her public business recovered the charm it had held in Albert's day. Disraeli knew that he was amusing to the Queen and found pleasure in addressing ironic and perfectly polished epistles to Her Majesty. Did she always grasp them? She grasped much more fully than her colleagues supposed.

If the Prime Minister, in order to pacify in some small degree a disturbed Ireland, was eager for the Prince of Wales to pay a visit to that country, he wrote: "Mr. Disraeli would venture to observe that during two centuries the sovereign has only passed twenty-one days in Ireland. His Royal Highness might hunt. This would in a certain degree combine the fulfilment of public duty with pastime, a combination which befits a princely life." The Queen approved: "But with this understanding, that the expenses of these royal visits should be borne by the Government, who

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press them constantly and most annoyingly on the Queen, and which are solely for political purposes. For health and relaxation, no one would go to Ireland."

Frequently the minister defended himself. When he was asked later what was the secret of his success with the Queen, he replied, "I never refuse; I never contradict; I sometimes forget." A sacrifice to the pleasure of epigram. Contradict he often did, as when the Archbishop of Canterbury died and the Queen insisted on making Tait, the Bishop of London, his successor. Mr. Disraeli raised grave objections.

One day Mary Anne received a box of fresh primroses from Windsor, with a letter from the Princess Christian. "Mamma desires me to send you the accompanying flowers in her name for Mr. Disraeli. She heard him say one day that he was so fond of may and of all those lovely spring flowers that she has ventured to send him these, as they will make his rooms look so bright. The flowers come from Windsor." Mary Anne replied with a sentence which Dizzy had obviously edited for her: "I performed the most pleasing office which I ever had to fulfil in obeying Her Majesty's commands. Mr. Disraeli is passionately fond of flowers, and their lustre and perfume were enhanced by the condescending hand which had showered upon him all the treasures of spring."

The minister sent all his novels to the Queen. The Queen presented the minister with her *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*. "We authors, Ma'am . . ." the Premier would often say thereafter, and a smile showed on the masterful little mouth. Every week the primroses from Windsor, the violets from Osborne, would arrive at Grosvenor Gate in their moss lined boxes. The official correspondence became a curious blend of pastoral poetry and realistic politics.

There was at least one man in England in whose eyes this elevation of Disraeli and this intimacy of the Crown with a Hebrew mountebank was an intolerable scandal — that was Mr. Gladstone. The feeling was more complex than a mere jealousy between star peformers. Gladstone would doubtless have stomached, with resignation and modesty, the triumph of, say, Stanley. But passions, like gods, take human form in order to act, and ambition, to tempt him, had assumed the shape of a virtuous hatred. For twenty years, while he rose higher and ever higher, in a long murmur of admiration, amid his respectful peers, he saw climbing over against him a hostile and bizarre figure. In that lofty and almost unpeopled zone into which his talents had brought him, this was almost the only figure he met with and, despite himself, he took it as the measure of his own success and deemed himself outstripped by all if he were outstripped by Disraeli. "One of the most grievous and constant puzzles of King David was the prosperity of the wicked and the scornful. . . . That the writer of frivolous stories about Vivian Grey and Coningsby should grasp the sceptre before the writer of beautiful and serious things about *Ecce Homo* — the man who is epigrammatic, flashy, arrogant, before the man who never perpetrated an epigram in his life, is always fervid, and would as soon die as admit that he had a shade more brain than his footman — the Radical corrupted into a Tory before the Tory purified and elevated into a Radical — is not this enough to make an honest man rend his mantle and shave his head and sit down among the ashes inconsolable?"

But Gladstone was never the man to sit down among ashes. He may indeed have sung, "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?" But like King David, he added "Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death, lest mine enemy say, 'I have prevailed against him.'"

So ill did he conceal his spite that, contrary to Parliamentary usage, he picked a quarrel in the very first week of Disraeli's government. In carrying out the electoral reform, Disraeli had certainly stolen a weapon from the Liberal party's armory, but happily there remained much else to be reformed. The House of Lords could be reformed and the Church and the Crown and the army and education. Gladstone was ready to reform the solar system rather than leave Disraeli peacefully enjoying an unjust fortune. But with a very exact sense of what was actual in politics, he selected the Church, and in particular the Irish Church.

Nowhere was the Disraelian doctrine more firm. Was he himself a believer? He

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could not, like Gladstone, have plunged with passion into theological controversies. He thought that men's minds are periodically submerged by floods of ecclesiastical thought and that these storms are of small import, because the subsiding waters never fail to reveal once more the same ark, motionless on the mountain top. That ark was the Semitic and Christian revelation, the Bible made complete by the Gospels; it is also the sense of mystery. Disraeli believed whole-heartedly that the world is divine; he thought of existence (and his own especially) as of a miracle; the biological sciences, at that time greatly emblazoned by Darwin and Huxley, sought to transform the miracle into an equation, but that only annoyed him. He believed that man is more than a machine and that, over and above the matter submitted to physical and chemical reactions, there exists a different essence, which can be called the soul, the divine, the genius, an essence altogether of the angels. As for the literal truth of one religion or another, he probably gave that hardly a thought. But nevertheless, he had ideas to which he clung.

The first was the necessity of fixity of dogma, for the peace of minds no less than of the State. His second idea was the necessity of a bond between government and religion. In this regard the situation in England appeared to him as peculiarly fortunate. The sovereign was the head of the Church, and its dignitaries were appointed by the sovereign in person. Thus the Church, far from being a state within the state, *imperium in imperio*, actually fortified the state's authority. It was a bond which must not be broken. The disestablishment of the Irish Church might be a just measure, but Disraeli considered it to be the first step in a dangerous direction and a reversal of the Constitution. He made ready, therefore, to engage in the electoral battle on the ground chosen by Gladstone. There, against a paradoxical assailant, he would stand forth as the paradoxical champion of the Church.

Mourning

Although Mr. Gladstone had completed his sixtieth year, the extraordinary vigor of his temperament still called for giant toils. While awaiting the election results in the country, at Hawarden, he would sometimes cover thirty-three miles on foot in a day, and come home in the evening thirsting for further activity. More frequently he would fell trees. This was his favorite pastime. He flung himself upon these venerable trunks as zealously as if they were old established wrongs. On December 1, 1868, he was in his shirtsleeves, just raising his woodman's ax, when a message reached him by telegram. The Queen announced the visit of General Grey. "Very significant," said Mr. Gladstone to his companion and went on with his task. After a few minutes the blows of the ax ceased, and he remarked with the deepest gravity, "My mission is to pacify Ireland." And in his journal he noted: "The Almighty seems to sustain and spare me for some purpose of his own, deeply unworthy as I know myself to be. Glory be to his name!"

Thus upheld by divine forces and supported in the Commons by a stout majority, conscious of an athlete's body and a temper of steel, he felt himself invincible. Under the blows of his legislative ax, some of the oldest oaks of the forest would no doubt fall, but then the light and air could pass more freely to reach even the smallest plants of the clearings. "Hawarden. Jan. 13th. Wrote out a paper on the plan of the measure respecting the Irish church, intended perhaps for the Queen. Worked on Homer. We felled a lime. . . . Jan. 15th. We felled an ash. Three hours conversation with the viceroy and the archdeacon on the Irish church. Worked on Homer at night."

Sometimes he would note that a day had been as restless as the sea. And meantime Disraeli, preyed upon by rheumatism and asthma, was sunning himself on the terrace of Hughenden, watching the birds and the flowers and pondering a new novel.

When Disraeli had learned the full result of the elections and his defeat, his first thought had been to withdraw from political life. Custom entitled him to request a peerage and to find an honorable retirement in the House of Lords. But on reflection he did not like the idea of abandoning a defeated party and a front-line post in the Commons. When the Queen showed herself anxious to recognize his services, he asked that Mary Anne should

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be made a peeress, he himself remaining plain Mr. Disraeli. The Queen graciously approved this plan, and he chose for his wife the title of Beaconsfield, from the small Buckinghamshire town. Disraeli knew that the great Burke, had he lived longer, would have liked to become Lord Beaconsfield. He himself had created a lord of that name in *Vivian Grey*. He always found pleasure in transposing his novels into real life. So Mary Anne became Viscountess Beaconsfield, and Dizzy remained Dizzy.

Those of his friends who had anticipated flashing attacks against the Liberal Government were mistaken. They had supposed that his rival's accession to power would incite their leader to surpass himself, but never had he been calmer, more indolent, more dull. His speech on the Irish Church Bill was light and superficial, like "the skirt of Columbine, muslin and spangles." Once more the Conservative Party asked in amazement whither the man of mystery was driving. Did it suffice him to taste supreme power once and once only? Was he about to desert his troops on the field of battle? But behind that melancholy and impenetrable mask, an alert spirit was watching with an amused eye. What! Fight against that brand-new majority? Against that superb war horse of a Gladstone, fuming at the nostrils? Madness! He knew what they were, these majorities. To a young colt the trainer allows plenty of rope. He will be broken in all the quicker. Had Gladstone forces? Let him use them. Let him try to pacify Ireland by legislation. Ireland herself used sharper methods. Let his ax strike at finance, at education, at the army. The time would come for resistance, yielding, and blunted swords; and that would be the moment for overturning the god already tottering on his pedestal. But meanwhile, patience, patience! Let our calmness contrast, surprisingly, agreeably, with all this turmoil.

It was plain that for the moment Disraeli had no mind to overturn Gladstone. His epigrams remained courteous. Once when Gladstone stopped short in the middle of a sentence, he obligingly intervened: "Your last word? — Revolution." At a dinner party he was asked by one of his rival's daughters for light on a certain foreign minister, and answered: "He is the most dangerous man in Europe, myself excepted — as your father would say; your father excepted — *I* should prefer to say."

So free was his mind that once more he had turned from activity to literary creation and was working on a novel, *Lothair*. Lothair was a young Englishman of noble birth, heir to a Disraelian — that is, an unbounded — fortune. His soul was disputed by three conflicting forces, personified in three different women — the Church of Rome, the international revolution, and the British tradition. The champion of the Anglican Church, Lady Corisande, was of course victorious. The theme was dangerous, the execution remarkable. The Roman prelates, revolutionaries, English politicians, were types drawn with astonishing exactness. The success of the book was immense. English booksellers had never had a novel by a former Premier. *Lothair* was the sole topic of every drawing-room. Horses, ships, children, and perfumes received the names of Lothair and Corisande. The *Lothair* mania seized America. Only Parliament was hostile. The Conservatives felt very deeply the disgrace of having as their leader a novelist, and a witty one.

Meanwhile, Mary Anne was very ill. From 1866, she had had a cancer of the stomach. She knew it, but forced herself to hide the truth from Dizzy, while he, thinking that she was ignorant of it, affected to speak lightly of the disease. Courageously she continued to live a social life. In 1872 the young *chargé d'affaires* of the French Embassy saw, in one of the drawing-rooms, a strange being trapped out like a kind of pagoda, whom he took for some aged rajah. It was Mary Anne, and behind her was Dizzy, painted and sepulchral, his last ringlet dyed jet-black and fixed on his bald brow. On her heart Mary Anne wore, as one wears the badge of an order, a huge medallion which framed a portrait of her husband. She was eighty-one, and he sixty-eight — a ridiculous and touching pair. Sometimes they were both ill and they corresponded from one room to the other. Dizzy to Mrs. Dizzy: "Being on my back, pardon the pencil. You have sent me the most amusing and charming letter I ever had. It beats Horace Walpole and Mme. de Sévigné. Grosvenor Gate has

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become a hospital, but a hospital with you is worth a palace with anybody else. — Your own D." Mary Anne would say to her friends, "Thanks to his kindness, my life has been simply one long scene of happiness."

"We have been married for thirty years," he countered, "and I have never been bored with her."

She did not think she could stand a journey, so they spent the summer together in London. They drove in the carriage, visiting unknown districts and trying to forget that the park stretching before their windows was called Hyde. Then, as she grew gradually worse, she tried to think that Hughenden would do her good. But she was past curing. Her stomach refused all nourishment. Although she died literally of starvation, she still received a few friends with a very good grace, taking the air with them in her little trap, drawn by the old pony. As soon as she had left the room, Disraeli would talk of his wife's sufferings, and for the first time his visitors would see that face, which they had always known as impassive, overwhelmed by emotion. When it was obvious that she was beyond recovery, he wired for Montagu Corry to come, feeling himself unable to bear the catastrophe alone. She died on September 15th, 1872, and among her papers was found the following letter:

June 6, 1856.

My Own Dear Husband,

If I should depart this life before you, leave orders that we may be buried in the same grave at whatever distance you may die from England. And now God bless you, my kindest, dearest! You have been a perfect husband to me. Be put by my side in the same grave. And now, farewell, my dear Dizzy. Do not live alone, dearest. Someone I earnestly hope you may find as attached to you as your own devoted

Mary Anne

His political friends had fears that his bereavement might become the pretext for a complete retiral. The opposite happened. Finding nothing within himself but mournful thoughts, Disraeli sought activity and, to escape from thinking, resumed the battle.

The moment happened to be favorable. The tactics of waiting had produced good results. He had given Gladstone plenty of rope; Gladstone had rushed in here, there, and everywhere; it only remained to profit by the errors which are inevitably born of all activity. "My mission is to pacify Ireland," said the woodman of Hawarden. leaning on his mighty ax. To fulfill that mission he had abolished the Protestant Irish Church as a state institution, and had passed a whole series of laws designed to protect the farmers against the great landowners. But Ireland was less pacified than ever. Officials were clubbed by masked men, policemen stabbed, houses blown up. For a long time the pacifier had put up with these outrages, and then in despair he had recourse to the military. "I remember," remarked Disraeli sarcastically, "I remember one of Her Majesty's Ministers saying, I think last year: 'Anyone can govern Ireland with troops and artillery.' So it seems — even that right honorable gentleman."

In foreign politics, Gladstone had accepted the principle of arbitration in all questions where England found herself involved. But it seemed that arbitration was not always in his favor. Popular pride was irritated. The Queen felt with the public. She did not grow used to Gladstone. The great trees falling all around alarmed her. She had liked the forest. Her simple and direct brain could not apprehend the byways of this complicated mind. In vain did she read, and read again, his projected bills; and when he accompanied them with explanatory letters, she found the explanations more bewildering than the proposals. After the supple Mr. Disraeli, who would repeat that, first and foremost, the desires of Her Majesty must be realized, she could not endure this hard Scotsman who, with infinite respectfulness, refused her all that she asked. She clung to the idea of England's prestige, and she considered that Gladstone was destroying that. She was a Protestant Queen and Gladstone was despoiling the Irish Protestants. She had too strong a reverence for the Constitution to stand up against the votes of Parliament, but she longed with all her heart for the fall of this Ministry.

At last Gladstone held the elections. Public feeling had undergone such a change that Disraeli had hopes of a great transference of votes, perhaps even of a Con-

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servative majority. Before long he was able to tell his friends that his party had won ten seats, then twenty, then thirty, and then that Gladstone was completely routed. The Conservatives secured a clear majority of fifty seats over all parties together, and of more than a hundred over the Liberals alone. At last it was proved that a popular electorate could, as Disraeli had always maintained, be a Conservative electorate. All the old malcontents of the party forgot their former mistrust. The Carlton was filled with an excited crowd calling for the Chief, like hounds barking round the huntsman the morning after a thaw.

Gladstone decided to resign without waiting for Parliament to meet, and announced that he would not remain leader of the party. He wanted to be an ordinary member and no longer to be in constant attendance at the House. He was sixty-five — an age when the great politicians of the century had long since rounded off their careers. His dominant desire was to occupy himself henceforth with religious matters and prepare himself for a Christian death. He informed the Queen of his decision. Her Majesty approved, with scarcely tactful enthusiasm, and summoned Mr. Disraeli. One of the new Minister's first cares was to obtain an important post in the Royal Household for his dear Selina.

When Parliament reassembled, Disraeli spoke a few words of sympathy regarding Gladstone. The latter recognized that the other's attitude was generous. The man was a good winner as well as a good loser. But nevertheless, whenever Gladstone thought of him, he was stirred by indignation and felt within him the surge of wrath, "the inappeasable wrath of Achilles."

The Chief

"The Chief" — it was thus that the Conservatives henceforth styled Disraeli, and the phrase betokened a great change. The adventurer, his genius tolerated by some, his authority contested by others, referred to as "Dizzy" with a familiarity sometimes affectionate, sometimes scornful, had now become an object of respect. Age had helped him here. In all countries old age is a virtue in a public man, but especially in England. No people are more sensitive than the English to the beauty with which time can adorn an object. They love old statesmen, worn and polished by the struggle, as they love old leather and old wood. The Conservatives had not always understood the politics of their Chief, but he had led them to the most astounding victory the party had ever achieved. The fact must be faced: his spells might not be intelligible, but they were potent.

From this time, too, there was mingled with the respect of the party, a manifest affection. Avowed enemies had become few and far between. The loyalty and good will of the Chief was admitted by nearly all. Even among his adversaries it was realized that while he could deal stern blows to an enemy worthy of his steel, he always spared a weaker swordsman in debate. The examples of Peel and of Gladstone had proved that he never struck a man who was down. During his short tenure of power in 1868 he granted a pension to the children of John Leech, the *Punch* draughtsman, who had mercilessly attacked him for thirty years. Now, in 1874, his first action was to offer the highest distinction within his power to Thomas Carlyle, who had formerly asked how much longer John Bull would suffer this absurd monkey to dance on his chest. When a partisan of a more vindictive turn expressed astonishment at his meekness, he replied: "I am never concerned with vengeance, but when a man has done me harm I write his name on a slip of paper and put it in a drawer. It is curious to see with what rapidity the names thus ticketed pass into oblivion."

With a strong majority to lean upon, and the support of the Queen, who welcomed his return with unconcealed delight, he at last had in his hands what all his life he had longed for — power. The memory of youthful wounds was effaced. To Lady Dorothy Nevill, formerly the confidante of his trials, he said, "All goes well now. I feel my position assured." The security of victory brought a kind of relaxation. Never had the man been so completely natural. At last he knew that he would be accepted for what he was. He loosened his grip on himself. His wit was less harsh, less sarcastic. He spoke with less reserve of the sorrows of his young days. He freely revealed a past which now had been redeemed. Walking with Lady Derby among

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his beechwoods, and pointing out Bradenham, he suddenly said to her, "It was there that I spent my miserable youth."

"Why 'miserable'?" she asked, "Surely you were happy here."

"Not in those days. I was devoured by irresistible ambition and had no means of satisfying it."

Social ambition no longer enticed him. When a duke tried to intimidate him, he exclaimed, "Dukes! I don't care for dukes!" And it was true. Far away indeed were the days when Isaac d'Israëli had asked, "Dukes? What does Ben know of dukes?" A princess of the blood was now merely a young woman, and one for whom Disraeli refused to put himself out in the morning. The Queen was a familiar figure, an old friend, a little difficult, but well liked. Yes, this time he was indeed at the summit. No longer did he feel within him that restless need of climbing ever higher, of domination. At last he ought to be happy.

But to a friend's congratulations he replied, "For me, it is twenty years too late. Give me your age and your health!" And he was heard to murmur, "Power! It has come to me too late. There were days when, on waking, I felt I could move dynasties and governments; but that has passed away." He had always been so great an admirer of youth, and his own had been frittered away because his starting point was set too low. He had needed forty years to reach the level from which a Peel, a Gladstone, a Manners had started off. A misfortune of birth — the hardest perhaps of all, because the most unjust. What possible pleasures can power bestow? One at least: the press of business which allows one to forget one's self. But what vexations also! Railway journeys when every station brings its crowd of enthusiasts shouting, "Here he is!" Small boys running after one and standing open-mouthed before the compartment; young ladies begging for autographs; town bands at the door of the hotel. Ah, how little suited Disraeli was for these popular familiarities! One passion survived in his beaten body, and that was the taste for the fantastic. When he was alone, forced by his sufferings into silence and immobility, unable even to read, he would reflect with all an artist's pleasure on his marvelous adventures. Was there any tale of the *Thousand and One Nights*, any story of a cobbler made sultan, that could match the picturesqueness of his own life? Had he not realized, even in detail, the dreams of that small boy who lay stretched under the trees in the Italian garden, listening to his grandpapa's mandolin? "At last I have made my dream real." He had kept his preference for the tales and manners of chivalry. In this old heart Young England lived on. Amid "all his grandmothers" in the Russian Ambassador's mocking phrase, he believed himself at the tribunal of the Queen of Beauty. He gathered his feminine acquaintance into an order, and gave to each newly elected lady a brooch fashioned like a bee. True enough, the order was mainly composed of grandmothers, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Bradford, but there were a few young women too, such as the Princess Beatrice, with the permission of the Queen. And no doubt its Grand-Mistress was the Queen herself, whom he styled no longer the Queen, but "the Faëry."

Osborne. The green shades were restful to the eye after the fervent glare of the voyage. From the house one could see the blue bay studded with white sails. Hardly had the old visitor time to sit down for a moment in his room, before the august mistress of the place was asking for him. Downstairs he would go, and she would receive him with such delight that for an instant he thought she was going to embrace him. So smiling was she that she looked younger and almost pretty. She twittered and glided about the room like a bird. She was happy. She had recovered her minister, the only minister who gave her confidence in herself. For the Queen had had a difficult life. She had been unpopular, very unpopular. She had seen people in London turn their backs on her carriage in the streets. First it was because of Lord Melbourne; and then it had been poor Albert, whom the public would not pardon for being a German; and then the Queen had been reproached for her mourning, and not one of her ministers had defended her. All those Whigs were jealous of the Throne. But Mr. Disraeli had the same ideas on the monarchy as the Queen herself. Doubtless he did not desire the Queen ever to oppose the will of Parliament, but he believed that the wisdom and experience of a constant and impartial

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witness provided a valuable ballast for the ship of empire. Mr. Disraeli gave such fine expression to those ideas which had always been in the Queen's mind. "To think of you having the gout all the time! How you must have suffered! And you ought not to stand now. You shall have a chair!"

Mr. Disraeli was overcome by this unprecedented favor. No one had ever been seated during an audience with the Queen. Lord Derby had once told him, in token of her great kindness, how the Queen, seeing him one day when he was very ill, had said, "I am very sorry that etiquette does not allow me to ask you to be seated." Mr. Disraeli remembered the incident and sighed with contentment, but he declined. He could very well remain standing. The Queen was kinder and kinder. She opened her heart to him on all subjects and, as she knew his curiosity, she showed him her most secret correspondence. She talked, she talked without stopping. She talked like Mary Anne, talked as women can talk. But she had risen greatly in Mr. Disraeli's intellectual esteem. She really had good sense and was a sound judge of character. For instance, she saw through Gladstone. How lucky it was for Disraeli that England had a Queen and not a King! At dinner the conversation was lively and pleasant. Mr. Disraeli had never felt less constrained. He said all he had to say, in the most surprising phrases, and the Queen thought she had never seen any one so amusing. She was enchanted by the bold simplicity with which he asked her over the table: "Madam, did Lord Melbourne ever tell your Majesty that you were not to do this or that?" Sometimes when they were alone, the Minister's compliments became flowery and almost direct. But the Queen excused him when she recalled that he had Eastern blood. The Queen loved the East. She delighted to have an Indian servant standing behind her chair, and at the head of her realms this ingenious and sentimental grand vizier.

She invited him everywhere. She asked him to come and see her at Balmoral, where life was simpler and more free. Unfortunately, the guest was often ill. The long journeys fatigued him. The Queen sent her physician, the famous Sir William Jenner, to Mr. Disraeli's sickroom. Sir William insisted on the Premier's keeping his bed. In the morning the Queen came to see him. "What do you think," he wrote to Lady Chesterfield, "of receiving your sovereign in slippers and a dressing gown?" Seeing him so weak, she became maternal. These relations became entirely human. She talked to him of Albert; he told her of Mary Anne. Minister and sovereign had both found happiness in marriage, in the past, and here was one more bond between them. When he returned to London, he received a box of flowers.

"Mr. Disraeli with his humble duty to your Majesty.

"Yesterday eve, there appeared in Whitehall Gardens, a delicate looking case, with a royal superscription, which, when opened, he thought, at first, that your Majesty had graciously bestowed upon him the stars of your Majesty's principal orders. And, indeed, he was so much impressed with this graceful illusion, that, having a banquet, where there were many stars and ribbons, he could not resist the temptation, by placing some snowdrops on his breast, of showing that he, too, was decorated by a gracious Sovereign.

"Then, in the middle of the night, it occurred to him, that it might all be an enchantment, and that, perhaps, it was a Faery gift and came from another monarch: Queen Titania, gathering flowers, with her Court, in a soft and sea-girt isle, and sending magic blossoms, which, they say, turn the heads of those who receive them."

Action

In a strongly organized country, of an ancient and untouched civilization, man does not so much take power, as he is taken by power. A Bonaparte, after a revolution, may find a clean sweep made, and can impose the mold of his mind on a nation for a century. A Disraeli, Prime Minister of England, can only move within circumscribed limits. Events impose daily acts, and acts not always desired. Day after day goes by in repairing the blunders of a fool, or battling against the obstinacy of a friend. To have any immense plan would be useless, and the man had lived too long not to know it.

From the first days of his ministry, the Queen and the Bishops obliged him to push forward a bill designed to put a stop

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to ritualism, that is, Romanist practices within the Anglican Church. Clergymen were to be prosecuted if their sacerdotal vestments or the splendor of their altars were offensive to Protestant eyes. Disraeli had a profound dread of ecclesiastical legislation, knowing only too well what violent passions might be roused. But the bishops were resolute. The Queen intervened: "Her *earnest* wish is that Mr. Disraeli should *go as far as he can without embarrassment* to the Government, in *satisfying* the *Protestant* feeling of the country in relation to this matter." And the Prime Minister had to spend the first weeks of his reign in amending, and then defending, a measure which he considered inopportune. It was not with laws of repression that he wished his name to be linked. On the contrary, he was anxious that the Conservative Party's advent to power should be marked by a policy of generosity. Now was the moment to put into action the ideas of *Coningsby* and *Sybil*. Law after law was passed, equality of obligations between employers and employed, enlargement of the rights of Trade Unions, reduction of the hours of work to fifty-six in the week, half-holidays on Saturday, and numerous sanitary laws. The party's watchword, said Disraeli, should be "*Sanitas sanitatum et omnia sanitas*." A plumber's policy, said his enemies.

Another idea, cherished by the Prime Minister from his youth upward and now installed in power with him, was the idea of the Empire, the idea that England nowadays could not be considered apart from the Colonies. Twenty years earlier, he had proposed to Derby to grant representation to the colonies and to create an Imperial Parliament. Forty years earlier, he had sung in poesy of federal power as the spirit of the future. Every time that a utilitarian had risen in Parliament to prove that the colonies, and India in particular, were overcostly jewels of the Crown, and that it was desirable to renounce them, Disraeli had risen to insist that England is nothing if not the metropolis of a vast colonial Empire, and that the anticolonists, in looking only at financial balance sheets, were neglecting the political considerations which alone make a nation's greatness. For the organization of this Empire he had a programme: colonial autonomy, accompanied by an Imperial customs tariff, a Crown right over unoccupied territory, a military *entente*, and, lastly, the creation of an Imperial Parliament in London. So new and so bold did this policy seem, that he could not yet apply it, but he seized every opportunity of a striking display of his sentiments and the importance he attached to imperial communications.

On November 15, 1875, Frederick Greenwood, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, called upon Lord Derby* at the Foreign Office. He had dined on the previous evening with a financier well versed in Egyptian affairs, and had learned that the Khedive, being short of money, was desirous of pledging his 177,000 shares in the Suez Canal. There were in all 400,000 Suez shares, the majority in the hands of French capitalists. Greenwood considered that it was in England's interest to acquire the Khedive's holding, as the Canal was the highway to India. Derby showed no great enthusiasm — he had a horror of large projects — but Disraeli's imagination was fired. He telegraphed to the British Agent in Egypt and learned that the Khedive had given an option to a French syndicate for £3,680,000 up to the following Tuesday. The Khedive would be glad enough to deal with England, but he required money at once. Parliament was not in session, and four millions were not a sum which could be taken on to the Budget without a vote of credit. "Scarcely breathing time! But the thing must be done," wrote Disraeli to the Queen. The French Government offered no obstacles. On the contrary, Decazes was very anxious for Disraeli's support against Bismarck, and discouraged the French banks, who renounced their option. But £4,000,000 had to be found. On the day of the Cabinet's deliberation, Montagu Corry was posted in the anteroom. The Chief put his head round the half opened door and said one word: "Yes." Ten minutes later Corry was in New Court at Rothschild's, whom he found at table. He told him that Disraeli needed four millions on the following day. Rothschild was eating

*We now refer to the fifteenth Lord Derby, who, as Lord Stanley, had been Disraeli's friend and disciple. The father was now dead.

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grapes. He took one, spat out the skin, and said: "What is your security?"

"The British Government."

"You shall have it."

"Mr. Disraeli with his humble duty to your Majesty:

"It is just settled. You have it, Madam. . . . Four millions sterling! and almost immediately. There was only one firm that could do it — Rothschilds. They behaved admirably; advanced the money at a low rate, and the entire interest of the Khedive is now yours, Madam."

The Queen was overjoyed. Never had Disraeli seen her so smiling. She kept him to dinner, "nothing but smiles and infinite *agaceries*." What particularly delighted the Faëry was the thought of Bismarck's fury, for only shortly before he had insolently declared that England had ceased to be a political force.

Under Gladstone, with England abstaining and France crushed by the war, the German Chancellor had acquired a habit of playing the master of Europe. With Disraeli, England once more had a foreign policy and desires which she meant to have respected. In 1875, when Bismarck menaced Belgium and then threatened France, Disraeli wrote to Lady Chesterfield that Bismarck was really another old Bonaparte, and ought to be bridled. He spoke of it to the Queen, who approved and offered to write to the Emperor of Russia. England and Russia acted simultaneously at Berlin, and Bismarck beat a retreat. England's return into European politics had been triumphant, and the Queen was in ecstasies. How strong she felt, Disraeli being consul!

Suddenly she demanded the title of Empress of India. There had been some question of this in 1858, at the time when India, after the Mutiny, had been brought under the crown, and Disraeli had supported it in principle. But in 1875 the moment was unfavorable. Disraeli knew that this rather un-English idea would be attributed to the Prime Minister's taste for Oriental tinsel. He made endless attempts to obtain a few years of patience from Her Majesty. But in vain. She was obstinate, and a bill had to be brought forward.

The public outcry was great. The English do not like changes. The Queen had always been the Queen. Why should she not continue so? "The title of Emperor," said the puritans, "evokes the images of conquest, of persecution, and even of debauchery." Pamphlets were published: "How Little Ben the inn-keeper, changed the Sign of the Queen's Inn to the 'Empress Hotel Limited' and what was the Result," or "Dizzi-ben-Dizzi, the Orphan of Bagdad." The embassies found it a comical story. "It is the freak of an artist and a king-maker in Dizzy," wrote the French *chargé d'affaires*. "In the Queen, the freak of an upstart. She imagines that her standing will be raised and that her children will find a better place for themselves in life with this imperial title. It is my impression that it is a grave mistake thus to raise the veil which ought to cover the origins of crowns; these things ought not to be played with. One is born emperor and king, but it is very dangerous to become one."

Dizzy was to reassure everybody. As regards the evil associations of the name of Emperor, he pointed out that the golden age of humanity had been the era of the Antonines. As for the title of Queen, that would be maintained in England and in all documents relating to Europe. Only in acts concerning India and in the commissions of officers (who might be called upon to serve in India), the title of "Empress of India" would follow that of "Defender of the Faith." The Queen was much grieved by the opposition shown to her law, and especially by the personal attacks which her wishes had loosed against her dear Mr. Disraeli, but she was all the more closely drawn to him. When at last she had her title, she wrote him a letter of thanks, signing it "Victoria, Regina et Imperatrix" with a childlike delight. Then the new Empress gave a dinner, at which she appeared, contrary to all her customs, covered with Oriental jewels presented to her by the Indian princes. At the end of the repast, Disraeli rose, in conscious violation of etiquette, and proposed the health of the Empress of India in a short speech as crowded with imagery as a Persian poem, and the Queen, far from being scandalized, responded with a smiling bow that was almost a curtsey.

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Thus the political vessel, tossed on the waves of fortune and climate, of the favor of the House and the humor of the sovereign, rode the seas with fair success. But the skipper was very ill. So poor did his health become that more than once he told the Queen that he wanted to leave political life. This was a prospect which she would not have at any price, and she suggested that it would be easy to elevate the Prime Minister to the House of Lords, "where the fatigue would be *far less* and where he would be able to *direct* everything." This time he accepted. He took the name which he had bestowed on Mary Anne, that of Beaconsfield, but whereas she had been only a Viscountess, he became the Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden of Hughenden. "Earl!" said Gladstone ironically, when he learned of this new avatar of the Evil One. "I cannot forgive him for not having himself made a Duke."

To avoid a farewell scene, affecting but unwelcome to his taste, he spoke for the last time in the Commons on the eve before the decision was announced. The secret had been well kept, and members were far from supposing that they would never again hear their leader. When the House rose, Disraeli walked slowly down the floor, to the very end, at the bar of the House. There he turned, and for a moment or two looked round the long room, at its benches and galleries, at the seat from which he had made his first speech, the Treasury bench where he had seen the massive figure and the fine features of Peel, at the Opposition bench which he himself had occupied for so long a time. Then he came back, passed in front of the Speaker's chair, and, wrapped in his long, white overcoat, leaning on the arm of his secretary, went out. A young man who was passing noticed that there were tears in his eyes, but could not imagine why.

When members learned the news at the meeting of the House next day, they gathered in groups, deeply moved. Voices were lowered on the benches, as if there were a coffin in the chamber. A supporter, Sir William Hart Dyke, said: "All the real chivalry and delight of party politics seem to have departed; nothing remains but routine." And that was the feeling of the whole House. The interest taken by this old man in the game of life had in the end communicated itself to all those about him. With him one never knew what the morrow might not bring, but one could be certain that at least it would be nothing dull. "He corrected an immense platitude." The presence of this great artist in living had succeeded in making debates into works of art. "He was not only brilliant in himself, but he made others brilliant." Since his conquest of a position of authority, he had used it to impose a universal courtesy and respect for forms. An interruption from one of his own followers would make him turn around and cast a displeased look in his direction. In a discussion on finance he contrived to see a veritable tournament, and he made others see the same. "Your departure," wrote Manners, "terminates for me all personal interest in House of Commons life," and Sir William Harcourt, an opponent, wrote: "Henceforth the game will be like a chessboard when the queen is gone — a petty struggle of pawns."

When shortly afterward the Queen opened the session of Parliament, a strange, motionless figure was seen standing by her side, draped in scarlet and ermine. It was the new Lord Beaconsfield. The fairest peeresses had come to see him take his seat. Derby and Bradford were his sponsors. With perfect composure he came forward and bowed, shook hands, raised his hat, as the ritual demanded, and then, having become Leader of the House of Lords on the very day of his entering it, he had to speak at its very first sitting. At twenty-five he had written in *The Young Duke:* "One thing is quite clear — that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite. I intend, in the course of my career, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House, *Don Juan* may perhaps be our model; in the Upper House, *Paradise Lost.*" In both cases he had been mistaken, but even if it had taken him some time in the House of Commons to abjure his Byronic manner, he never in the House of Lords adopted the Miltonic style. A shade of difference there was, but it was subtle, and more indefinable than his youthfulness had foreseen. He noted it with perfect artistry. "I am dead," he said on coming out from his first sitting, "dead, but in the Elysian Fields."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Our Imperialism

The debate for December asked the question, "Is the United States Imperialistic?" Mr. Diòmedes Pereyra, the Bolivian journalist who took the negative side against Mr. William J. McNally, offers a rebuttal. Mr. William McFee deliberates on both sides.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In admitting that "the average American regards imperialism with moral disapproval," classing even *beneficent imperialism* as wicked, Mr. McNally admits the crux of the discussion. In America the people govern.

He wants North Americans to throw aside their anti-imperialism, their "knight-errantry," as too difficult, too ideal — and by annexing peace-loving, patriarchal countries to the south, to force on them industrial activity, language, and religion.

Such a suggestion is repugnant to my republican complex. The true power of the United States lies in her moral strength, which Mr. McNally wants to discard. Why should he want his country to nurse back to life the dying python of imperialism which received its death blow in the World War? Why, if Mr. McNally really hates hypocrisy, does he want his country to commit moral perjury? Let him be frank and label his views on the subject piratical!

In tearing up our democratic ideals and code of ethics, let us tear up our Constitutions also, blotting out the proud words: *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, and, to avoid hypocrisy, substitute: *Might is Right!*

Relying on force, let America, the home of "beneficent imperialism," revive the days of Attila.

Ah, Mr. McNally, we both hate a Shylock and wish to live our lives. You would not want to impose your will on even as humble a man as I. You do not really wish to overthrow that sense of right and justice which gave birth to this glorious United States. You say "you don't care." Why then should your countrymen?

DIÒMEDES PEREYRA

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Your debate "Is the United States Imperialistic?" suffers, I am afraid, from the vagueness of the last word. Like "socialistic" the word "imperialistic" has a significance in London and Berlin quite different from that accepted in New York or, if I may say so, Chicago.

Mr. McNally has chapter and verse for his claim that the policy of the U. S. "Foreign Office" is imperialistic. (I use the phrase Foreign Office because there seems to be no American equivalent for it. "Department of State" is confusing when one considers the incessant use of the word "state.")

For the purposes of this debate it is only necessary to consider the attitude of the U. S. toward Latin America. We have as yet no right to assume that the U. S. intends to annex the Philippines.

The Monroe Doctrine is established as the foreign policy of the U. S. on this continent. Secretary Olney in 1895 stated in so many words to the British Foreign

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Office that "to-day the United States is practically sovereign on this Continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."

Later secretaries may have used more diplomatic language, but the substance of the doctrine remained the same.

President Roosevelt, in discussing the Panama Canal, said that while others were talking about it he went and "took" it.

Mr. McNally is mistaken, therefore, if he attributes any "quixotic national temper" to the officers of the U. S. government. In a general way they seem to select their words with a view to creating the maximum ill-feeling among their foreign correspondents.

No "quixotic national temper" has been revealed in the attitude of American business men and prospectors who have elected to seek opportunities abroad. It has been extremely difficult, apparently, for the individual citizen of the U. S. to accept the individual Latin American as his intellectual or social equal. A great change is to be reported within recent years. It has been suggested by advanced thinkers that the words "spig" and "spiggotty" be retired from active service.

It would be futile to expect U. S. citizens to admit that they are imperialistic because the word connotes for them a sort of national brigandage and rapine. The conception of the "Empire," as the Britisher uses the phrase, is foreign to the American scene.

The real indictment against the U. S. is not that she is imperialistic but that the Monroe Doctrine has operated indirectly to the advantage of the U. S. by keeping the remainder of the continent not occupied by European colonies in a backward condition. When the Brazilian and Colombian governments in 1823 and 1824 offered to enter into treaties with the U. S. on the lines of the Monroe Doctrine the U. S. declined. This was tantamount to sovereignty as defined by Secretary Olney. And the refusal to permit either the development of Latin America by Europeans capable of doing it or to sponsor that development themselves, is largely responsible for the disorder and shocking travesties of "government" in Latin America and the lack of transportation facilities.

If there had been no Monroe Doctrine there would have been, in all probability, no World War, because Germany would have been content to work out her destiny as a great colonial power in South America.

Turning to Señor Pereyra's arguments, I must confess that to me they are not very good. It is in fact no argument at all to say that the U. S. is a good neighbor, therefore she is not imperialistic. Canada is part of the British Empire and she is so good a neighbor that her three-thousand-mile frontier is entirely non-military.

It may be true to say, as Señor Pereyra does, that the U. S. at the end of the World War was the most powerful of nations. But she was the most powerful only in theory. To suggest that the U. S. could have carried out schemes of imperial aggression, is to misread the facts. The state of this country at the end of the War precluded any such acts. The United States was in a condition bordering upon hysteria, brought on by newspaper reading. I can state with confidence that hundreds of thousands of American citizens were more wrought up over the War than we who were in it from 1914. They were intoxicated, moreover, with money. It seemed in 1919 that the tide of money would never cease rolling in and submerging for the public all sense of reality. It poured in and poured out again for the benefit of the war-torn areas in Europe. (This is the "quixotic national temper" above alluded to.) There was a feeling of fear at such extraordinary prosperity. And then the bottom fell out of everything. If the citizens of the U. S. had been previously disinclined toward aggression, they were doubly oblivious of it now.

No. Señor Pereyra's arguments are not very good. But his contention that the United States is not imperialistic in temper is sound. Imperialism is only possible in a homogeneous race. This the American people are not. They are animated, no matter what they may imagine, by too many diverse racial sentiments to feel that exhilarating solidarity which a government must have behind it in order to succeed in such enterprises. The young men of the U. S. have no great love of settling in distant parts of the earth and living their lives there. They don't even "go west" any more. And when you come to thresh it out, this faculty of going out

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and settling is the fundamental factor behind an imperialistic policy. The land hunger is absent from the American scene. It is no use grabbing territory if your people won't go there to colonize it.

WILLIAM MCFEE

Westport, Conn.

From Ezra Pound

In reply to THE FORUM *debate, "Should the Negro Be Encouraged to Cultural Equality?"*

Editor of THE FORUM:

No! And nobody else should either. This "encouraging" people to cultural equality has made the U. S. hell on earth; it has made possible Bryan, Wilson, Volstead, Harding, and all the other vermin that have clouded the native scene.

If a man black, white, pink, orange, or any other damn color can't get his equality, or equality plus, then to hell with him. Roland Hayes has already obtained cultural superiority to 90 per cent of the American people. Why not deal with what is?

EZRA POUND

Rapallo, Italy

Paging Clio

Clio should be consoled! Scores of readers have written to inform Mr. Philip Guedalla, author of "The Missing Muse," where the lady lurks in hiding.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Clio is not dead nor is she missing, but she is getting a lot of fun out of her disguise as censor of American history in the city library of Chicago.

We should be fair to the modern historian and test him by modern conditions. He is not wholly blamable if he uses the tape measure and the micrometer on a statue of Phidias. The influences that shape his method are not those of Gibbon and Macaulay, and he is not to be censured if no ray of imagination or flash of wit brightens his drab pages. For he is a creature of environment and cannot, in the words of Plato, transcend his own age.

One cannot imagine a Carlyle of to-day writing the French Revolution as Carlyle wrote it, or a Macaulay of to-day describing the trial of Warren Hastings as Macaulay described it. Creative powers are freed or fettered by the civilization that surrounds them.

However, let us not despair but broadcast to the weeping "Eight" that Clio will return. She will again walk the highways with the grace and dignity that are hers and, unafraid, will stoop to tie the loosened strings of her sandal — when gasoline fails.

S. L. THOMPSON

Brinkhaven, O.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I spent part of a blessed summer at Oxford University, studying mediæval history in a college called New because it was once so, some six hundred years back. We "sat under" two dozen lecturers and as many kinds of historians, each ripe and fragrant and learned above question. Their type ranged from scratchers in dry dust-heaps to poets and romancers, of which the latter filled their classrooms while the former drove most of us forth on bicycles into the lovely Cotswolds.

At that time I could not for my life find enthusiasm in the story of a year's researches into the date of death of King Alfred or the inscriptions on the tombstones of members of Edward Third's parliament, despite the imposing card-castles built, upside down, on such pyramid points. Being built with so much labor, it seemed they might topple with as much ease, and at best they were the loose bricks of history.

Concerning those others who painted the faded past in fresh and vivid pigment, it was to me much less of concern that they be accurate than that they be true. To walk in such good company in the past was to see the valley of dead bones peopled again with life, and if a bone or so were out of place there was no need to cry calamity. They offered me the favor of *seeing* the past; their over-learned associates wished me to handle it piecemeal with pincers.

It is the fashion of the times to "popularize" the arts and sciences, which is to say that their exposition is to be made intelligible, interesting, entertaining, and of recognizable service; a process which may be contemptuously labeled as mere journalism, but which spreads the little knowledge that is less dangerous than

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monumental ignorance. Here the muse of history may come again into her own. She has not yet done so, though the novels of John Erskine and his like are laid not far from her shrine, but she had better do so. Otherwise she will roost on a high shelf with forgotten scholasticisms, protected from contamination by thick dust and by the fact that nobody takes any notice of her.

DONALD F. ROSE

Bryn Athyn, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Perhaps Clio is sulking because Calliope anticipated her by immortalizing some of the hero-martyrs of the World War, Alan Seeger's rendezvous with death, Rupert Brook and his comrade-dead who,

. . . gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Calliope's too, was that unforgettable supplication to Heaven for the men of Oxford. If she lives on, inert, probably it is because the archangel achievements of some of those "who gave their merry youth away" outreached the limits of her expression! She is in a sad way, indeed, if she cannot be aroused by the meteoric flight across the sky of Lindbergh, our Mercury of good-will. But that feat, too, may have outreached her possibilities.

ANNE MARQUIS-CLOSSON

Cincinnati, O.

Regret with Pleasure

Rose Macaulay in a short sketch in THE FORUM *suggested a "Society for Not Taking Any Trouble." Americans, perhaps, could well learn the art of "dolce far niente," but joiners though they be, they decline Miss Macaulay's invitation.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I yield to no man in my steady inclination to "take 'er easy" but there are times when work is the greatest panacea for the many ills that beset mankind. The ennui of the lack of necessity for doing anything! The tedium of just whiling the hours away! The agony of the continuous status quo, "the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon" could be no more miserable than one caught in such a dilemma.

Should the "Armchair Millennium" ever arrive a short siege of it will do more to cure the chronically lazy than any homily even including "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

LEO WOLF

Wheeling, W. Va.

Editor of THE FORUM:

A point we overlook in our evaluation of the wonders of the modern day, which seem to add to our conveniences, is that many of us have had the training incidental to "taking trouble"; that we have had contact with creators in the several fields of achievement. We, therefore, can enjoy and get benefit from their canned creations. But suppose we had had no such contacts. What then would be the value of their canned goods? The richest meaning of any work of creation is an appreciation of the struggles, the emotions, the experiences of the creator for which we can find a likeness in our own experiences.

GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS

Cleveland, O.

Disappointments

I count my chicks before they hatch,
As many as I durst,
And if they prove a duckling batch
At least I've loved them first.

NADEJDA DE BRAGANÇA

New York, N. Y.

From Cover to Cover

The November issue is apparently a general favorite.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Hearty congratulations on the November number of THE FORUM! I read it almost from cover to cover. Both articles on the Democratic Party interested me. They did not neutralize each other. Though I rarely read stories I enjoyed Roark Bradford's "River Witch." "The Missing Muse" by Philip Guedalla is a masterpiece. I shall be able to use it for years in a course on historical methodology and historiography. Professor Patrick's "The Chaos Called College" is another article

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of great value to all collegians. It seems to me just short of a masterpiece. I hope by "discipline and restraint" Professor Patrick meant "self-discipline and self-restraint" more or less free from regimentation and superimposition. If he means tradition and authority I am at least lukewarm about the ideal. Why did not Professor Patrick follow up "cultural knowledge," and "knowledge of the new sciences" with social knowledge as the next desideratum? I use the word "social," of course, in the mildest sense. And I am aware that "cultural," "scientific," and "social" are not distinct categories, but probably no perfect classification has been or can ever be found.

Enlightenment is what, among other things, we sadly need. Righteous indignation often degenerates into mere words. Mrs. Sargent's article, "Chicago, Hands Down!" throws light on an otherwise somewhat dark matter.

Upton Sinclair's "Book Urchins" is of value and interest. Social tropisms are certainly something others than promoters should know much about.

Mary Austin's "Primitive Man" is, of course, intended to be revolutionary in its challenge. I shall refer my sociological friends to the articles.

I found also the irony in Footpath and Highway very delightful. The phrase, "the flivverous mind," is a gem.

I am reading André Maurois's *Disraeli*, with great interest. Mr. Guedalla could even find "The Missing Muse" in this biography.

ALFRED P. JAMES
Department of History
University of Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh, Pa.

River Witchery

Mr. Bradford's short story in November has inspired the following letter:

Edituh ob de Fo'um Magumzine,
New Yawk, U. S. A.

Reveah'd an' Hon'ruble Suh:

Looky yeah, Boss, whut-all's de mattuh wid dat genulmun Mistuh Row-ahk Bradfud whut's writin' dat 'ere story "Rivuh Witch"? How come dem Nigguhs dey-all's uh-singin' uh song 'bout "Kelly's love"? Who evuh yearn tell ob uh Nigguh name Kelly?

Law-zee, Boss, ah lahk tuh bus' mase'f wide opun uh-laffin' at dat 'ere genulmun. He don' soun' lahk no Wes' Taneysee raisin', no suh; he soun' lahk he mout uh-come fum sommers 'roun' dat Back Bay place 'mong all dem ejjicated whaht fo'ks an' dat 'ere Mistuh Alain Locke, dat Cullud genulmun wat sputifies so 'ticin'ly 'bout de persperashuns ob dem No'the'n whaht fo'ks todes 'quality wid us-all down yeah.

Boss, ah'm skeered dat Mistuh Row-ahk Bradfud is "Kelly's" his ownse'f, yas suh, pow'ful "Kelly's" 'bout whut he's uh-writin'. Oh, tuh put hit down 'cordon' tuh how dat 'ere Mistuh Alain Locke an' dem othuh intelligents wud do hit, "He is extraordinarily careless about his 'scription, he is."

Yo's alms' suspec'fully,
Ra'f Wall-do' Emuhson (Black Cat) Simpson

Postrum Script: Boss, wheah dat genulmun git dat name, no how? Ah done look all ovuh dat Bahble an' ah cain't fine no sons nuh no gran'sons ob Noah what's call' "Row-ahk".

R. W. E. S.
Per D. R. Locke

San Antonio, Tex.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Locke's letter is amusing. Although I note several Negro "Kelly's" in the city directory, I confess I am not personally acquainted with one. There is, however, a Negro, the head of the Republican Party organization in this state, named Cohen, and his private standing joke is that he is a born K.K.K. ("koon, kike, and Katholic").

The song, "Kelly's Love," is an offspring of the old mountain song, "Careless Love." Mr. John McClure, the poet, thinks "Careless Love" is an Elizabethan song brought to America by the colonists and preserved by those who have lived in the Southern mountains. I heard a young lady at the home of Fiddling John Carson, in Northern Georgia, sing one hundred and twenty-two verses at one stretch, and the whole account was the sad story of a young lady who loved carelessly and, of course, suffered.

The various Negro renditions I have heard, differed only slightly in "tune," and treated considerably the same subject,

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but always with "jump-ups" instead of "ballets," which is to say, each verse stands alone and no story is told by their arrangement. The change from "Careless" to "Kelly's" no doubt is due to the prevailing mountaineer enunciation which sounds like "keerless," and the fact that careless love is a term too abstract for a Negro troubadour to sing about feelingly. Careless is something a man is with his money or his work. It has nothing to do with love. But Kelly's love is something a man can sing a song about.

ROARK BRADFORD

New Orleans, La.

Letters of Ingersoll

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am collecting the letters of my grandfather, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, with a view to their publication in the near future. I will be most grateful if any persons having letters of my grandfather in their possession will send me copies of same, or the originals which I will gladly copy and return promptly to the senders.

(MRS.) EVA INGERSOLL SWASY

Riverside, Conn.

Errors

In the December issue of THE FORUM lines written by Keith Preston on the fate of "little magazines that died to make verse free" were credited to Mr. Harvey M. Watts of Philadelphia. We are very sorry indeed that this happened.

In the Travel section for December, an error crept into Mr. Henry H. Kinyon's article "The Call of the Islands." Mr. Kinyon wrote: "The increasing popularity of nearby islands of the Bermudas and West Indies." The sentence in type reads, "The Bermudas and the other West Indies" — which, naturally enough, is causing the geographically minded author great chagrin. Our apologies.

Equal Rights

Also . . . "What Price Advertising?"

Editor of THE FORUM:

Could I suggest that instead of debating the cultural and musical superiority of the Negro over the White race and news faking the flights of female passengers across the ocean, periodicals debate the best way to start a movement to give every White man, young, middle-aged, or along in years, a steady position at adequate pay, in the profession, occupation, trade, or business for which he has been trained, educated, or is fitted for. Right now a movement has started in New York City to investigate and ascertain why the great majority of men over forty cannot get or hold the jobs in which they are experienced. They find this trouble is general throughout the country and has become acute since the women's rights agitation started ten years ago since when nearly all white collar jobs have been filled with women of all ages. What price Prosperity! What price Equal Rights!

F. L. SCHOFIELD

Tampa, Fla.

Nightingales

"Dare one argue with D. H. Lawrence?" this reader asks, as she comments on Mr. Lawrence's essay, "The Nightingale," in the September FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Why, of course, "this is Keats, not at all the nightingale." Throughout his ode Keats is trying to make us feel the contrast between his own despondency and the bird's bright song. The Greeks and Swinburne and others may call the nightingale sad, but Keats in this one poem is stressing the gaiety, the lightness, the cheer of the bird's song. He happens to use the method of contrast. In the last stanza he uses the word "plaintive." Surely, after all the emphasis on the happiness of the nightingale he here means to indicate the plaintiveness of his mood at hearing the song. To him it is a "plaintive anthem" because he cannot cheat himself into forgetting himself. What else could he mean after saying:

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.

Mr. Lawrence concedes that this statement implies the unforlornness of the nightingale's song. Why then does he feel that the bird has caused Ruth's tears? The song found its way into her already sad heart; it was not a sad song. Keats does not say it was. He reiterates with

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emphasis "thy happy lot," "thy happiness," "ecstasy," "full-throated ease"; he definitely tells the nightingale that the bird has not known "The weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the world of men. And if the next lines are filled with the ridiculous pessimism of despondent youth, what has that to do with the nightingale?

Mr. Lawrence evidently knows the nightingale's song. Why does he imply that Keats did not know it?

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Lawrence considers the line, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," as meaning that Shelley thinks the skylark's song also is sad.

ANNA C. LEE

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Book Urchins"

"And this," said the man who sat on the fence, "is what is meant by 'both sides'!"

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Book Urchins" in the November FORUM is a self-evident demonstration of the very thing Upton Sinclair attempted to say. He is a blind man in a strange place, making commendable effort but getting nowhere. He needs a guide. He would be wonderful if he could break out of his shell and have a vision of a world of people who are conscious and sincere and whose motives are not altogether unworthy.

Being constructed as Sinclair is on a basis of suspicion he mistrusts everyone and everything and thus he goes out of his way to find something to condemn. Why should he envy a successful Catalina Channel swimmer? Why does he mistrust the winners of literary prizes? A spiritual stimulus which would throw him into a "tropism" of construction and progress instead of objection would do him good. What could be done to stimulate him so that he would join in the "tropism" of tolerance, sympathy, and progress? Really, are the grapes sour?

JAMES S. HODGES

Denison, Tex.

Editor of THE FORUM:

One is impressed with the restraint of Mr. Sinclair in his article "Book Urchins." Naturally my main observations of this tendency have come within my own profession, that of teaching. I would long ago have written a satire on the subject, but that I lacked the prime requisite demanded of Mark Twain — namely, "a judicial good humor." The temptation to bow the knee to Baal is not confined to the artist. "At every minute of his life," says Mr. Sinclair, "the artist is at war with himself." Even so does the devil whisper in the ear of the teacher. "'I feel two natures struggling within me,' says the sculptor Barnard." So does every human being. "Putting Business Before Life," by Jesse R. Sprague in the November *Harper's* is an extended application of the theme in THE FORUM.

In this invasion of life by Big Business the only way for the individual to keep his equilibrium is to follow the suggestion which Mr. Sinclair lays down for the artist: "The successful artists are those who learn to put a shell around themselves and live, like a tortoise, inside. The trouble with this procedure is that in the course of time the creature is apt to become all shell and no tortoise."

MARTHA E. WINFIELD

Greensboro, N. C.

How Honest Are We?

"Is Man Fundamentally Dishonest?" Mr. Clarence Darrow is inclined to believe that he is.

Editor of THE FORUM:

From my point of view, honesty is an inherited tendency which may be weakened or strengthened by training. The same is true of tact, which is skill in refraining from telling details, the knowledge of which may injure others, or do more harm than good.

I do not agree with Mr. Darrow that man is naturally dishonest, although many are "on the fence" and easily tempted the wrong way. Half truths, such as those with which Mr. Darrow often deals in his article in the December FORUM do a great deal of mischief with certain folk who regard decency as part of tradition easily shoved aside when pleasure leads in another direction.

The greatest punishment for sin is the loss of the knowledge of good and evil, won by the race through hard experience.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Stanford University, Calif.

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Is Advertising Unethical?

"Are We Debauched by Salesmanship?" inquired THE FORUM *in its January debate. From all parts of the country have come indignant denials and emphatic affirmatives, from among which the reader is invited to take his choice.*

YES

I take it that the word "debauched" is used in the sense of "seduced" or "led astray," and that the question might be put in another form, namely, "are we persuaded to purchase things we do not really need, or cannot properly afford, by modern salesmanship?" If my conception of the meaning of the question is correct, then I should answer it emphatically, yes.

GEORGE BLUMER
New Haven, Conn.

It is my opinion that Mr. Chase is emphatically right. There is entirely too much high pressure salesmanship in America for the purpose of selling worthless, or at least needless material.

P. A. CURTIS
(*Sales Manager, Mitchell Vance Co., Inc.*)
Boston, Mass.

The old pride of craftsmanship has been forced aside to a large extent by the profits resulting from high pressure selling, supported by grossly overstated advertisements of an inferior product.

GEORGE M. BRILL
New York, N. Y.

My convictions and sympathy are with Mr. Stuart Chase rather than with the spokesman for the professional advertising men.

EDWARD T. DEVINE
(*Dean of The Graduate School, American University*)
Washington, D. C.

I think it is too evident to be made the subject for debate that we are, in nearly all lines, overdoing the selling side of the game.

JOHN IRVING DILLON
(*President and Editor of "Sunday Dispatch"*)
Philadelphia, Pa.

The extension of urban conditions out from our cities in every direction has been ruinous to the country. It is one of the factors which have brought about a slump in the farming industry within recent years. No farmer wants to farm, if he can do better by cutting up his farm into lots for the building of suburban residences. There we have debauched salesmanship.

JOHN W. HARSHBERGER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Personally I try as much as I can not to be influenced by advertising. I have a strong prejudice against the use of heavily advertised articles. I keep thinking of the expense which must go into the advertising, diverted from production cost of better articles.

THOMAS C. DESMOND
New York, N. Y.

NO

I cannot agree with Mr. Chase in his conclusions concerning salesmanship and advertising. I consider the reputable advertiser — and I would put special emphasis on reputable — is one of the most important and valuable agents in our public life.

WILLIAM WIRT KING
(*President, Ozark Wesleyan College*)
Carthage, Mo.

Every profession has its ethics — and its members who disregard them. Thus advertising and salesmanship. But the basic object of both is the contented customer who will come again.

LINCOLN C. ANDREWS
New York, N. Y.

Personally, I do not find advertisements misleading, at least not to any great extent, and probably not to the same extent as was formerly the case. I believe that advertisers generally pay a reasonable regard to truth.

CHRISTOPHER B. COLEMAN
(*State of Indiana Historical Bureau*)
Indianapolis, Ind.

Advertising is necessary, is desirable and in the hands of reputable agencies gives some assurance of the quality of the article.

E. C. TINNEY
(*First Assistant Secretary of the Interior*)
Washington, D. C.

Of course there are some irresponsible advertisers and some irresponsible salesmen, but taking the question as a whole, I would answer in the negative.

MOSES E. CLAPP
(*3rd Vice-President, North American Development Corporation*)
Washington, D. C.

In the main — and for excellent reasons — advertising is honest enough by intent. We as a people are too all-fired smart to be fooled very much or very long. And the advertising and sales people are themselves smart enough to know this.

BURTON KLINE
(*Department of Labor*)
Washington, D. C.

I can speak with authority only, of course, about the Hearst publications. Our ethics concerning the kind and quality of copy accepted are rigid. I have no doubt the same standards prevail elsewhere.

THOMAS TEMPLE HOYNE
(*Chicago "Herald and Examiner"*)
Chicago, Ill.

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The House of Human Welfare

Judge Ben B. Lindsey's article in the December FORUM *has challenged interest all over the country. For the most part readers are in sympathy with Judge Lindsey's suggestions. A few, shuddering at the words "companionate marriage," confuse the issues.*

Praises be, his Honor has gone and done it. Ben Lindsey has started something that has needed starting for a long, long while. I am not surprised, even a little bit, that he was "ganged" out of his job in Denver. Van Loon made that very clear to all of us several months ago. But the Judge should worry. He has articulated at last the agony of uncountable hearts, all over this stupid and fear be-ridden land. More power to him as long as the cranks will let him live.

GIBBS DARING

Detroit, Mich.

To recommend the companionate idea would be degrading. A lot of our girls are healthy, normal specimens of civilization's suppressions. Why retard this civil progress? Why prescribe for the well, in addition to the sick? To make an institution of it, a House of Human Welfare, would be endorsing a retrogress.

LUTHER B. ANTHONY
(*Editor, "The Dramatist"*)

Easton, Pa.

Judge Lindsey's article in the last FORUM impressed me very much because I have had some experience with male youth and am now having parental opportunity to study female youth. Many who have traveled as I have will appreciate what I mean when I say that we should try to make our youthful citizens ponder "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, when the evil days come not when thou shalt say there is no pleasure in them."

WILLIAM PAUL BABCOCK

Nyack, N. Y.

Our existing family customs and laws need no reconstruction. Judge Lindsey's companionate marriage scheme is a pipe dream. Education alone can solve the problem. The stork fable has been worshiped too long to the detriment of the child. Until parents generally become able and willing to instill correct ideas about the essential facts of life in the minds of their children, through truthful and frank teaching, the evils complained of will not be abated.

E. A. BELDA

Wauwatosa, Wis.

I believe such a clinic could be organized to diagnose cases of crime and that a prevention of same would be nearly as practicable as diagnosing disease. To be sure there would be failures in such a clinic just as there are failures in diseases, but that should be no cause for not making an honest effort to eliminate crime by that method.

HENRY C. GISE

Elizabethtown, Pa.

The writer was reared and educated in the old school and had drummed into him from infancy the old doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Following his natural bent, he would conclude that Judge Lindsey's theories were absolute radicalism and very destructive to our civilization, but as years have grown apace and he has watched the wonderful results accomplished by Judge Lindsey in Denver his views have been greatly modified and he is now ready to admit that Judge Lindsey's ideas are constructive and practical. His House of Human Welfare properly guarded, so as to preclude the hardened criminal, would be a blessing and a remedial agency for checking lesser crimes. Hence the conclusion that humanity has "reached a peak of civilization sufficiently high to warrant aid rather than mandate." One prime factor in this conclusion has been the beneficial results seen in the execution of the penal code in the State of Wisconsin, which is probably more advanced than any other state in the Union. In the case of first offenders justice is tempered with mercy, while the hardened criminal is dealt with promptly.

ROBERT W. LEIGH

Milwaukee, Wis.

I believe in Judge Lindsey and think he will not advocate anything destructive. I think any constructive, practical reform is bound to be radical in the sense of going to the root of the problem.

O. P. HYDE

Tulsa, Okla.

If the Judge's expressed view should become general, one can imagine a tremendous increase in matrimonial ventures among the criminally inclined, and can almost hear those who are safely married chorusing with enthusiasm: "Let's go."

C. R. HINCHMAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Judge Lindsey may be some years ahead of his time — and that may be the reason why the critics and scoffers, and those who cry "radical," do not see or understand. But there are others that do see and understand and who have nothing but the highest praise and admiration for his work.

J. A. MELNICOFF

Philadelphia, Pa.

I have always enjoyed Judge Lindsey's record and his splendid work with juveniles. I have attended every lecture when he came to my home town of Spokane, and regret to say that the Judge appears now to have run off the main line on to a spur track that leads to chaos. I prefer to stay on the main line. This is no new experience to me as I have had to part company with many friends during my lifetime on account of being at variance with them in lines of thought.

J. GRANT HINKLE
(*Secretary of State*)

Olympia, Wash.

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YOUR FIRST SHORT STORY

THE FORUM is featuring First Stories in addition to its other fiction. If you have never had a story published and are interested in writing, you are invited to submit your first short story to this magazine. Stories accepted will be paid for at regular space rates. Address your manuscript, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, directly to the

FIRST SHORT STORY EDITOR

THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York

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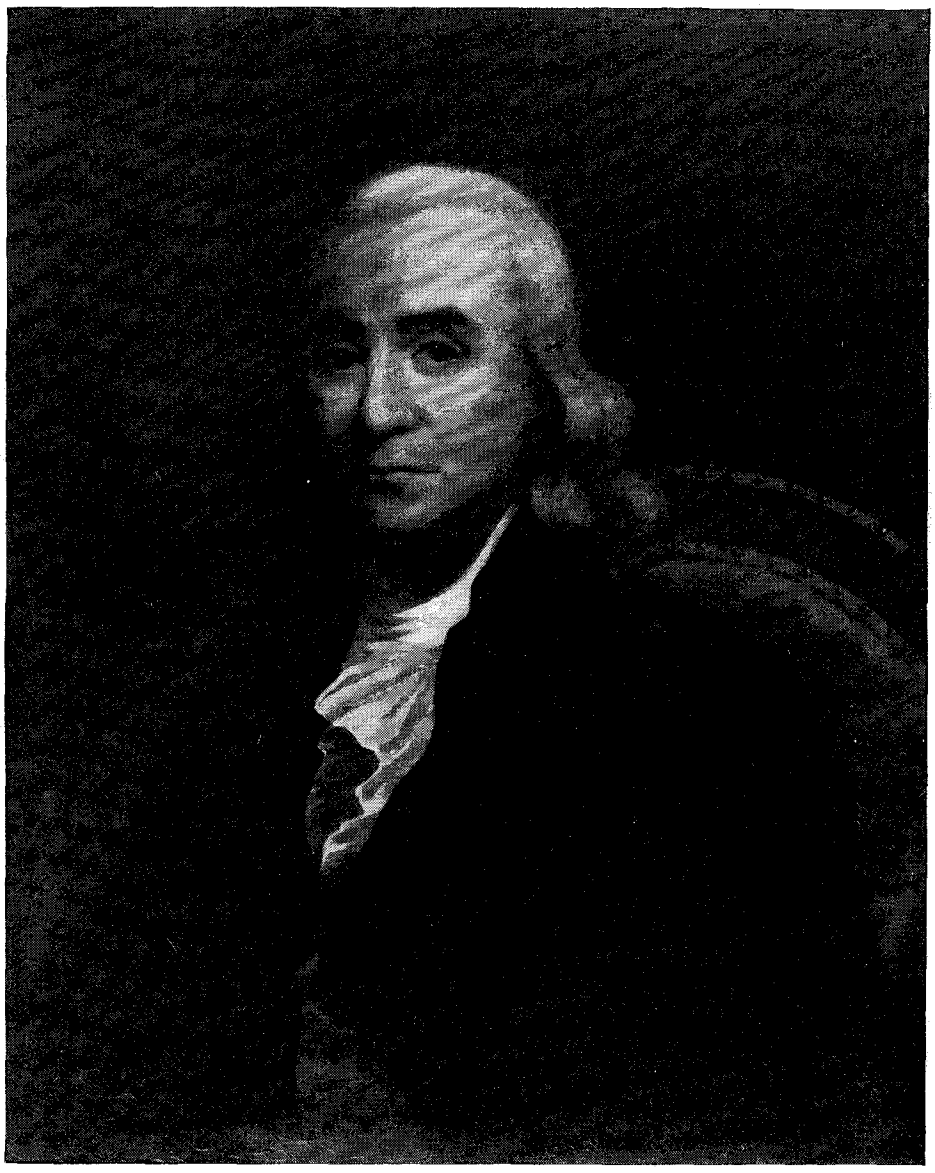

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

A hitherto unpublished portrait of "the first American," painted from life about 1765 by the celebrated colonial artist, Benbridge. The portrait is in the possession of Russell Duane, of Philadelphia, Franklin's great-great-great-grandson

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